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THE
ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING,
✓
FOR
1854.

CONTRIBUTED CHIEFLY
BY MEMBERS OF THE ORDER.

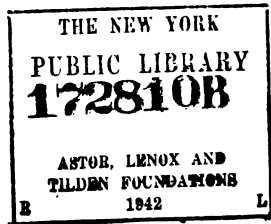
With Elegant Illustrations.

TWELFTH VOLUME.



NEW YORK:
EDWARD WALKER, 114 FULTON-STREET.

M DCCCLIV.



Entered, according to Act of Congress, in the year 1858,

By EDWARD WALKER,

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District of New York.

STENOGRAPHED BY
RICHARD C. VALENTINE,
New York.

BROSSMAN & SON, Printers,
50 Ann-street.

Invocation.

BY MRS. M. P. HANNA.

Go forth upon thy mission now,
Bright Herald of a coming year;
Charm every heart, smooth every brow,
And cause each eye to sparkle clear:
Bring light and joy to many a hearth
Upon this cold and selfish earth.

We speed thee forth with trusting love,
To find a lodge in genial breasts;
Like Noah sending forth his dove
To seek for him and his a rest,—
In the hearts and minds of men then store
Odd-Fellowship's most sacred lore.

And many a heart will bound with gladness,
As thy bright presence cheers the view:
A foe to dull *ennui* and sadness—
A gift of LOVE and FRIENDSHIP true.
May vows, of which thou'lt be a token,
Be sacred kept, ne'er to be broken.

Then speed thee on thy cheering way;
Be thy bright pathway strewn with flowers;
O'er every heart shed a bright ray
Twine roses round the weary hours;
Spread joy and gladness through the earth:
Be worthy those who've sent thee forth!

List of Engravings.

NEW YORK CRYSTAL PALACE.

"REBEKAH."

FIRST AND SECOND DEGREE.

THIRD AND FOURTH DEGREE.

FIFTH AND P. DEGREE.

G. R. & R. P. DEGREE.

KINGDOM OF PEACE.

LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

READING THE WILL.

VILLAGE POLITICIANS.

Brother Edward's Salutation to his Brethren.

IN sending forth among you *The Twelfth Volume* of our Offering, it is with pleasure I avail myself of my annual privilege of holding a short conversation with you. It is seven years since it fell to my lot to superintend the preparation of this perennial visitor. How far I have succeeded in pleasing my brethren, I know not. The task to me has been one mixed with anxiety and pleasure: anxiety, lest I should admit to its pages matter that might become pernicious in its tendency, and pleasure that I should be honored with such a trust; for I sincerely assure you, that your pure pleasure and edification have been my chief aim, rather than any gain that might accrue to me. I have heard of but two complaints from a few of the Brothers. One was, that the book is too high-priced. I am certain that if a fair comparison is made between the style of the Offering and works of its class, they will conclude that the price of the Offering is at least twenty per cent. the cheapest. The other complaint is, that it does not contain enough of Odd-Fellowship. To this last complaint, permit me to say, that I consider true Odd-Fellowship to consist, not so much in seeking to be singular and antiquated, as it is in delighting in the performance of the common duties of life, under all circumstances—in prosperity and adversity—for so scarce are such individuals, that if you see a man doing deeds of kindness to his fellow, caring for, and sympathizing with, those in affliction and distress; loving his neighbor *nearly* as himself; and doing unto others as he would that they should do unto him,—I say, if you find such a man, you may put him down for a very “Odd” Fellow indeed.

I cannot but express a hope that this volume may prove the best. The one for '53 was produced under a host of difficulties: when I look back, it seems a miracle that it ever appeared. More time and attention, however, have been bestowed on this occasion.

INDUSTRY! KINDNESS! BENEVOLENCE! SINCERITY! MENTAL CULTURE! LOVE TO CHILDREN! AND SWEETEST CONFIDENCE IN A FAITHFUL AND UNCHANGING GOD! ARE THE LEADING TRAITS OF A NOBLE-HEARTED ODD FELLOW.

Such men, their wives, and children, will delight to peruse the stories of 'Grace Elmore,' 'First Christmas,' 'Constance,' 'Mary Leigh,' 'Rebekah,' 'Ralph Heaton,' and many other beautiful thoughts and effusions running through this Offering. We are greatly indebted to our beloved brother, James Nack, Esq. (the mute), for a lovely cluster of poesies: among them are the pieces entitled 'To My Wife,' 'Jane Eyre,' 'New-Year's Hymn,' 'Alone,' 'Sum of Philosophy,' 'Resolution,' 'Love will find out the Way,' 'Canary Bird,' &c., &c. The elaborate article from the pen of Bro. Austin, 'Rebekah's Kingdom of Peace,' Bro. Lossing's 'American Enterprise,' and Bro. Foster's 'Rebekah,' stand as beautiful pillars to our Structure, fully sustaining the glory and value of our Fraternity to society. I have bestowed considerable attention and extra expense on the engravings in this volume, six of which are illustrative of nine different degrees in our Order, executed in the expensive style of colored printing. Three of the steel engravings have been selected from the paintings of that distinguished artist, Wilkie; and the frontispiece will serve as a memento of the elegant American Crystal Palace, the architectural beauty of which is an honor to our country. Our book is thirty-two pages thicker than usual; and, upon the whole, I hope to have the satisfaction of receiving the approval of my brethren, in that most substantial way, of purchasing a copy for themselves. And before closing my chat with you, permit me to solicit an article from yourself or friend, either in prose or verse, on Odd-Fellowship, or any good and interesting subject, for our next annual for 1855; so that our future volumes may not only be offerings for, but of, *Odd Fellows*. Farewell.

P. S.—We have to apologize to many of our friends, whose articles do not appear in this volume. Some were too late for insertion; but we trust to include most of them in the next Offering.

114 FULTON-STREET, NEW YORK.



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THE

ODD-FELLOWS' OFFERING.

THE GENIUS AND BENEVOLENCE OF ODD-FELLOWSHIP.

BY THOMAS AUSTIN, P. G.

"And if thou draw out thy soul to the hungry, and satisfy the afflicted soul, then shall thy light rise in obscurity, and thy darkness be as the noon-day."

"And they that be of thee shall build the old waste places; thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called, The Repairer of the breach, The Restorer of paths to dwell in." (Isaiah lviii. 10, 12.)

I KNOW of no Institution of the present time, better calculated to fraternize the human family, and harmonize the jarring elements of the moral world, than that of Odd-Fellowship. It presents a broad platform, upon which the inhabitants of the four quarters of the earth can meet to offer up in unison their mutual aspirations for the good of the human race.

It shall not be my purpose to inquire whether it be of great antiquity, or of modern origin. The solution of such a problem would be a waste of time. Excellence and value are not depending on such data. Antiquity cannot add to, nor modern origin detract from its intrinsic merits. Hence I will take it up where I find it—in

the nineteenth century—in our own day and generation. The fame it has acquired its merits have won; and that fame is the gift and reward of Omnipotence.

Neither shall it be my purpose to inquire into the origin of its name, singular as that name may appear. I know of no data to throw any light upon such a question; and if such a discovery could be made, it would no more affect the institution than the discovery of the origin of my name would influence my moral character. This was a subject over which the Order in this country had no control. Hence I will take it as I find it—a name endeared to the brotherhood by its association with acts of benevolence and deeds of mercy.

And but little need be said of its numerical and financial strength. Hence it shall be briefly stated, that the last annual proceedings of the Grand Lodge of the United States, held at the city of Baltimore, September, 1852, reports: 33 Grand Lodges belonging to the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, together with one Lodge in Minnesota, and one in New Mexico, and one in Honolulu; 2,729 Subordinate Lodges; 193,298 contributing members; with a yearly revenue of \$614,721.08.

The Order in Great Britain numbers nearly three hundred thousand contributing members, with a yearly revenue of one and a half million of dollars. Thus the Order in these two countries contains the astonishing number of nearly half a million members, and a revenue of three millions of dollars, with a surplus fund of about six millions. What bounds can the mind perceive to the influence of an Institution of such vast numbers and wealth? And be it remembered, these

500,000 members are all men, representing an aggregate population of at least three millions.

Thus from small beginnings, it has gone on from triumph to triumph, overspreading every state in the Union, together with Great Britain, and its Dependencies ; binding together tens of thousands in a glorious brotherhood—a league of peace and love—drawing together many of the disjointed elements of the moral world, and building them into a beautifully harmonious temple, whose foundation is Friendship, Love, and Truth.

Progress is its destiny, and peace its mission. The foe of despotism, it claims no affinity with either sceptre or mitre ; the universal prevalence of the principles which it inculcates being absolutely essential to human freedom and human well-being. It makes no war upon society ; but advances noiselessly and successfully by the power of its inherent vitality, and by its own instrumentalities of good.

It has accomplished, and is accomplishing, a glorious mission, conquering by its silent appeals to the highest and noblest attributes of man's nature ; running in conflict with no good institution, nor with the political creed, correct moral principle, or Christian feeling of any ; but creating in the minds of men a fraternal spirit in place of mutual distrust, and assisting in their most pressing need. And many a widow's heart has been made to sing for joy, many a fatherless child been cherished within its fraternal embrace, many a sigh of sorrow and moan of the miserable have been changed to songs of hope and joy, by its silent ministrations. Indeed, it needs no eloquence to

portray its usefulness and moral excellence, standing, as it does, in its own sublimity, virtue, and truth.

Claiming so much, it is due to the *uninitiated* that an attempt be made to answer some of the principal objections honestly brought against it, illustrate its principles, and unfold so much of its external and internal machinery as shall be found consistent with the moral obligations which I—together with every Odd Fellow—took upon myself when I entered within its sacred circle. To those of us who have been admitted to membership, the colors and the emblems of the Order are all simple, and easily understood; but to those who have been mere spectators from without, these have appeared scarcely any thing but a meaningless display of brilliant colors and imagery, without meaning, and intended to answer no useful end. But the effort shall be, in the few subsequent pages of this essay, to dispel all such impressions; and by rolling up the curtain which has appeared to hide so much mystery, give an insight into the meaning of the colors and emblems of this glorious temple of moral beauty, and also explain the duties and obligations enjoined by Odd-Fellowship.

Hence, upon the threshold of the subject, I will say, that from the first initiatory step, to the consummation of the last degree, all the signs, colors, and emblems of the various degrees are singularly significant, each and all representing or illustrating some great truth, desired end, social good, or some moral principle; and it may be said, too, that in the whole round of Odd-Fellowship there is no meaningless formality, nor dead

ceremonial ; for there is scarcely a Christian grace, or a moral excellence, but is illustrated by some significant sign, or emblem, or color, of one or the other of the several degrees.

The *existence* of the Order is well known, but there are few who really understand it in its true light. Some view it simply in the light of an institution of pecuniary benefit, calculating the profit or loss, in dollars and cents, attendant upon a connection with it ; comparing it solely to a Life-insurance company, issuing its policies for a certain pecuniary consideration, and running its various risks in proportion to the health, age, and probable longevity of its several members.

Now, just here, against such a low, selfish view of the Order it were as well to enter an earnest protest, and say at once that this is not Odd-Fellowship. And, furthermore, that any one who may have united with this sole end in view, has altogether mistaken his obligations, and the duties which those obligations enjoined upon him, and in spirit is not an Odd Fellow—he knows not even the first principles of Odd-Fellowship.

But it is indeed true, and at once admitted, that the pecuniary matters of the Order, from necessity, form one important feature, as means to an end, enabling the brotherhood to take care of its sick, minister to the temporal wants of its needy members, protect the widow and orphan, and bury its dead. But beyond, in this direction, it can go no further. And never was there a greater error than to suppose that this is *all* of Odd-Fellowship.

But it is averred that higher objects are to be gained by becoming an Odd Fellow than these materialities.

Principles are inculcated which strengthen the foundations of society, and promote order and harmony in the great social system. Its objects are to cause men to be better acquainted with each other, drawing them together by the development of the best and kindest feelings of human nature: to bring out whatever of good may be contained within the heart; and by a constant interchange of kind words and kind treatment, so subdue the evil nature within, that man may recognize in his fellow-man truly a brother. Its objects are to fraternize the human family by the recognition of the great principle that all men should be brothers in feeling, as well as name, no matter of what kindred, nation, or tongue. Its objects are to elevate a beacon-light high up above the storm of dissension, heart-burning, domination, fraud, and violence, those contending elements of discord which constitute the turbid waves of life's tumultuous ocean, and invite all to come and rally under one common standard, in the name and behalf of Friendship, Love, and Truth. Its objects are to hasten the coming of that day—by its expansive benevolence, and blissful teachings—when men “shall beat their swords into ploughshares, and their spears into pruning hooks: when nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither learn war any more.”

These are conceived to be some of the objects of Odd-Fellowship, and in no other light must the Order be viewed; and whoever does connect himself with it, with such objects in view, will make the true-hearted Odd Fellow, and will be known and appreciated as such by the world.

Although the Order in the United States has been in

existence more than one third of a century, yet a vast amount of misunderstanding prevails as to what Odd-Fellowship really is; and perhaps in no case more so than in relation to its—so called—secrets and mysteries. Objections are also urged against it of being exclusive—hence can claim nothing of a charitable or benevolent character; and that the secrecy of its operations justly render it liable to suspicion, and is equally opposed to a large philanthropy, and the genius of the government under which we live.

Now, with respect to the wonderfully hidden mysteries of Odd-Fellowship, which are supposed by some to act like a potent spell, or wand of a magician, susceptible of transforming men into beings supernatural, to hold converse, in sepulchral voice, with the shadowy forms of good or evil spirits of another world—all that need be said is, that Odd Fellows are neither magicians, wizards, nor spirit-rappers. But, on the contrary, are brothers, husbands, fathers, and, we trust, Christian men, full of responsibility to their families, society, and of obligation to God.

They make no endeavor by magic circles, and distortions of countenance, to disturb the spirits of the dead; they need neither their aid nor advice, their business being with the living. Nor do they require the sleight-o'-hand trickeries of the magician for present conduct, nor the vaticinations of witch or wizard as to future guidance. The great volumes of nature and inspiration are spread before them, and they, for them, are all-sufficient. In the former may be found order, beauty, and majesty. All that delight the eye, gratify the taste, and charm the ear exist around in endless

profusion. In the latter, may be found the solemn prophesyings of the past; and a code of moral ethics that could have emanated from no other source than Omnipotence; where are recorded with pen immortal all that is necessary for present happiness and future well-being. These great volumes are the sources of knowledge wherein Odd Fellows read the inward sentiments of their own souls, and they constitute the foundation upon which the whole superstructure of Odd-Fellowship rests.

Within the Lodge-rooms nothing is known of the supernaturally wonderful or shadowy mystical. To say the least, Odd Fellows possess the ordinary common sense of the average of men, and exercise it, too, in the same degree, in their business transactions, as other men and other institutions do in theirs. The constitutions and laws of Lodges, and the proceedings of the Grand Lodges are all made public as the doings of any legislative or clerical body of men, so that scarcely a word need be said in reply to the objection of secrecy, it being one that, in some measure, will apply to all institutions and associations, and also to the private affairs of all individuals. Truly considered, it is no objection at all. The objects of Odd-Fellowship are, or may be, "known of all men," its only secret being in the *mode* of conducting its business operations and the forms of conferring its various degrees. A certain degree of secrecy, from the very nature of the case, is absolutely necessary to efficiency. By signs and pass-words, only known to the initiated, the brothers are everywhere able to recognize each other—by these it is at once known who have claims upon the Order,

who are worthy, and who are not. By no other means could so great an engine of practical benevolence, and far-reaching sympathy and assistance, be held together over so wide an extent of the earth's surface. Of itself, the secrecy is nothing; but as means to an end, it is all-important. Every family has its secrets, which must be held sacred from the world. Every merchant has his business secrets, which he has no right to expose, and which he could not without involving pecuniary loss or dishonor. And we too, as Odd Fellows, have our secrets, which belong to us alone; and it would do no one any good, out of the Order, to know the way we conduct our business, nor who are the recipients of our benevolence.

Among others who are opposed to us, may be found members of Christian churches, having imbibed an impression from some unknown source that Odd-Fellowship is not in harmony with the Christian church. Never was there in existence a greater error of fact! Yet of such we shall not complain; for this number of our opponents is becoming every day less, numbering, as we do, among our ranks many of the brightest ornaments of the Christian church. Of those, however, who do yet oppose us, we shall neither censure nor condemn, nor hold any controversy. Our arguments shall be our principles and our works. "*By their fruits ye shall know them.*" But we will ask them to walk with us through the beautiful groves and shady retreats of our glorious and beautiful temple; and partake of the feast of good things which may always be found at the perpetual banquet there ever ready for every true worshipper of Truth. And we would also ask them to

cast aside all narrow-minded prejudices and bigotry, to let their minds go free, and be enlarged; for within our borders there is room enough for every child of humanity to grow, expand, and overflow with the love a gracious God made him to overflow with.

There are others who are opposed to us with charges of our becoming a great political machine; that shall be able eventually to control the politics of the country. To this objection shall be urged, that no fears need be entertained of our ever becoming a political machine; for, in politics, as religion, we have members of every political party and religious creed, and probably, too, about equally balanced. Hence the common sense alone of every man would teach him that the moment any thing of a sectarian or political character should be introduced, that instant the great body would be shook to its centre, and, in a very short space of time, every element decompose, and be scattered beyond the possibility of ever reuniting.

Institutions, like individuals, have particular spheres of influence; and it is only by confining themselves to those given orbits, that they can act with any degree of efficiency. If their objects be noble, they all move under one great law—the central law of love—and can no more conflict with each other than do the planets of the solar system in their revolutions round the sun.

Within our institution, the brothers assume certain obligations with regard to each other; but this does not imply a disregard of those which forever rest upon all men by virtue of their common humanity.

It is true that there are a great many corporate bodies in existence to benefit the human family; but

while they exist only as bodies, with more head than heart, we profess to exist as bodies with more heart than head. And this is one of the brightest features of our Order; for we have to do with that which they do not, and that is the social relations of life. The sphere of our operation is closer, more immediate, more intimate, and more effective for good. We profess to exist as brothers, to assist each other in sickness, sympathize with each other in distress, and, if possible, sound the depths of each other's affliction.

It may be told us that we have poor-houses, alms-houses, and hospitals, where the distressed, the sick, the widow, and the fatherless can find relief. These institutions, doubtless, are all good in their places, as far as they go, and reflect the highest honor upon the country where they exist. But something more is needed in distress, or sickness, than the doctor and his medicines, the cold attentions of a hired nurse, or the soup and rice of a poor-house or alms-house. There is such a principle as sympathy in the world, which in many cases is more beneficial to the sufferer than doctor, medicine, or hired nurse.

How often, when on the sick-couch, has the countenance been cheered by the visit of a friend! one whom we feel really cares for us, and sympathizes with us; entering into all our little wants, humoring our little whims, speaking affectionately, soothingly, and encouragingly. Oh, how much good does such medicine as this do! How healing to the stricken soul such balm as this! Where can we find it? Not surely in institutions of public charity; that would be impossible, from the very nature of their position. But to this end

is an Odd Fellows' Lodge instituted, and may be all summed up in the words of the Grand Lodge of the United States to the Subordinate Lodges: "We command you to visit the sick, relieve the distressed, bury the dead, assist the widow, and educate the orphan."

Here, however, in this connection it shall be observed that Odd-Fellowship is not considered the universal panacea for all the ills of life. Error is too deeply seated in the social system; the interests of the human world are too varied and entangled to be easily righted. The philosophy of the human mind, and the origin and cause of evil have puzzled the greatest men of all ages of the world. But for our purpose, it is enough to know that misery, oppression, and suffering exist, and that it is for us, as Odd Fellows, to do all the good we can to remove the evils which surround us on every side, minister to the wants, and lighten the burdens of our fellow-men. This is all we claim. We do not, however, expect to move along without opposition. No truth of any moment will ever become established without it, until the nations of the earth are gathered within the folds of Odd-Fellowship, and placed in harmony with the laws of the universe, chanting, in unison with universal nature, a loud anthem of love and good-will to man.

But we all know that, at the present time, this is not the case. The world presents a vastly different picture. Society appears in the light of a great antagonism—the hand of every man against the whole, and the whole against every man. That which is my interest is that of any other individual. From the cradle to the grave, we have to contend with overwhelming

oppositions. Vice, poverty, and oppression exist in every form; and misery, licentiousness, envy, jealousy, selfishness, and injustice are all in activity around us.

The philanthropist has often grieved over and examined this circle of human wretchedness, without being able to discern a single point to begin at to remove those frightful evils; and many a time the musical string of the musician has broken just as he has tuned his instrument to the nicest harmony. Now what can be done to unravel these jarring interests, and harmonize these active antagonisms. It must be confessed that, as individuals, we can do but little; but as bodies, we can do a great deal. Hence every Institution that can be established to bring men nearer together, to bind closer the bonds of brotherhood, to create better feelings between man and man, so that they understand each other and their wants better, in the name of Heaven let us have them. Men are wide enough apart, their interests are sufficiently adverse, without the effort on the part of any to widen the breach; and he who succeeds in adding one ray of comfort to the disconsolate soul, or weaving one chord to bind in closer union the jarring elements of the moral world, has done a deed that an angel will record to his account in the archives of Heaven. Hence every Lodge established, that carries out its own behests, is one step gained in the ascending scale of human progress. It is so much done towards bringing the human world out of the failures and wrongs which have swelled and surged over it during a long night of grief and discomfort.

Some may doubt the ability of Lodges to accomplish

the amount of good here claimed ; but there is no amount of good that they cannot accomplish if they carry out their own principles of Friendship, Love, and Truth.

These are the essential principles upon which the Order is based, and are illustrated by Three Links of a Chain.

Friendship, Love, and Truth ! Three strands of the cord that bind the moral and spiritual universe to the Throne of the Eternal. An Institution based upon such principles must aim at immortality, cannot exist without exerting an influence for good.

Friendship is the first person of this glorious trinity—the first link of this emblematic chain. This principle is as necessary to the existence of the Order as the existence of the sun to the physical world.

True friendship moves along silently, uncontaminated by the breath of slander, and unchecked by the efforts of envy, prejudice, or malice. It is a comforter in sickness, a helper in distress, and a sweetener of our joys. It tramples upon formality, sets aside interests, knows of no obligations, and admits no equivalents. It knows of neither climate, country, language, nor creed. The friend in need is a friend indeed ; and one upon whom can be depended in the hour of adversity, is an angel of mercy.

Man is a social being ; he loves the voice of kindness and sympathy. He loves, too, the social hour. To gather around the hearth, or the festive board, with those he loves, constitutes one of the sweetest charms of his short existence. Scarcely any thing should induce us to violate its claims,* or turn recreant to its

demands. Many a small act of kindness towards a needy brother, perhaps forgotten by us, is never forgotten by the recipient, and will be found registered to the credit side of our account on the records of eternity. Sorrow, like a stream, may lose itself in many channels, while joy, like a ray of the sun, reflects with greater ardor and quickness when it rebounds upon a man from the breast of his friend.

Suffer this principle to die in our Order, and reduce it simply to a benefit society, it would not exist ten years; irretrievable ruin would certainly follow. This thought is well deserving serious attention.

Love is the second principle of this glorious trinity, and the second link of this emblematic chain; it is the prevailing attribute of Deity: "God is Love."

Love is the great centre around which revolves all that is refulgent, and beautiful, and perfect, and holy, and good. It is divine; it is infinite. It has neither height nor breadth, length nor depth. It is the inmost centre of Christianity—the great attractive principle of the moral and spiritual universe. It is the main-spring of every good action, drawing towards it purity of thought and holy affection. It is this principle that attunes the harps of angels, who, in sweet numbers, breathe the love of their Creator. It was this that awoke the echoes of eternity, and caused the morning stars to sing creation's birth; that attuned Judah's harp to numbers that made the Pagan mountains shake, and Zion's cedars bow; that brought the Son of the Great Infinite from his high abode, accompanied with a heavenly host, singing "peace on earth and goodwill to man."

This principle is placed in a very conspicuous relation in our emblematic chain, so that all things within and without may be tested by it. It proclaims to the world that while we have established it as a guide to our conduct within, none need have any fears from without of becoming one of us ; for all are assured that "love casteth out fear;" and wherever this principle rules, there will be harmony, and an earnest desire to benefit each other, from the inward satisfaction of doing good, which in all cases affords the highest degree of happiness. And when brethren dwell together in unity, it forms a pleasing scene—a scene over which the angels of heaven may delight. Let every Odd Fellow then endeavor to foster and promote this feeling, that we may resemble those celestial beings who live in mutual harmony and felicity in the world above.

Truth is the third link of this golden chain, and is implied in the principle of love ; one cannot operate except on the basis of the other. It is indestructible as the pillars of heaven—the immutable basis on which rests the Eternal Throne. Works of art may crumble to dust, solid rocks decompose, and all nations dissolve, but truth will live forever.

It is of immense importance to the existence of the Order. It is its bond, and the foundation of all that confidence and intercourse which subsist among us as Odd Fellows. It is the foundation of our present enjoyment ; and on the veracity of our brothers is depending our future success : let but one be deceived, all confidence in us would at once be at an end. We should be viewed as deceivers holding up false lights to deceive the unwary, and thereby bring upon ourselves

universal censure. It would involve an impeachment of our veracity and integrity. By making proclamation of this principle, we ask our fellow-men to confide in us, assuring them that whatever we promise we will perform; that we are neither perjurers, hypocrites, nor religious impostors; but men, able and willing to perform all that we promise.

The admission of a Candidate to membership is to him an important event. He is about to assume new obligations and duties towards himself and his fellow-man. From that hour, he commences a new existence—a regeneration from that ~~spirit~~ of selfishness and exclusiveness which freezes all the fine sympathetic feelings and generous principles which should possess a human soul. The web of his ~~moral~~ and social existence is about to be unravelled, and he invested with feelings and associations to which he in all probability had been a stranger. He is about to devote his life to deeds of friendship, Christian charity, and brotherly love. Hence, to such offices of human benefaction, one must come with clean hands; for no impurity should pollute the sacred retreats devoted to such exalted mission.

To become an Odd Fellow, therefore, is more than the mere fact of going through the form and ceremony of initiation: these, however important, are but means to an end. The Initiate assumes obligations of an exalting character; a new field of duty and labor is laid before him, that will yield a rich recompense for all his labor. As no man ever yet regretted a good action in the cause of human suffering, nor committed self-destruction from the reflection of his good deeds, so will no Odd Fellow ever regret the obligations imposed

upon him by his initiation to membership, if he fulfil and carry them out. Acts of kindness and generosity afford large profits to the giver ; and so will every Odd Fellow find if he act out the instructions he receives during his progress in Odd-Fellowship.

But in order to become one of our Fraternity, it is necessary that he be previously proposed for membership ; his character referred to a committee, who make the necessary inquiries, and if found worthy is balloted to membership ; and then must pass through certain initiatory forms, and assume obligations, which will eventually lead him to Truth.

The charges administered to him are instructive, suggestive, solemn, and sublime. He, in company with, a brother of the Order, enters at the portals of the Temple, guarded by Faith and Charity. Faith inquires of the brother what stranger he has in his company ; and upon being informed that he is one who has become dissatisfied with himself by simply supplying his own wants, and wishes a wider field of usefulness where Friendship, Love, and Truth assert their mild dominion, and to be admitted to membership with the noble band who worship in that Court of Honor—asks if the stranger be willing to attach his name to the scroll of worthies who have passed through the ordeal to the full fruition of all the honors pertaining to membership. The answer being in the affirmative, Charity wishes him at once admitted, and encourages him with kind words, telling him to neither falter, fail, nor weary, promising him her company to the end of his journey ; assuring him also, that nothing shall hinder him from proceeding if his motives be pure, and if

he maintain his courage and honor, which are absolutely necessary to be tested before he can be prepared for such noble and exalted employment as he is seeking. He is at once admitted to the door, where he asks and receives, seeks and finds, knocks and it is opened unto him.

The Candidate is then within a retreat dedicated to Peace and Love. Shut in amid solemn silence, away from the noise and vice of the busy world, his mind is led to deep reflection upon the vanity of all earthly things ; of the sad spectacle which the world presents to a serious and reflecting mind ; of the millions who, wrapt in their own selfishness, toil on, seemingly ignorant of the mutability of rank, wealth, and power.

Such reflections naturally lead the mind to a contemplation of the effects of the disorder of the moral world, and the certainty of death. He thinks of the generous hearts that feel for the misery of others, and of the unfeeling ones that look on with cold indifference. His pride is humbled. He is awoke to a sense of the duty he owes to himself, and of his responsibility to his God. In view of these, *his* sympathies are enlisted ; his feelings are awakened to the solemn fact, that as he is but dust, so to dust must he return ; and *that* will be all which will remain, not only of him, but of the millions who now are acting out the various parts of the drama on the great theatre of human life.

The solemn admonition these thoughts afford, prepare his mind for the voice of wisdom speaking from the experience of the past, that " the righteous are not forsaken, nor their seed beg bread ;" and that the best and

surest protection against the trials of life is to be found in the practice of Friendship, Love, and Truth.

Then the mind of the Candidate is enlightened as to the spirit of Odd-Fellowship, and he is at liberty to receive the obligation, which is conformable to every moral and social obligation; conflicting with no duty he owes to himself, family, friends, society, or his God; but, on the contrary, urges upon him the necessity of being faithful and virtuous in all his dealings with his fellow-man, and thus procure their esteem, and to let them see that these are the peculiar traits of character of every good Odd Fellow. He is welcomed amid a band of brothers, who assure him that in that court of honor he has nothing to fear. It is only by the heart that men are known, and not by outward professions of goodness and benevolence, although they may possess a captivating exterior.

He is instructed in the signs peculiar to this degree, which all contain a deep significance, and must be kept a profound secret, the all-seeing eye of God being ever upon him; and that we are all held together by a chain—strong and imperishable—in one vast, fraternal union.

Having passed the threshold of Odd-Fellowship, he is reminded of the darkness of the human mind, and of his ignorance in relation to his future destiny—of that slavery of soul to all those objects which so often excite the passionate ambition of man. Then of the perfect freedom which the virtuous enjoy in the absence of sensuality and passion, and of love as the great remedy of all social evils. He is then led to perceive the true objects of Odd-Fellowship, which recognize the whole brotherhood of man.

This is the great fraternal principle of the Order, teaching the lesson that as God is the author of our existence, so should we recognize each other as the offspring of the same Parent. Therefore, being brothers, our intercourse with each other should be marked by Friendship, Love, and Truth, and be ever ready to assist each other in the day of trial.

The Candidate is given emphatically to understand that we have nothing to do with any religious sects or political parties, nor with the classifications of human society. But all, as Odd Fellows, are equal. That no man can be an Odd Fellow unless he be a good citizen, yielding a ready obedience to its laws, dealing justly with his fellow-man, and feeling grateful to his God.

Such are the first principles of Odd-Fellowship, which, as the candidate advances, he will more clearly understand, but will not be able to appreciate its excellence until he shall have passed through, and examined all the hidden chambers of this glorious temple of human fraternity.

In addition to the above, he is not to look upon Odd-Fellowship as a mere beneficiary society, whose sole object is the relief of its members during sickness, "relieve the distressed, bury the dead, and educate the orphan;" but endeavor to elevate the character of man, and extend the field of his usefulness, by teaching the true fraternal relation which all men occupy, one towards the other, and thus control the elements of discord, and calm the storm of human passion.

In this degree are taught the foundation principles of the Order, and all the other degrees are built upon this. Being the different parts of the same structure,

an individual, by simply passing through this initiatory degree, would know no more of Odd-Fellowship than of the interior of a beautiful temple by passing only its vestibule. It is necessary that he pass through all the degrees, before he can see it in all its beauties.

There are many friends, however, who, it must be admitted, join the Order merely for its insurance against sickness—take the first step and go no further. Such brothers know but little of the intrinsic excellences of that Institution with which they have connected themselves. It is the same with us, in this respect, as with every other institution of good. One must work in it, study its features, ascertain its tendencies, and take an active part in it: then the assertion shall be made—no one can do this without loving it for the beautiful lessons it inculcates, the lofty feelings it inspires, the obligations it imposes, and the delightful responsibilities it incurs.

The fact of unworthy men occasionally gaining admittance into our ranks, militates nothing against the name or usefulness of the Order. We must all remember that among the twelve apostles there was a Judas; and also that the sons of God—mentioned in the book of Job—*could* not go up to worship, but Satan must go also; and not only accompany them, but claim the right to do so. Consequently, of what appears to be inherent in the constitution of things, none must complain. We have as large a share of the virtuous and intelligent portion of the community among us as any other Institution, and some of them the brightest ornaments of humanity.

The only Regalia a newly initiated brother is allowed

to wear is a white apron, without fringe or ornament. White being an emblem of purity, and illustrates that the Initiate is but in the infancy of the Order—in the germ, waiting the natural growth and development of its beauties, before he will be able to thoroughly understand and make a practical application of the great lessons in which he has thus far been instructed.

The emblems of this degree are :

1. *The All-seeing Eye*, enveloped in a blaze of light and glory, with the motto beneath, *In God we trust*. This emblem, with its motto, is first and most significant. It reminds the Initiate of the words of the Psalmist, "If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee." It also teaches him that in God alone he must put his trust; and that although the business of an Odd Fellow may be transacted in secret, with closed doors, yet he cannot escape the Omniscient Eye, which pierces into the secret purposes of every heart, scanning all his doings, noting the purity of his thoughts, the spring of all his actions, and the secret motives which induced him to become one of the brotherhood.

As he is assured that not even a sparrow falls to the ground without the notice of his Heavenly Father, so he must keep in mind that He has heard his promises and witnessed his obligations, and that he will be held accountable for the manner, as a good Odd Fellow, in which he discharges the trust committed to his care.

2. *The Heart and Hand*. This emblem of an open hand, with a human heart lying upon it, instructs the

brother that these two should ever go together; that whenever he has the heart to feel, he should possess the hand to give; that both heart and hand should be ever open and ready to respond to acts of beneficence and generosity. It also reminds him that, with him, there should be no concealment of motive, but every thing said and done should be in a spirit of honesty and candor. David said that "*his soul* was continually in his hand, yet he did not forget God's law." Meaning, doubtless, that whatever the conduct of others might be towards him, it was his duty—in view of his obligations to God—to discharge faithfully the important trusts committed to his keeping.

3. *The Axe and the Three Links.* That part of this emblem which represents the axe was probably suggested by that portion of the New Testament, "And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees: every tree therefore which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down;" and that of the Three Links, by the emblems of the Order, Friendship, Love, and Truth. The axe is illustrative of Divine truth, which must be applied by the brother in cutting away all the obnoxious weeds of selfishness, and all desires of an evil tendency from his heart, in order to the growth and full development of the great principles upon which the Order is based.

4. *The Skull and the Crossed Bones.* This emblem signifies mortality; and is designed to teach the brother the solemn lesson of what he is, and what he is sure to become, and finally the condition of the whole human race. The momentous question of man's mortality being one that seemingly makes but a faint impression

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and affects him the least, this emblem is designed to impress upon his memory that there is nothing less perishable than himself; that death is in his very frame; that in the midst of life he is *in* death; that the King of Terrors reigns supreme in all the vicissitudes of natural things; and is the Great Leveller of high and low, rich and poor, and has equally condemned king and subject, master and slave, conqueror, philosopher, orator, and poet.

This emblem teaches all, that, however healthy and vigorous we may each of us be, sooner or later some of us will be laid upon beds of sickness, requiring the assistance of the members of the Lodge; and should death visit any of our number, we have duties to perform in obedience to our obligations: that of committing their mortal remains to the tomb, assisting the widows, and protecting the orphans.

5. *The Bee Hive.* This emblem illustrates order, industry, obedience, and association. It illustrates that order is absolutely necessary to the consummation of every desired end. It is heaven's first law, and reigns throughout the physical universe. It teaches also that whoever unites with our fraternity must come in the prescribed manner, not by climbing over the wall, and endeavoring to enter some other way; but enter at the door, pass through the initiatory ceremony, and be instructed in the signs and pass-words—those mutual recognitions—peculiar to Odd Fellows. In order to reach a suffering brother at the extremes of the Union, he must accomplish that end by the established rules, and in the prescribed form.

This emblem also teaches the brother that he should

be ever diligent in good works; that the needy he must not send empty away; and wherever he hears the sighing of sorrow, the appeals of the destitute, or the moanings of the broken-hearted, he must be quick in his ministrations of mercy; that indeed he must labor faithfully as a member of the Order, in any position the members of his Lodge may think proper to appoint him, and thus speedily become an active, industrious, and faithful co-worker in the great work of human amelioration. Also that he must labor diligently, like the bee, in the summer of his existence, by gathering from day to day, so that when he arrive at the winter of his existence, his store may be sufficient to afford him ease and plenty.

He is also taught, that as subordination is absolutely necessary to good government, so must he be willing to obey the laws, conform to the regulations, and yield at all times a ready compliance with all the demands which the benevolence of the Order may make upon him.

He is further instructed, by this emblem, that as the bee in its associated capacity, by incessant labor, can accomplish comparatively such great results, so we, as Odd Fellows, can, if we will, by our industry, and in our associated capacity, accomplish the great end for which the Order was designed. In this illustration may be seen the fact, that what would be impossible for an individual to accomplish, is rendered easy by the combined efforts of a Lodge, and that when the members all labor to effect the same object, the end desired is certain, and the result incalculable.

This beautiful emblem, in its universality of applica-

tion, teaches us all that, like the bees, we should improve every opportunity during the summer of life, of doing good, that we may lay up for ourselves in the heavens a great harvest of love, truth, beneficent works, and glad hearts. This is treasure that will never fail! and then, where our treasures are will our hearts be also!

After a newly initiated brother has become acquainted with the elementary principles of Odd-Fellowship, he is then prepared to advance further. If this be his desire, as it should, he must obtain a certificate from his Lodge to receive the higher degrees, to enable him to enter into new obligations, and a more extended field of usefulness.

The next degrees are: first, the White Degree; the second, or Covenant Degree; third, or Royal Blue Degree; fourth, or Remembrance Degree; fifth, or Scarlet Degree.

The regalia of the first, or White Degree, "is a white collar and white apron, trimmed with ribbon or fringe, and ornamented with a *white rosette* on the collar, and on the apron any emblems of the initiatory, or of this degree."*

The color of this degree signifies Faith, Fidelity, and Purity. This color, in the sacred writings, illustrates the highest degree of purity. In the vision of Daniel, "*The Ancient of Days* did sit, whose garment was *white* as snow." And in prophecy, the same writer says, "Many shall be *purified* and made *white*." The apostle John—referring to the general Resurrection—says, "I saw a great *white* throne."

* Odd Fellows' Manual, p. 116.

The heads and hands of the priests, when they offered their bloodless sacrifices to Fides, situated near the Capitol of Rome, were covered with a *white* cloth. The symbols of this goddess—called by Virgil "*Cana Fides*"—were a white dog, symbolizing Faith; and two young virgins, clad in *white* vestments, shaking hands, signifying their Faith for future Friendship.* And perhaps the fair reader will pardon us if we say, that there is no color of vestment that imparts to her such an appearance of modesty and angelic purity, as that of *white*.

The emblems of this degree are :

1. *The Shining Sun*. This emblem reminds the Initiate of the impartiality and benevolence of God in causing the sun to shine upon the evil and the good, and that he must let his "light so shine before men that they, seeing his good works, may glorify their Father who is in heaven." As all things droop and mourn when the light of the sun is hid, and are animated and invigorated when it shines; so must he not relax his energies in well-doing, but be a shining light to dispel the dark clouds of evil in the sphere around him: and as neither storm nor tempest dims the glory of the sun, so if his soul be spotless, will none of the storms of life affect him.

2. *The Globe in Clouds*. This instructs the brother that the whole world is the field of an Odd Fellow's benevolence, and that the Order is coextensive with the field of his operations, and that there is but one family, and that the whole of mankind. If an unfortunate brother seek his aid, no matter from what

* Tooke's Pantheon.

quarter of the world he may come, he must be ready to render him assistance. The dark clouds which are rolling over the surface of the globe represent the clouds of darkness, superstition, ignorance, and evil, of the moral world. Hence it is his duty—in common with others—to do all he can towards rolling away the clouds of ignorance and prejudice in relation to Odd-Fellowship; and also towards enlightening the beclouded mind, and mitigating human woe. And as the light and warmth of the sun are seen, in this emblem, dispersing the dark clouds, he sees illustrated the prophecy, in the train of fulfilment, of that period when all the clouds of evil shall be utterly dispersed by the light of Divine Truth, and the “earth filled with the knowledge of the glory of the Lord as the waters cover the sea.”

THE SECOND OR COVENANT DEGREE.—The brother having passed through the first degree, and made himself acquainted with its teachings of universal benevolence and love, he is now about to enter into closer relationship with his brethren, the entering into a covenant with them.

Covenants have been entered into between friends at all ages of the world, but none probably closer than that between Jonathan and David—a prince and a shepherd—which received the sanction of the Most High. “And Jonathan said to David, Go in peace, forasmuch as we have sworn, both of us, in the name of the Lord, saying, The Lord be between me and thee, and between my seed and thy seed forever.”

There are many instances of exalted friendship in history, sacred and profane. We read of the undying

attachment existing between Damon and Pythias ; and although such instances stand out in bold relief from the dark scroll of selfishness, envy, and jealousy, yet could the affections and the hearts of many be known, we should find thousands of instances of as ardent and enduring friendships as were ever recorded on the records of the past.

The marriage relation too is a covenant, sanctioned by heaven. Without this sacred covenant, there would be neither order, civilization, nor refinement; the human world would be a great ocean of corruption, upon whose dark surface would rage a never-ending storm of brutal passion.

Such is the nature of the covenant of friendship the brother is about to enter into in this degree. And such covenants are needed in a social system, where so much wrong abounds. Let none enter into them carelessly, nor think lightly of them. God made a covenant with Noah, with Abraham, and with the Jews. They are made in every institution and every condition of society ; and it is right that a brother, before he proceed further, should enter into a solemn covenant with his brethren to extend the principles of benevolence in which he has been instructed, and give them a practical application, not confining his sympathies to his own family or friends, but to the alien and the stranger.

The Regalia of this degree is a white collar, and a white apron, trimmed with pink, ornamented with the emblem of this, or the white, or the initiatory degree.

The color of this degree is Pink. Among the ancients, this color represented youth and modesty.

The emblems of this degree are :

1. *The Bundle of Rods.* This emblem doubtless was taken from the parent's memento to his sons, who called them all before him. Taking a bundle of rods, he tied them close together in a bundle, and requested each of his sons in turn to break it: this they found impossible. Then untying the bundle, he presented each with a single stick, which, when they had easily broken, he said: "Thus, O my sons, while you are united to each other by concord and affection, nothing can injure or destroy you; but when you become divided by quarrels and animosities, you will fall an easy prey to the weakest enemies."

Now, this applies with equal force to Odd Fellows, and shows the brethren that every Lodge should consider itself as a single family, the several members of which united by one common interest, and any petty disagreements with each other fatal to the welfare of the whole. Their union gives them strength and consequence in the eyes of the world; but if they become disunited by quarrels, every opponent from without will attack them; and the members, deprived of the assistance of each other, would mutually suffer, and consequently the whole be liable to injury and violence.

2. *The Arrows.* This emblem has a remote reference to the arrows made use of by Jonathan, at the stone Ezel, to acquaint David with the state of King Saul's mind towards him. Forming no part of the covenant itself, yet they become of importance in connection with this degree—from the fact of their having constituted a link in that chain of events which consummated *the* covenant between Jonathan and David.

They also illustrate the means of preservation from danger, and the destruction of evil.

3. *The Quiver and Bow.* This emblem, in connection with this degree, also refers to the covenant of Jonathan and David. The bow is a figure frequently used in the sacred writings to illustrate strength. Of Joseph, it is said, "His *Bow* abode in strength." And Job, speaking of his former prosperity, exclaims, "My *Bow* was renewed in my hands." This emblem also illustrates the strength of covenants when made in the spirit of Friendship, Love, and Truth; and the potency of those principles when exercised in the proper spirit, and with the right end in view.

The Quiver illustrates the Lodge as a receptacle of the means of defence against outward foes, by the power of those acts of benevolence which should characterize the doings of each one of its members.

4. *The Rainbow.* This reminds us of God's covenant with Noah, "I do set my Bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth." "And I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth."

The Rainbow reminds the world of the care which God takes of all his creatures, and of the immutability of his word. Our covenant is made with the special end in view to serve each other in the hour of need, and to love each other with the same love that cemented the friendship of Jonathan and David. And this emblem is intended to remind the brother of the nature and binding obligations of the covenant that he has just entered into with his brethren.

THIRD OR ROYAL BLUE DEGREE.—The brother having entered into a covenant with his brethren, is now prepared to receive the Third Degree.

The Regalia of this degree is a white collar and a white apron, trimmed with blue; and ornamented with the emblems of this or the preceding degrees. This color represents Truth. "The azure vault of heaven and the deep blue sea are also employed to symbolize Truth."*

The emblems of this degree are :

1. *The Rod.* This has special reference to the rod of Moses, which he stretched forth for the deliverance of the children of Israel from bondage. "And thou shalt take this rod in thine hand, wherewith thou shalt do signs." The rod or staff is also spoken of as a support, and doubtless is so illustrated in this emblem.

The brother, by becoming a member of our fraternity, has a *staff* upon which to lean when he shall be beset by the difficulties of life. The rod, in the hand of Moses, possessed the power to protect and deliver, and probably may be taken by us as an illustration of the protecting influence of our Order, and of our deliverance from the cold-heartedness and selfishness of the world.

2. *The Ark of Noah.* This emblem reminds us of the care of God in protecting those who trust in him from the flood of evil which deluges the world, and of the implicit confidence that may be reposed in him to afford us a place of refuge from the deluge of troubles which surround us on every hand.

3. *The Dove.* The dove is a representation of the Holy Spirit. The apostle John says, "I saw the Spirit

* 'Odd Fellows' Manual, p. 140.

descending from heaven like a dove; and it abode upon him." The dove was the sweet messenger of Noah to bring him information of the state of the flood. It is also an emblem of love and affection.

4. *The Serpent.* This was taken from the Book of Numbers: "And Moses made a serpent of brass, and put it upon a pole; and it came to pass, that if a serpent had bitten any man, when he beheld the serpent of brass, he lived." The serpent is an emblem of wisdom; and, with its tail held by its mouth, a representation of never-ending eternity. By this and the preceding emblem every Odd Fellow is reminded, and may take to himself, the command of the Saviour to his Apostles: "Be ye therefore wise as serpents and harmless as doves."

5. *The Lamb.* This emblem represents innocence. The *lamb*, an embodiment of innocence, was sacrificed under the Jewish law as an atonement for sin; and Christ also is called by the Apostle John, "The *Lamb* of God which taketh away the sin of the world." The paschal *lamb* typified the crucifixion of Christ. This emblem probably may not be so immediate in its application as many others, but in its indirect application may be equally as significant, and perhaps more important; for this suggests the Jewish law, and the atonement which Christ, as the "*Lamb* slain for sinners," offered for the sins of the whole world.

The brother now, if he understand and practise the principles of the preceding degrees, is fitted to enter into the obligations of the fourth degree.

THE FOURTH OR REMEMBRANCE DEGREE.—This degree imposes upon the brother the obligation of *remembrance*.

As God said to Noah, "I will remember my covenant between me and you;" and also that He would remember his covenant with Jacob, Isaac, and Abraham; so, in like manner, the newly initiated brother is called upon to *remember* the covenant he has just made with *his* brethren, and the new obligations into which he is about to enter. The teachings of the preceding degrees confined his regards, in some measure, to the members of his own brotherhood; but this inculcates more particularly the extension of the principle of love towards all mankind: "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself;" that all men are the children of one common Parent, endowed with the same powers, exposed to the same calamities, and susceptible of the same enjoyments; that "He hath made of one blood all nations of men to dwell on the face of all the earth," giving all "rain from heaven and fruitful seasons." How close the ties, and strong the bonds, which should unite us all! In whatever part of the world man resides, he is a member of the same human family. No geographical lines or difference of language should circumscribe his benevolence: it should be as expansive as the dew, and as widely diffused as the rays of the sun. We should rejoice in the prosperity, commiserate the misfortunes, and have charity for the errors and follies of all. Whatever promotes the good of one people will eventually benefit the whole; and whatever injures one will injure the whole. This is the immutable principle of God's moral government.

These are the principles which come within the peculiar province of this degree to confer. Hence the brother must heed his teachings, and so practise their

precepts, that his name may be found written in the great Book of Remembrance above.

The Regalia of this degree is a white collar, and a white apron, trimmed with green, and ornamented with the emblems of this or any of the preceding degrees.

The color of this degree is Green. This color will at once strike the mind of the brother as being peculiarly appropriate to this degree, constituting as it does the foundation of all other colors. It affords a sense of the greatest delight, and one upon which the eye can rest the longest without becoming weary, and probably is susceptible of the greatest variety of tint and shade. All nature is clothed in this refreshing and beautiful garb, hence it is more widely diffused than any other, producing upon the mind the most agreeable associations. It is an emblem of endearing affection, and considered by the ancients "the symbol of memory and eternity."

The emblems of this degree are:

1. *The Scales and Sword.* This is an emblem of justice and mercy. Perhaps there is no Institution where these two are administered with more impartiality; certainly no one extant that so universally levels the arbitrary distinctions of men. If any of our members aberrate from the path of rectitude, they must stand the test of these principles; their outside position avails them nothing within; but every one is valued according to his moral and intellectual worth, and the degree he has attained in the Order.

2. *The Horn of Plenty.* This "teaches us that if we are faithful in the discharge of our duty, we shall ever find, in the resources of our Institution, an ample

supply for our wants. And it assures us, that 'when the fig-tree refuses its blossoms, and the olive yields no oil, and the flocks are cut off, and no herd are found in the stall,' then shall the result of our well-doing be realized by us in the possession of requisite comfort. When poverty, like an armed man, threatens us with destruction, and the garments of wretchedness are prepared for our beloved offspring, then shall the horn of plenty, from our beloved Institution, empty its stores at the door of our abode."*

THE FIFTH OR SCARLET DEGREE, OR THE DEGREE OF THE PRIESTLY ORDER.—The great principle which this degree unfolds is Truth. This principle, operating on the basis of love, is the crowning grace of all. Love belongs more to the heart and affections, but truth issues from the intellect and understanding. The instructions and obligations through the degrees, thus far, have referred to the former, but now, in this degree, the brother is to be instructed in the great principles of the latter, to which it were well that he gave good heed. The conferring of this degree is necessary to complete the chain of instruction to the full understanding of the nature and objects of Odd-Fellowship. Truth is the foundation of all confidence that exists among us, the very bond of our union; and no one can violate it without turning recreant to all his vows and obligations.

The color of this degree is what its name purports. It is appropriate, scarlet being often referred to in Scripture as a regal color, indicating rank, dignity, or excellence. It was the color of the priestly vestment,

* Odd Fellows' Manual, p. 158.

the glory and rank of the Priestly Order. "And of the blue, and purple, and *scarlet* they made clothes of service in the holy place, and made the holy garments for Aaron."

The Regalia of this degree is a white collar and a white apron, both trimmed with scarlet, ornamented with the emblems of this or any of the other past degrees.

The emblems of this degree are :

1. *The Coffin*. The brother sees in this emblem the narrow house appointed for all mankind. To this end he must at last be consigned, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes, dust to dust." Job says—We brought nothing into this world, and it is certain we can carry nothing out. In the words of the Psalmist, men "fade away suddenly, like the grass. In the morning it is green, and groweth up, but in the evening it is cut down, dried up, and withered." And we can *all* gather one great lesson from this that we must all so live, that when the dark angel shall lay his cold hand upon us, our deeds shall not be buried with us, but leave behind names honored and beloved for the good we have accomplished, and the happiness we have created.

2. *The Bible*. This is the book that breathes a spirit not of this world. It is the charter of our freedom—the Star of Eternity—a "lamp to our feet, and a light to our path"—the book of books. All our principles, and the greater part of our emblems are drawn from this source. Within its sacred pages is contained a moral code that could have emanated from no other source than the mind of Omnipotence. This emblem refers to the one preceding. In view of our certain mortality,

we need the instruction of its sacred pages to conduct us through the valley of the shadow of death, and to prepare us for another life beyond the grave, where there "shall be no more death, neither sorrow nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain."

3. *Moon and Seven Stars.* As the moon is absolutely dependent upon the sun for its light, and in return reflects upon the dark earth a flood of glory; so, as Odd Fellows, drawing our moral light from the great Spiritual Sun, we, in return, should reflect it back undiminished upon a world in darkness and sin.

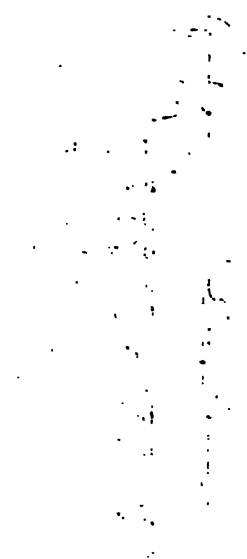
It has been said that the seven stars of this emblem have reference to the seven pillars in the house of wisdom, and the seven churches in Asia. But be that as it may, the stars are the lesser orbs of night; so with us there must be diversity of talent and various energy of character and mind: nevertheless each one has a very important station to fill, and good work to perform; not so dazzling perhaps in its immediate effects, yet equally as important to the existence of the whole system. And as no ray of light ever yet streamed through the far-off spaces of the moral firmament in vain, so will no good act, or righteous deed, be ever lost; but will, sooner or later, weave circles of destiny to bless the human world.

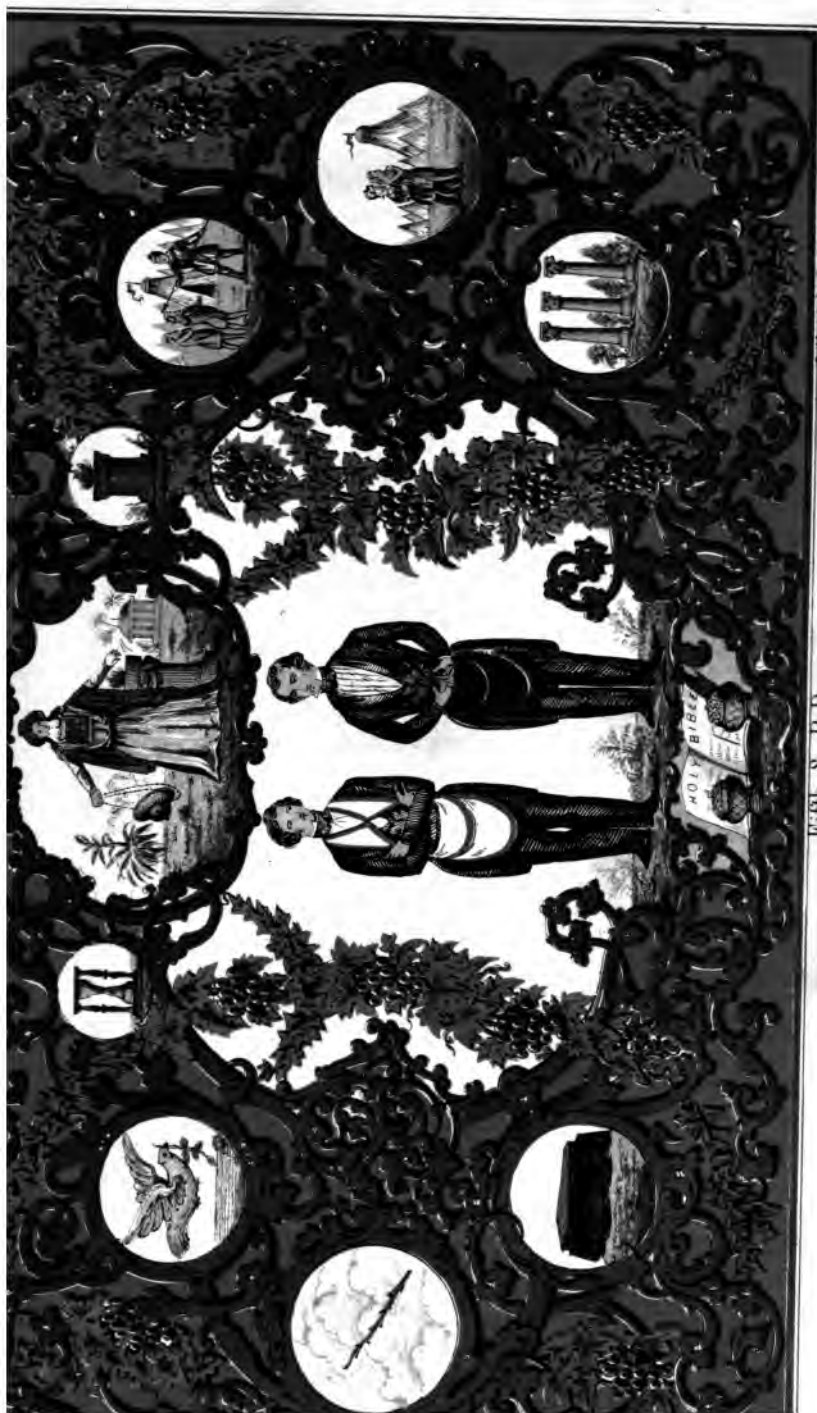
4. *The Budded Rod.* This emblem reminds us of the divine favor shown to Aaron. "Moses went into the tabernacle of witness, and behold, the rod of Aaron for the house of Levi was budded, and brought forth buds, and bloomed blossoms, and yielded almonds." We see by this act of divine interposition that it is our duty to place implicit confidence in the care of Providence.

The Great Author of our being foresees every dependent good and relative evil, and directs by his own means, and in his own way, every thing for the best, however the reverse may sometimes seem to us, who see but a small part of the magnificent machinery of the universe; and we all may rest assured that he will take care of his own instrumentalities, and that if we trust him for his word, he will make the Order an instrument of great good, and make it not only to bud and blossom, but bring forth fruit, even as the rod of Aaron.

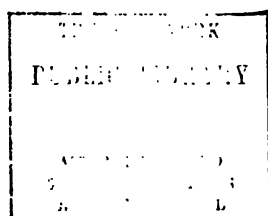
The Encampment Degrees are yet to be conferred, which the brother can receive or not, as his own views and feelings may dictate. It shall be stated, however, that he now knows all that is necessary to the fulfilment of the duties of Odd-Fellowship, and if he choose to go no farther, he can remain at this point, and yet be an Odd Fellow. In order, however, for application to admission into the Encampment, he must become a subject of the highest congratulation in that he has been deemed worthy to become acquainted with, and initiated into the subordinate elements of so great and beneficent a fraternity.

The tuition in the great school of Odd-Fellowship is a new system, whose teachings are of a vastly different nature from any the initiate probably has ever received. He commences an education of the principles of a universal fraternity, which involves in its first degree Fidelity—upheld by Purity, Benevolence and Charity; in its second degree, Covenanted Love; third degree, self-sacrificing Friendship; fourth degree, Love towards all mankind; and in its fifth degree, Truth; and hav-





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ing passed these subordinate elements, he is prepared to receive the higher degrees—to commence a higher education.

This may be considered the second journey of Odd-Fellowship. These degrees being more difficult of attainment, far more beautiful, and point the steps of the brother to a higher state of experience and intellectuality.

The Encampment is the Odd Fellows' university, where all the elementary principles of the degrees through which he has passed are recited and confirmed, and his conduct, during his probationary steps, and his progress in the several degrees, are canvassed and tried; and where greater beauty will be developed, until he arrive at the full meridian splendor of the noble aims, exalted principles, and beneficent ends of Odd-Fellowship. A new field of vision is exposed to view. Now he can see that the whole work of the Order, as far as he has passed—with its forms of initiation, obligations, lessons, signs, emblems, and colors—have been but the progressive steps to his present elevation; all but means to gain the great end. In looking back, he discerns beauties that before he had no idea were in existence; and also all that he has hitherto passed through constitute but the foundation of these last and highest beauties of our glorious fraternal union.

In this higher school of Odd-Fellowship there are three degrees: first, *The Patriarchal Degree*; second, *The Golden Rule Degree*; and third, *The Royal Purple Degree*:—our duty to God; our duty to our fellowmen; and our duty to ourselves.

tracted nations, and peace wave its olive-branch over the world.

You have now gained possession of the *Tent* of the Patriarchs, received their hospitality, become one of their number, and, to some extent, learned their ways of simplicity and truth. You are now to go forward and practise their God-like principles. Move onward, brother; be firm and patient; a difficult but interesting scene is before you, and one that will test your faith and courage. Fear not; let truth guide and faith uphold you. Learn that difficult lesson of boldly and fearlessly maintaining your own conscience in happy freedom, while at the same time you accord to your brother the same most sacred right. You are now in the presence of the Representatives of all Nations, who have been invited to meet you on this occasion. They are not prepared to tolerate the prejudices you foster against their peculiar manners, customs, or faith. Can you meet such a body of men, and for a moment indulge the hope of a peaceful issue? Respond to every inquiry, and fear not to speak the truth in love. Are you the object of their meeting? Are you of the Anglo-Saxon race? Have you a God to worship? Yea, you worship the God of the Christians. Then must you be bound and cast into a dungeon? Yes, in their estimation you are a bigot, and one of a hated race. At the command of the *Chief* of our beloved fraternity, you are brought forth from your *captivity*, and your *fetters* removed. Hear him speaking in kindly accents: Under our sacred tolerance we allow no bonds, nor do we permit any prejudices to trample on the high birthright of humanity. My friend,

be always just, and fear not. Like an honest man, you have, in defiance of chains and the dunge on, nobly avowed your country and your God. Within this sacred circle no distinctions of sects, custom, or nation are recognized: all are alike entitled to the same respect and consideration. Brother, look at those foes who so lately would have enchained and imprisoned your mind, as they did your body: they have all enlisted under our banner, and adopted the sacred principle of "doing unto others as ye would they should do unto you." This *Golden Rule* is our guide, and the time is not far distant when its power will be felt, and obtain dominion over the human race. In vain the great and good of ancient times desired the accomplishment of this great and glorious end. But we enjoy its heavenly influence. It is even as the oil that ran down Aaron's beard, even to the skirts of his garment, reaching unto the weakest brother in our *Tent*. Carry this rule into all your life. Through all its vicissitudes and sorrows, be it the healing balm to cure your diseases, your prejudices; and your evil imaginings, and accord to others those feelings of love and kindness you so love to receive; so that the words of Him who "spake as never man spake" be verified in your experience—that it is more blessed to give than receive. And now to our loving Creator we commend you, asking him to let the light of his truth fall upon you, that he may bring you into all truth, and in his infinite goodness, more fully explain to you the glory and beauty of the principles of this sublime degree.

The color of the Third, or *Royal Purple Degree*, is

the Imperial Purple, and "the Regalia black gloves and black apron, and a purple collar, trimmed with gold (or yellow) lace or fringe, and the apron ornamented with any of the emblems of the Order: those peculiar to the Encampment being most suitable."*

The emblems are, *The Scythe*, which reminds you that you will be cut down like the grass, and "fall before the King of Terrors;" *The Hour Glass*, illustrating the swiftness of time; *The Ark of the Covenant*, suggesting the presence of the glory of God; and *The Globe in full light*, teaching that truth and righteousness will finally prevail.

This is the last and highest degree, and teaches that all human excellence is the reward of perseverance and toil, and that the difficulties, temptations, and dangers of life serve but to strengthen your faith and hope for the future. That on this earth there is no real Rest, your life being a constant scene of strife and turmoil; and that the pilgrim can find rest only by travelling the rough and thorny paths of difficulty which lead him—if he persevere to the end—to eternal rest in the regions of immortality.

Now, my brother, you begin to see into this beautiful edifice of Friendship, Love, and Truth, and tremble at the responsibility you are assuming towards your fellow-men. You find it no idle tale, but a representation to the mind and heart of those sacred obligations we are all bound to extend and practise towards each other. Shall you ever succeed in carrying out these sublime assumptions? Go on, brother: be patient, but wary. One more difficulty lies before you. Let faith

* Odd Fellows' Manual, p. 299.

and hope guide you, and bear you up. You will, if you persevere and be firm in principle, obtain the goal of your desires, and arrive at the innermost temple, where the veil will be removed, and light reign perpetual.

You press on, seeking Rest among your brethren. Ah, brother pilgrim, there is but one resting-place, and that is not on earth. Are you seeking it amid the turmoil of life? Is it to be found with the joyous child? Is it with merry youth? Can we find it in manhood's lofty aims and aspirations? What toil, and strife, and danger you struggle through to reach an imaginary goal! Man, by his restless spirit, hopes on, until his nature sinks, and the weary body rests beneath its kindred dust.

But press on, though the road be rugged, and infested with hideous reptiles, ravenous beasts, and birds of prey. But be cautious how you step. Beware of those fascinating lures which lead to the whirlpools of sensuality, which, if once within their eddying circles, you are drawn by imperceptible degrees into their awful vortex. Your road, of all others, is the most unpleasant and trying, but it is the only sure one to lead you to the end you seek. Have the difficulties you have already surmounted during your pilgrimage gained you a passport to that goal of happiness you are seeking? If so, still press onward. The path is narrow, encompassed with difficulties, and death in its most frightful forms lurking by the way. Ah! this is indeed a wilderness. But your object *must* be accomplished. Make now no false steps: if so, you may plunge into the deep and dark abyss of irretrievable

ruin. Hark! you hear music and merriment, and how fascinating and luring the road that leads to those joyous sounds! But adders lie in the path. See you that fell demon of intoxication; and saw you that man murder his fellow-man? Hear you those clashing sounds of deadly strife? That is the clang of war, ambition, and selfishness, seeking fame in the cannon's mouth; hurrying fellow-mortals to destruction. Sad display of worldly glory! War trampling humanity in the dust! Though Fame allure you, yield not to her syren voice. Let neither short-lived pleasure, nor the soldier's glory, tempt you from the narrow path, though it may lead over rocks and precipices. What if others do waver and fall before they reach the end of their journey, *you* must go on, if the heavens are black, the forked lightnings play around you, and the thunder roll awfully over your head. Your Heavenly Father sees you. His rainbow is in the clouds, which reminds you that you are under the protection of a covenant-keeping God.

Persevere then a little longer, and you will pass safely over Jordan's stormy flood, and find *rest* in a happier land beyond.

Brother pilgrim, your trials are now over. You have fought the good fight, and gained a victory over all. Your path to the Inner Temple is now pleasant, and easy of access. Hear you that music? It is the heavenly song of those Patriarchs who, like you, have surmounted the trials, snares, and pit-falls of life, and whose wandering souls have at last been brought to *Rest*.

The Patriarchs of old were surrounded with idolatry

and corruption, yet they worshipped the true God of Israel; and "through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens."

Review your past and present life, and see if you are not on a pilgrimage here, and whether this world be your resting-place. You will indeed find it a pilgrimage, and short the passage from the cradle to the tomb. Some find it longer than others, but all a hasty and stormy journey; and happy they who, after their weary travel, find a resting-place in the heavens above, with Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, where angels are tuning their golden lyres, and in adoring hallelujahs singing, another pilgrim has reached these realms of bliss.

And now, my brother, having passed through these sublime degrees, you have attained the highest rank in the Order, and consequently entitled to all its honors and privileges. You have, in some measure, seen illustrated the journey of life in all its various phases—its ambitions, aims, hopes, and needs; and of the difficulties which every true Pilgrim will meet with in his strivings to carry out the broad principles of humanity to their full extent; also of the glorious results of the practice of those high principles upon which Odd-Fellowship is based; and having attained to this *elevation*, you must strive to fulfil *your* obligations. You are now to enter a new and wider field of labor—to perform the business of life upon different principles, and

with vastly higher motives—to be a man before God, and acting in behalf of your fellow-men. You are sent forth into the world, bearing with you different and more exalted views of the social obligations of humanity—to illustrate by your example the great and heaven-born principles Friendship, Love, and Truth, and so live them out among your fellow-men that you may be ready, at all times, to “speak the truth in love,” deal uprightly, act justly, be charitable towards the failings of others, generous to the needy, and ever sympathize with the sick and the afflicted. And as the scholar, in search of knowledge, finds in his course the *morning star* that first dispels the darkness from his mind, followed by the faint glimmer of daybreak, then an increasing and brightening refulgence, unfolding the beauties of the intellectual universe; so may you—having passed away from the *dark night* of selfishness, and been introduced to the genial influence of the sun’s increasing and enlightening rays—now feel upon your mind, not only the sweet impress, but the full refulgence of the *day’s* bright halo of Friendship, Love, and Truth.

varying expression of her countenance that his wife, the tender flower whom he plucked from her native wilds, was equal to grace and adorn any circle? True, he was satisfied with the *appearance* of his wife, for her beauty and her delicacy were heightened by every advantage of wealth, added to her own refined taste and innate love of the beautiful, and besides, she studied carefully her husband's taste and wishes as regarded dress, and rarely failed to suit him in that respect; but he appreciated not aright her intellect and fancy, or rather was unconscious of her mental gifts.

He was left an orphan and sole possessor of an immense property, soon after arriving at his majority, and he travelled for a while as his fancy dictated among the beautiful and historic scenes of our own country, having previously travelled over several countries of the Old World. While journeying through Pennsylvania, in his own carriage, he was suddenly taken ill, and stopped for the night at a neat, white cottage, embosomed in the midst of trees, foliage, and blossoms. The next morning he was not able to travel, and several days elapsed ere he left the inhabitants of the cottage, and when he did so, the light aerial figure of Grace Marston, and her sweet, musical voice seemed to go with him, and on his return through the little village, he sued for her hand and was *not* refused, for the dark eyes and eloquent voice of Arthur Elmore had already won an answering love in the heart of the sensitive and unsophisticated Grace, and so they were united in the little white church, where she, from earliest childhood, had listened to the teachings of the gospel. He returned home and fitted up the family mansion anew for his

gentle and lovely bride; and the pleasant apartment described in the commencement, and which, in front, looked out on the bustling thoroughfare, and on the side into a spacious and elegant garden, was appropriated entirely to her use.

For a time he was captivated with Grace, and spent every leisure moment in her society; and then, like the pet kitten or spaniel, one moment caressed and the next disregarded, she was left to herself and the loneliness of her own thoughts and feelings; and this was often the case for days, weeks, and months. It is true, he was always polite and attentive to her at table, amid company, and whenever they appeared in public. Yes, Arthur Elmore was very observant of all the forms and ceremonies which appertain to fashionable society, and was an inveterate stickler for the due observance of etiquette. Moreover, he was not a cold-hearted man, in the common acceptation of that term, for he was liberal to the poor, made generous donations to all the charitable societies, and assisted by purse as well as by speechifying, in all the reforms of the day. And yet he knew not, felt not, that amid all the splendor and magnificence of his mansion, his wife was, day after day, pining in loneliness more intolerable than that of the dungeon, for the smiles and blessed words of old. Grace was altogether too diffident, as regarded her own merits and acquirements, which were not inconsiderable, for she had received an excellent education, which was cultivated by constant and attentive reading, especially since her marriage; and in the well-assorted library prepared for her use, she had often spent hours which otherwise would have been too bitter to have been

borne. Possessed, too, of a sensitive nature, one cold, formal tone or look seemed to congeal her very heart, and transform its warm, living, gushing fountains to ice. The apartment which was Mr. Elmore's library and study, was directly opposite to that of Grace, and very often had she seated herself there to watch that loved countenance in its play of thought, as he was inditing the sentiments that so often elicited praise from the public. But there was no lofty sentiment addressed to *her*, no indication of companionship and affinity in intellect, no heart-warmed love-tone as in the past. Often, very often, as the burning words were rising to the lips of Grace, she would thrust them back to tremble upon her heart-strings, and with the thought of her own inferiority to *him*, remain silent.

Mr. Elmore, upon a very short acquaintance, had married his wife merely for her beauty, and, owing to her extreme diffidence and sensitiveness, he was not aware what a rich mine of intellect, imagination, and feeling, was hidden under her quiet exterior. To do him justice, he was not sensible that he was unjust or cruel, for, immersed in books and papers, and, at the same time, writing a book which was soon to be published, he forgot that whilst he had provided every thing to gratify the senses—whilst wealth, and every luxury procured by wealth—was at her command, he yet withheld from her *all* which her loving heart so earnestly craved, his companionship and sympathy.

One sweet summer eve, there met at the mansion of Mr. Elmore a small literary circle of the first talent in the city, and he, himself, with an animated countenance and words of eloquence, was the centre of attraction to

all. Grace was near her husband, drinking in every tone of that finely-modulated voice, and listening with interest and feeling depicted in every lineament of her face, to the conversation of the ladies and gentlemen, but all unheeded by her husband. In the midst of the discussion of an exciting topic, Grace could not command her feelings any longer, and silently retreated to the garden, to give vent to her emotions and calm herself in solitude. She had not long been there ere she heard the sound of voices, and the mention of her own name arrested her attention.

"I can tell you, Miss Colby," said Mr. Pritchard, who was no less than Mr. Elmore's publisher, "that Mrs. Elmore is the equal of her husband in literary attainments, although *he* does not know it, and very possibly *she* does not."

"*I* think so, decidedly," was the reply; "I have watched her sweet, earnest face, so rife with varying emotions, expressing so vividly all the alternations of sunshine and shadows, and I have often wished to ask her if she would not associate with me in preparing a series of instructive, and at the same time interesting, works, but I am so slightly acquainted with her, it would seem presumptive; and besides, she is so diffident of her own powers, so sensitive to the slightest thing that approximates to coldness and neglect, that I know not well how to address her."

"*You* have studied her, then, as well as myself," exclaimed Mr. Pritchard. "Oh! how I have wished to say to Mr. Elmore, 'you know not the value of the jewel, whose radiance is buried from your sight, because you do not seek to gaze upon it often; you know not

what a treasure would be yours in the constant society of your wife.' And yet Mr. Elmore is not naturally a cold-hearted, unappreciative being. The absorbing love of study and books, to which he has accustomed himself from early youth, and, withal, a desire of the distinctions conferred on a popular writer, have formed, as it were, an incrustation over his heart, and blunted the force of the very purest and noblest affections of his being."

"I *do* hope, then, there will be an eruption some time or other in his heart, and that the tide of affection will flow, not like lava to destroy, but to fertilize," said Miss Colby, laughingly, "for Mrs. Elmore looks so pale and sad, so like a poor crushed floweret, that I long to enfold her in my arms, and revive her with the blessed dew of sympathy."

As they passed on into the house, poor Grace tried to follow, but tear after tear came unbidden, and mingled emotions were swelling in her bosom. Sadness dwelt there like a shadow-cloud, for, much as she suffered, she disliked to have her husband blamed and condemned, even though he deserved it. And gratitude, too, was there, that she was truly appreciated by some of her husband's friends. Suddenly, her countenance was lit up by a dazzling smile, and she uttered in low, thrilling accents, "Yes, I *will* write; I will show my Arthur that his wife is not unworthy to share his high pursuits, and to be received as a loving and worthy confidant of his every thought."

As she entered the room, they were all struck with the rich glow that mantled her cheek, and the light that so joyously danced in her eyes; and even Arthur re-

for *such* sentiments could emanate only from a mother's bosom. It is a perfect picture of your own little Carrie," said Miss Colby, addressing herself to Mr. Elmore. At that moment she glanced at Grace, and by the expression of her countenance, so timid and blushing, she comprehended her secret instantly, but of course preserved silence.

"You *will* tell us, at some future time, Mr. Pritchard, and introduce the lady, herself, will you not?" inquired Mr. Elmore.

"Wait with patience, sir, and I will promise you that here, in this very room, I will introduce the lady to you, with her full permission, although you are *now* acquainted with her."

"Impossible?" exclaimed he; "I have never met with a lady whose sentiments and manner of expression so fully realized my ideal of an exquisite fancy and surpassing pathos; such a being, mentally, as my wild youth often dreamed of. She must be beautiful in person."

"As much so as in mind," remarked Mr. Pritchard.

Poor Grace sat very uneasily under all these encomiums, and if her husband had watched her, he must have guessed her secret from her tell-tale face, which was unused to the concealment of any emotion. But Mr. Elmore suspected her not—had no idea of her employments, as his time and thoughts had been so concentrated on his own work, which had often brought Mr. Pritchard to his dwelling in the course of its publication.

One morning as he emerged from Mr. Elmore's study, Grace appeared at the opposite door and beckoned him

to enter. He crossed the hall and entered, and after he was seated, she went to her escritoire and produced an elegantly-written manuscript.

"I wish you to examine this, Mr. Pritchard, and if you think it will be readable, I wish to have you publish it."

"There is no doubt of *that*, Mrs. Elmore, and I am but too happy to be allowed that privilege."

"But there is one condition to which I wish you to subscribe, and that is, on no account to divulge my real name, especially to my husband, until I grant you liberty to do so."

"I cheerfully subscribe to it, my dear madam;" and with a low bow, Mr. Pritchard departed.

Mr. Elmore had been prostrated for a long period with fever, the result of too much study and overtasking of the brain. A low couch had been prepared for him in Grace's own boudoir, and her hand ministered to his every want; her gentle voice soothed the sufferer in the ravings of delirium; her lips kissed away the drops of perspiration from his aching brow.

And he was convalescent, and as he lay there without pain, but very weak, watching the light figure of Grace as she glided around the apartment, adjusting every article so that it appeared in the best light, and ever and anon smoothing his pillow, or stooping down to caress little Carrie, who was nestled by her father's side, her golden curls mingling with his dark tresses—he wondered how he could ever have, voluntarily, shut himself out from his domestic Eden.

It was now summer, and through the lattice came in most soothingly the breath of flowers and the murmur

of the playing fountain, and the blessed sunshine bathed all things in its heavenly baptism. How delicious, after hours of fever and pain, which have over-mastered all perceptions of the beautiful, to feel the glow of health reanimating the frame, to see the light of day, to feel the blessed breeze fanning the brow, to rejoice in the aroma of the flowers, to hear the melody of waters! These *common* blessings—common alike to rich and poor—are surely the *greatest*, and evince the loving hand of the Father, in preparing blessing and joy for all his family of the universe.

"Grace, *dear* Grace," came from the pale lips of the invalid; she was again by his side, and he drew her head gently down to his bosom. "Do you not feel that you are dearer to me than ever, dearer than when I took you from your native valley, a bride?"

She pressed his thin, white hand for a reply—it was all she could trust herself to make—and he well understood it.

"But you have grown thin with your incessant watching over me; you must take a long ride into the country, Grace, and bring back again the bloom to your cheeks."

"Not *to-day*, Arthur; I am too happy to stay with you."

"To-morrow, then; nay, do not say you cannot, for it will please me best to have you attend to your health; and you will come back invigorated, I know, by the pure country air."

"To-morrow I will go, if it is your desire."

"Grace, I was just thinking I should almost dislike getting well enough to leave this room, it is so pleasant to me."

"Then let it be your *study*. I will not interrupt the train of your thoughts; unless indeed," added Grace mischievously, "you should be thinking of your yet unknown authoress."

"Ah!" said Mr. Elmore, with a smile and a fond glance at his wife, "I had quite forgotten her."

"Shame on your fidelity to the fair unknown, Arthur."

"She is a most beautiful writer, dear Grace, and I would most earnestly have desired such talents for *yourself*; but think not you are less dear to me on *that* account; my heart prefers you to any other *Grace*."

"I still think you will yet see her; Mr. Pritchard, you know, promised it."

The next morning was cloudless and serene. Mrs. Elmore, accompanied by Miss Colby, took a long and very delightful ride into the country, and many a neat little cottage brought freshly to remembrance her own early home.

In the mean time, Mr. Elmore was rather lonely at home, and with the assistance of the servant he seated himself in the easy chair of Grace, which was in front of the open escritoire. For a while he reposed his head among the cushions, until a happy thought seemed to strike his mind.

"I will write a few verses for Grace," was his thought, "and leave them here on her desk to surprise her."

He had written but a line or two, when, looking in a drawer for a pen-knife, his eye rested on the journal kept by Grace in her days of loneliness. His name—Arthur—riveted his attention, and he read the following:

"May 31st, 18—. 'My sweet child and myself

are alone—*alone*, though the hum of active life is all around me, though the voices of friends salute me, though wealth and luxury are my constant attendants, and the world greets me with the blandest, yet most unsatisfying of smiles. *Why is it?* The sunshine pours in a flood of gladness; the breath of flowers makes this pleasant room redolent with fragrance; delightful books invite me to their perpetual repast; there lies the pen in whose companionship I have taken such unalloyed delight; and there is the music which I have so often played with rapture. Why is it, that life seems so poor, so insufficient for happiness? *Once*, when the child of poverty and toil, life was full of ever new and upspringing joys; the morn looked down upon me with a loving smile; and the stars, the ever glorious, fadeless stars, were as companions, and their influence lulled me into celestial dreamings of the calm 'summer shore' of immortality. *Then*, the voice of my mother was the sweetest music I had ever known. *Now*, now there is another voice still dearer, but it breathes not the tender words of old; *now*, there are dear, familiar footsteps, but hither they tend not, though I ever watch for their coming. Arthur! Arthur! thou knowest not the wealth of woman's heart, how unfading is her first, true affection! Thou knowest not that 'the soul of woman lives in love;' that her husband's love and attention are her all, *her whole world*; and *those* failing, life is a wearisome burden, and the grave a coveted rest for all its thickly-woven doubts and fears!

" Afar from thee, 'tis solitude,
Though smiling crowds around me be,
The kind, the beautiful, the good,
But I can only think of thee,

Of thee, my cherish'd and my best,
My earliest and my only one ;
Without thee, life were all unblest,
And wholly blest with thee alone !"

"Can it be possible that I am such a wretch?" said Arthur Elmore, as he finished reading the above. "Poor Grace! now I see it all; now I know the secret of her pale cheeks and saddened eyes. How could I have been so blind to my own cruelty to her—so immersed in my selfish and ambitious aims, that I have cared not for my own little family."

Again he took the journal with a trembling hand, and read the following:

"June 16th, 18—. My child! my child! glorious in thy gifts of purity and beauty, in thy trusting love, thou art ever to me an angel, leading me by the might of thy innocence to that clime of saintly glory and joy, 'where *love* is freed from doubt and care.' Shall we ascend to that dear home *together*? I cannot *stay* long here, so heart-weary I have become in waiting and watching for *him*. I cannot *leave thee*, my dove, unsheltered in the safe ark of thy mother's bosom! How peacefully comes to my soul the thought of the grave; tender is the music of rustling leaves in the quiet churchyard of my early home; there would I repose near that blessed spot where I pledged my vows to thee, Arthur! Shall we not 'rest in our love,' when we meet at last, purified from sin, in heaven, where the Father 'shall wipe away all tears from off all faces?'

"Shall we not all meet thee to love,
With love that hath no trembling fears,
In that dear home far, far above
This vale of tears!"

"I *will*, I *do* believe it; henceforth, let me not murmur at the wounding thorns that encompass my pathway, for here 'we have no continuing city.'

"July 14th, 18—. Here, as I sit by the window, I view a sweet picture, a family group from the country, as is evident from their equipage and attire. There comes the father from the variety store opposite, with his arms full of toys, which he is distributing to the curly-headed boy and girl, who are sitting on low seats in the front part of the large wagon. How their eyes sparkle as they receive their presents from their father, but not more so than *his*, which are fairly running over with love and joy. He is one of nature's genuine noblemen, although encased in a homely suit of homespun cloth. And the wife and mother I must not pass by, so neatly and modestly attired in a gingham dress, as she is holding out the plump, blue-eyed baby to receive her share from the paternal hand. The groceries are nicely packed away in the bottom of the vehicle, together with the new dress for the mother, which she has just examined. And now they are going to their humble home, happy in each other's love and confidence, going to partake of their simple, yet true pleasures, going to their round of earnest labors, which ever bring peace in their train. God bless ye! Never may you know what is the solitude of the city—alone amidst unsympathizing thousands—alone, amidst every luxury and beauty that wealth can procure!"

Mr. Elmore closed the journal, written with tears and bearing their traces, and resigned himself to the workings of remorse. When Grace returned, he was still the occupant of the easy-chair, but asleep. One large

tear still trembled on his eyelashes, while his right hand nervously clasped the journal, and little Carrie slumbered on his left arm. She was perfectly astonished, but as she saw her journal, she instantly comprehended the meaning of that tear; so she gently disengaged the journal from his grasp, while she kissed away the tear. He awoke; he made a movement as if to kneel at her feet, but was checked by her.

"Forgive me, my dearest wife, for my cruel neglect of you," was all he could say as he struggled with his emotions.

"I *do*, Arthur, but I also am to blame for taking your silence so much to heart, when I knew you were so engaged in your writing and studies; so, please forgive *me*, my husband," said Grace, with the deepest feeling.

"I have nothing to forgive, my own, and the future, if life is spared, shall be dedicated to the atonement of the past; it shall be all you desire, and I will, most cheerfully, give up my studies for the pleasure of your society."

"I am most happy *now*, Arthur; and, believe me, I do not ask you thus to sacrifice your inclinations for study. Only receive me as a willing pupil and companion, and, above all, do not again overtask your strength."

It was a sweet autumnal evening. The large parlor of the Elmore mansion was brilliantly lighted and gayly decorated by Mr. Elmore's orders, for Mr. Pritchard had promised to introduce "Grace," the unknown authoress, that evening, to Mr. Elmore, who, to tell the truth, was not so anxious as formerly for an introduction, although he acknowledged the rare beauty of the

work ; for he had lately tasted the purest domestic bliss, and seemed to live but for Grace. She, this evening, dressed very plainly, and her only ornament, save a few flower-buds among her wavy curls, was her husband's miniature.

The guests had arrived—all, except Mr. Pritchard—and they were the same literary circle who were accustomed to hold their *re-unions* at Mr. Elmore's mansion. Miss Colby's eyes twinkled most knowingly as she glanced at Grace, who was seated by her husband's side, while Carrie was on her father's knee. Mr. Elmore had entirely recovered from his illness, and now looked far healthier and happier than in former days. They were all looking with interest for Mr. Pritchard's arrival with the unknown, and as yet unsuspected "Grace." At length, Mr. Pritchard was announced, but he came alone! What could it mean that they should be so disappointed, when their expectations were so highly raised?

"Was she unwell?" "Had she left the city?" "Was she afraid of notoriety?" "They would not betray her secret if she did not wish it."

Mr. Pritchard commenced answering this flood of questions, while a mysterious smile floated over his face. "She is *not* unwell, my dear friends, she is *in* the city ; she is not ambitious of notoriety, although willing to be known to this circle. Finally, she is *here* before you ; allow me to introduce to you Mrs. Elmore, the unknown 'Grace.'"

Great was their astonishment, but Mr. Elmore was the first to recover from it.

"My beloved Grace," said he, as he pressed her hand,

"it seems as if I should never learn the extent of your excellencies and acquirements."

Then followed congratulations and compliments, with all of which Mrs. Elmore would fain have dispensed, although delighted with her husband's undisguised admiration and praise, and his evident feelings of triumph in her success.

After the departure of his guests, as he folded his wife to his heart, he exclaimed, "I did, indeed, wish you could have been the 'Grace,' whose writings I so much admired, but ah! how little I suspected that such was the case in reality—that the words which permeated my whole being, were those of my dear wife. Foolish and blinded have I been, not to perceive your glorious gifts; how much of bliss have I lost in consequence. Henceforth we are ever one—one, in our pursuits—one, in our lofty endeavors for the right and the beautiful—one, in the fervent love, hope, and trust, which unites us truly here—one, I trust, in the fadeless bowers of immortality!"

JANE EYRE.

WRITTEN AFTER READING THAT ADMIRABLE WORK.

WHAT is the substance of all this?—to teach
The nothingness of the external frame
Of human beauty (serving but to reach
The senses, and a sensual love inflame);
To show that form and feature disappear
In the diviner beauties of the mind,
When heavenly spirits meet on earthly sphere,
And blend together in a love refined!

TO MY WIFE.

THE winds of March are loose again,
And, shrinking from the piercing air,
I shudder at the thought of pain
That I have borne, and yet may bear;
But while the scenes return to view,
Which seem'd to be my last on earth,
Returns the heavenly picture too
Of all thy love and all thy worth!

Thy matchless love, that bore thee up
Through trials few have heart to brave;
That shrank not from the bitter cup
Of anguish, which my anguish gave;
That, while thy noble heart was wrung
With pity, tenderness, and grief,
Still o'er my couch of suffering hung,
To give me comfort and relief.

A common love might weep and sigh,
To spare its grief, my presence shun,
And in its weakness let me die,
Lamented much, but aided none;
Thy nobler nature rose above
All trials, so they gave me aid,
And on the altar of thy love
Thy heart a sacrifice was laid.

Thy sighs were hush'd, thy tears suppress,
Lest I thy sorrow should divine;
Thy eyes refused their needful rest,
To watch the fitful sleep of mine:

No sharer in a task so dear
And sacred would thy love allow ;
By day and night, still hovering near,
My "MINISTERING ANGEL" thou!

Thou wast my dearest hope on earth
Since first I met thy welcome sight;
But never had I known thy worth
'Till in affliction's darkest night.
Oh, then thy peerless goodness shone,
A star amid the gloom profound,
Dispersed the clouds above me thrown,
And scattered heavenly radiance round.

The God of mercy heard thy prayer,
When hope itself receded fast,
And gave to thy unwearied care
The life that seem'd already past;
That life I ever would employ
To bless thee, and thy love repay—
To give thee comfort, peace, and joy,
To be thy friend, thy shield, thy stay.

I will not at the past repine,
Though the remembrance wakes a sigh—
To know the worth of love like thine
'Twere well to suffer or to die!
But ah! at once its worth to know
And to enjoy its fulness, *lies!*
No greater favor heaven can show,
And earth has nothing more to give.

THE FIRST CHRISTMAS.

BY FANNY GREEN.

A GATE leading into the portico of a plain house, standing quite apart, and by itself, in the confines of Mount Zion, was carefully opened by a youth who was stationed there for that purpose. The door, having admitted a number of persons, was as gently closed again, the guests passing into an open court, and thence to an inner chamber. Let us follow them. The court itself was a wide and spacious one, cloistered on all sides, and open only to the clear skies of Judea, that were now glowing with innumerable stars. But, although the night air was soft and balmy, there were no couches or divans arranged around the walls of this inclosure for the accommodation of company, which we find best accords with Oriental usage; but as the door opened for the guests to pass in, a deep sound of a single voice, speaking in low and earnest tones, came out on the air, making a strong relief to the surrounding silence.

This was the house of Mary, mother of Mark, where the Apostles lived, after the ascension of their Master, until their general dispersion abroad. It had already been the scene of at least one remarkable event; for, not many weeks before, at the feast of Pentecost, there had the cloven tongues of fire descended on the chosen Disciples, visible sign of the Holy Ghost, prompting

them to utterance of prophecy, and to the inspiration of a life so divine, they could walk undaunted in the midst of perils, and at length, with steady hand and eyes of serene and loving faith, grasp the crown of martyrdom.

And this was the first posthumous anniversary of the Birth of Him who had so lately stood among them, speaking as never man spake, and teaching as never man taught. His immediate friends and followers had not met to celebrate a memorable day, but they were drawn together naturally, to speak precious words of comfort and love to each other, but especially to her, who, thirty-three years before, had entered on the divine motherhood which she had illustrated so faithfully, through all the trials, sufferings, and dangers of that eventful Life—the shameful indignities, the bitterness and agony of death.

The blood of Stephen, the first martyr to the new Faith, was yet moist and purple on the ground, and the very stones, ungathered, and unwashed by the rain, yet lay as they were cast against him, with their crimson stains, mute witnesses of violence and wrong—of past suffering and present danger.

Many houses throughout Jerusalem were desolate; for Saul of Tarsus, in the blindness of his indiscriminating zeal, had been filling the prisons with unresisting men and helpless women; and none knew whose turn it might be next. All the Disciples, except a few of the most daring, had fled the city, and were either preaching, or had taken refuge abroad.

Such were the circumstances that surrounded the chosen few that were now drawn together; and these

sufficiently account for the fact, that they had not assembled in the open court, nor on the house-top, but had prudently retired to a more private apartment. Let us enter.

On the wide platform, which was raised above the floor, and surrounded by a railing, close by the small wicker-door which closed its entrance, stood the venerable hostess, and at her right hand her son, the Apostle Mark. The gray hair of the first-mentioned was decently covered, though not concealed, by a kind of turban. She wore no veil, for in the freedom of her mature age, she was permitted to dispense, at least in the privacy of home, with that almost inseparable adjunct of the Oriental wardrobe. In the whole expression of her face, attitude, and motion, were combined a practical good sense with that heroic energy of purpose which marked her, at a glance, as no ordinary character. One might have thought her countenance almost severe in its usually staid and sometimes rigid aspect; but as she looked on the central figure of a group just beyond, tears sprang into the softened eye, showing that underneath all this strong array of will, and great capacity of soul, lay the heart of a true and tender woman.

Following the direction of her eye, we behold Mary, the mother of Christ, who was, indeed, the most conspicuous figure in the room, being stationed in the centre of the platform, and just fronting the entrance. She was not reclining on the low couch in an attitude of repose, as were most of the figures around her, but bending forward, and listening intently to the words of Peter, who had apparently just come in.

There was nothing in the form of Mary that reminded one of that youthful brightness which we have seen delineated in the various Madonnas, but there was something stronger, deeper, truer, because every line that had been wrought, and every shadow that had fallen on the exterior lineaments, had developed a higher beauty, and a nobler charm. Could any one have painted her as she sat there then, he would have portrayed the reflex of that divine Life, whose purity, goodness, greatness, suffering, passion, and final triumph, had been imbibed by the near affinity, the close companionship, and the true sympathy of hers.

A long veil of black gauze shaded without concealing her luxuriant dark hair, now flecked with gray, and fell with a vivid contrast over the yet fair cheek, and the robe and tunic of spotless white. The folded hands were clasped and lifted; the outlines of the delicate mouth were compressed; and the eyes, while they were raised and bent upon the speaker, had an expression as if they were also turned inward, and were reflecting the interior vision of the soul.

But all eyes were now bent on the speaker, who was narrating some incidents not then generally known, connected with the last hours of the devoted Stephen. Let us picture him as he stood there in that wonderful group. He was rather tall, erect, and commanding in appearance, though not over large. His jet-black hair and beard were short, thick, and curled, giving to his fine head a bolder outline. The brows were lofty and projecting, and from beneath them flashed an eye that could have been kindled by no other than the fiery soul of Peter. As he went on speaking of the beloved mar-

tyr, his pale countenance became flushed, and his voice rose with excitement.

"Beware of loud speaking!" whispered a low sweet voice, and at the words, a female figure that had been reclining on the left hand of the Blessed Mary, rose and sprang forward; and in the quick earnestness of her expression and movement, as well as the exquisite beauty for which she was distinguished, we can recognize only the Magdalen. But now the usually pale cheek was flushed, the eyes were tearful, and the fair hands were clasped together until the nails of each were imprinted in the other. She had been listening to a story of terrible agony, and all her passionate depth of feeling was aroused.

"Beware, good Peter!" she whispered again; "for is not Saul of Tarsus abroad? and what should hinder him from coming hither also?"

"Be of good comfort, Mary," returned Peter, regarding her tender form with a gentle and pitying eye; "for truly as the voice of our Master ever spake, it hath spoken just now, as it were breathing in my soul these words: 'Be of good cheer, Peter, for comfort is at hand.'"

"Rememberest thou what he said, while he was yet in the form, present with us?" said John: "'Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there will I be in the midst of you.' Have we not all felt his presence; and has he not been manifest to thee, O my mother, to whom he gave me almost with his last breath, to be unto thee a son?" He took the hand of the Madonna, as he spoke, and bowing his head a moment there, his long fair hair flowing on each side, concealed the tears that fell upon it.

"There is no time, either by night or day, when he is not manifest to me," replied Mary; "and scarcely a moment since," she added after a short pause, "these words were whispered in my ear, 'Behold, a new evangel is sent forth, and a messenger of joyful tidings is close at hand!'"

"Amen!" responded John, and the low response passed from lip to lip, in tones as deep as the faith that made it vital.

"But if we follow in his footsteps, the spirit of our Lord, and the strength of our Lord, shall be and abide with us, whether we live or die," observed James the Evangelist, who was reclining near to Mary Magdalen: his dark eyes, long black hair, large heavy frame, and strong expression of face, furnished a striking contrast to the appearance of his brother, and justified the title which his master had given him, as a Son of Thunder.

John was tall and graceful; and his whole form was exquisitely moulded. His long fair hair fell over his shoulders in luxuriant waves; while in the finely-wrought features was a beauty almost too delicate for manhood, were it not for their intensity of power—a result of that wonderful union of wisdom and love, for which his character was so much distinguished.

"Yes," he responded almost sorrowfully, in answer to his brother's words, as if he had had a vision of the next martyr: "Yes, my brother, thou, I doubt not, wilt abide true in thy faith, even to the last. And let us all remember the precious words of our Master, and strive to follow in his divine footsteps. Is not Selfishness that seizes what is best and greatest only for itself, the Dagon of the world, and worse than any carved Image

that men in their blindness have ever set up to worship? and is not the whole spirit of his life and works one great sermon against this Monster-Vice? What did he insist upon so tenaciously as this? Was not this the burden of his teaching, morn and evening: 'Do as you would be done by;' 'Be just;' 'Love one another?' What prophet before, since the world began, has ever taught so simple a faith, so divine a doctrine—that all men are brethren, and God is their common Father—not fierce and revengeful, but slow to anger, and full of mercy and loving kindness? Then let us love one another, even as he has loved us, that the world may truly know that we are not of them."

He paused, and a deep silence followed this beautiful exhortation; for all present were emulous to enter more deeply into the spirit of their divine Master.

"What shall be the end of all these things?" was sighed, rather than spoken, so low and sorrowful were the tones; and the Magdalen, drawing closer to her side, laid her head on the Madonna's knee, clasping her arms around her. "Surely we are ready to suffer!" she continued; "but although the mind is willing, the heart sometimes is weak, and the nerves will shrink, even from thoughts so terrible! Ah! tell me not of courage! for who has seen what has been lately forced upon us, and can yet bear to remember it? the fierce tortures of the Cross, and the cruel stones?"

A deep shudder passed over the speaker, and her fair form seemed to collapse with horror, as she enumerated mentally the unspeakable agonies to which she had been an eye-witness.

"We could not forsake him," she pursued, as if

communing with herself; "but do we not, every hour, suffer a living death in the memory of his?"

"Rejoice that thou wert found worthy, even for this, and doubt nothing, my Daughter, for all will be well."

At these words, a woman who was rather past the middle period of life, came forward from a group at one side of the room; and laying a hand on the head of the Magdalen, she continued:

"Fear nothing, Mary; doubt nothing. Behold my son, yonder Boy of Nain! Was he not carried on his bier, and then lifted up from it, living? Lo, is he not a witness of the power that can save, even *to* the last, and *through* the last? Cannot he who brought forth life out of death give strength of soul to the weak in body?"

"Ay, speak, Lazarus!" she resumed, after a short pause; "for thou too shouldst bear audible witness of his power."

The one addressed, who had listened to the Widow with deep emotion, now responded,

"His power is love, and Love is omnipotent."

There was silence a few minutes; and then Lazarus spoke again: "I could say much concerning this power of which thou hast made mention, O, thou blessed Widow of Nain! but for sympathy with this dear sister, whose eyes are not yet healed of their weeping for his loss!"

He clasped the hand of his sister Mary, whose head rested on his shoulder; and once more all relapsed into that expressive silence, where the voice of the Spirit seemed audible; for was not the Master present, and communing with their spirits, in truth and power?"

"Yonder boy has somewhat to say, that should give us much good cheer," again spoke the Widow, as Mary Magdalen made room for her between herself and the Madonna, and she pointed to her son.

"The youth is not used to speaking, and his heart is full," she added, making a gesture of entreaty for him to rise.

Then, by request of James and Peter, the young man came forward. Advancing to the floor in front of the platform, he stood with his left side inclined to the railing, his left hand being thrown over it, and lovingly clasping that of John, as if his diffidence might thence draw courage to bear his testimony.

"I had been sent forth by my mother," he began, turning with a modest air to the face of John; "and on coming to Tiberias, on the border of Gennesareth, not finding him I sought, I crossed over the sea to Bethsaida. There I met the young man, who was from Sidon, having been to Damascus for the purchase of linen. But, instead of answering the business questions that were put to him, he said suddenly, 'Art not thou, too, a follower of him they call Jesus of Nazareth?' And I answered, not knowing but he was a servant and spy of Saul, who, I knew, had gone out into that country, 'Behold my life! Should it ever cease from following after its Giver and Restorer?'

"Then he said, 'Listen, for the end of wonders is not yet. Behold, when Saul was on the way, and coming near to Damascus, a bright light, as it were, from heaven enveloped him, round about. He fell on the ground in great astonishment and fear; and the Lord spake to him, and raised him from the earth. And lo,

when his eyes were opened, he could see no man ; for the light had stricken him blind. But with a strong hand he was led forth from his sins ; and he is now in Damascus preaching Christ Jesus in all the Synagogues, with great power, such as man had never yet heard ; and the Jews are confounded.' ”

“ This may be some new trick of his, to lead the brethren into his power,” observed Peter ; “ for how can he, whose hands are yet red with the blood of innocence, be so soon made clean ? ”

“ Blessed would this intelligence be if it were true,” remarked John. “ But did he not go forth with power and authority from Caiaphas and the chief Jews, that if he found any Disciples, whether men or women, he might bring them bound to Jerusalem ? How can we trust one so crimson with guilt as this man ? ”

“ Behold, are we not all sinners ? ” And with these words, a speaker of great benignity, and wonderful breadth of expression, came forward. It was James the younger, whom the Jews so revered for his integrity, that they often sought to kiss the hem of his garment.

“ Let us be just, even to our enemies,” he continued. “ Aside from his late acts, the life of Saul of Tarsus exhibits a character without blemish. Let us believe, then, he is honest in his mistake ; for, have not men before him been deluded, even to the shedding of innocent blood ? And who among us is blood-guiltless—seeing that the Just One was made a sacrifice for the sin of all ? ”

“ Thou art surely right, my son,” said the Madonna. “ I feel that this is really a part of the good tidings we

should hear, and that have been distinctly foreshadowed on the minds of several of us, here, to-night. Behold, even now, the bearer of joyful news cometh near ; and when we hear it, we shall believe that this also is true. There is even now at hand a time of safety to believers ; and the church shall have peace."

Even while she spake, there was heard the sound of approaching footsteps. This was followed by a low tap at the gate ; when Rhoda, a young damsel in the protection of Mary, went forth and opened it. Directly a person entered, the ripeness of whose years had just begun to be touched with the venerable character of age ; and behind him followed two women. The first was saluted as Joseph of Arimathea. One of the women was greeted as the faithful Joanna, wife of Chusa, Herod's Chief Steward. The other was closely veiled ; and seeking shelter from observation, drew her companion into an obscure corner ; yet not before a certain nobility of air had been noticed in her appearance and demeanor, which indicated the refined habits of a person of distinction.

As Joseph advanced into the middle of the room, he paused, and stretching forth his hands, pronounced the accustomed benediction of the aged on similar occasions : " Peace be to this house ; and joy and blessing to the hearts of the faithful !"

" Hast thou, then, heard the tidings that Saul of Tarsus is really converted, and preaching the Gospel ?" asked John, addressing Joseph, as he and Mark brought forward a couch, and spread cushions for him to rest.

" Verily," returned Joseph, as he sat down ; " and, strange as it may appear, I believe. But I am the

bearer of other tidings : behold, ye also know that Philip has been preaching the Gospel in the villages of Samaria, as he has but lately shown when he tarried among you in Jerusalem. Returning from a journey but a few hours since, I came to rest in the heat of the day, beneath the palms of Jericho ; when, behold, a traveller approached ; and as he came nearer, I saw that it was Philip. Surprised to find him coming from that direction, when we had believed he had again gone forth to Samaria, I was in haste to know the reason ; and of this he soon assured me. As he was proceeding on the road to Samaria, an angel of the Lord appeared in the way before him, bidding him turn to the South, on the road to Gaza. Being obedient to the heavenly voice, he straightway turned his course, proceeding in the direction that had been pointed out. Thereafter, he soon fell into company with a chariot, driven by a single horseman. And Philip, listening, behold he was reading the prophet Esaias ; and he sought that Philip should come up to him in the chariot, and explain what he read ; and Philip did so. And as he was explaining the text, he preached Jesus ; and straightway the charioteer believed, and, finding water, he was baptized. He proved to be a person of great consequence and power, a servant of Candace, Queen of Ethiopia, being held in great favor, and having charge of all her treasure. Doubtless, his mistress will soon come to know the truth ; and thus the Gospel will be spread far abroad."

An expression of joy followed this annunciation, not because a convert was a rare thing in those days, but for the reason last mentioned by Joseph, that by such

means the Gospel should be more widely diffused, and carried into then seemingly remote regions.

During the pause following this, Joanna came forward to speak with the Madonna, and the circle immediately around her; and when these courtesies were exchanged, the Magdalen went and took her place beside the veiled stranger, of whom she, alone, had any knowledge, except perhaps Joseph, under whose escort she had seemed to come.

A friendly greeting, in low tones, passed between them, when the stranger said, "Be careful, Mary, and betray me not. I shall suffer more, perchance, than thou canst believe, if this visit should be known; for, O, he is suffering secretly; and when his heart is sore with the consciousness of wrong, he is sometimes willing to blame others—yes, even to torture thine handmaid, because he cannot endure his own tortures."

"Hast thou borne thy testimony for him truly?" whispered Mary.

"I have said all I could; but now I have ceased to persuade, and only enrage him when I speak. But, O, Mary, if thou couldst know what I suffer in the thought of that wrong, committed by the husband of my youth, the husband of my love! Mary, Mary! pity me; for I sometimes feel as if all the guilt had been concentrated, and fallen on him, and that I had become the murderer by still loving him.

"For Pilate is kind and true to me!" she whispered in yet lower tones. "He had shown me nothing but love up to this fatal time; and how can I do otherwise than love him still?"

"Take comfort, Claudia!" whispered Mary, "for

surely our Lord himself, who teaches us to love, even our enemies, would not rebuke thee for loving him, who is thy own husband !”

“ But Mary,” resumed the other, in her eagerness to speak letting her veil drop aside, showing that her fair cheek and noble features had been paled and furrowed with tears. “ Mary,” she continued, hastily gathering up the folds, and again hiding herself; “ did not the Lord forgive and pray for his murderers, even on the cross ? and dost thou not think that prayer had virtue in it ?”

“ Why should it not ?” responded Mary, soothingly.

“ Ah !” returned the other, “ I have tried to think so. I have spent the lone watches of the night in prayer that this wonderful prayer might be answered, and his guilt be washed away ! O, there are, doubtless, many that look on my fine robes and stately chambers with envy ; but I could go yonder, and fall in the dust to clasp the knees of that bereaved mother, whose bereavement my own heart’s love has in part occasioned. It would be a greater blessing to this aching heart, than the wealth of the wide world could purchase !”

Her slight form shook with emotion ; but Mary drew her further aside, and soon succeeded in restoring her to external quiet.

Just then attention was called to Joanna, who also had something to relate, and laying aside her mantle, she began thus : “ Yes ; let your hearts be strong in faith, for Good can never be entirely overthrown by Evil. Behold, a young man of the household of Herod, who in his secret mind is well disposed to follow the Master, was sent forth by Chuzah this very day, on a

private embassy, beyond the walls of the city, even to Engedi, the City of Palms. Having rested in the shadow of its vineyards, and procured for Queen Herodias some cypress vines, with which the place abounds, he proceeded homeward. Coming to the fountain, Rogel, he drank of its waters, and sat down to rest, at the same time watching several young men, who were trying their strength by lifting and throwing the stone, Zohelath.

"Directly one of these observing him, drew him aside; and knowing him to be privately a believer in the new Gospel, told him that he had but just then met a pilgrim, who had lately returned from Edessa, bearing letters for Herod, by the hand of Abagarus, king of that city; and moreover, he had gathered joyful news during his sojourn there. Then the young man hastened forward; for this pilgrim was he whom he had sought, his abode being at Engedi. And he overtook him but a little within the walls; for the messenger was bowed with age, and weary with his long journey. And when he had delivered his letter into the hands of the king, our young man brought him to the house of Chuzah. And this is his story: 'Abagarus, who, the good brethren will remember, not many months ago wrote to the Master for relief, is healed of his infirmity, by the power of Jesus in the person of Thaddeus; and he believes, and all his house.'"

"This is, indeed, joyful intelligence, my daughter," said Joseph, laying a hand on the head of Joanna, as if in the act of blessing her.

At that moment a knocking was heard at the gate; and Thomas, being admitted, confirmed the story.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, as our dear Lord hath often said," remarked John; "then let us, O my brethren, sow in faith, and God will send forth reapers."

"It is truly so," responded Peter; and then he continued: "Abagarus is a truthful as well as a shrewd man; and he will, I doubt not, do much good. There is a story told of him while a prisoner at Rome, which is really worth remembering, even now, and here. It may be known to some of you that this King of Edessa, having assisted in obtaining the defeat of Crassus, was afterwards obliged to submit to Augustus, by whom he was carried to Rome, in order to keep him true to his forced allegiance. He was first deprived of his title of King, and obliged to accept that of Toparch, or Governor, instead thereof. He grew weary at length of this state of inactivity and comparative bondage; and at last he bethought himself of a stratagem, hoping thereby to regain his liberty; and so in the end it proved. Being one day hunting, he caught several animals, taking also a portion of earth from the hole that each inhabited, giving orders to his attendants that every kind should be done up in a distinct parcel. The animals were carried in a sack to the amphitheatre; and there, in the presence of Augustus, and the chief men of his empire, he ordered a distribution of the parcels; and on every one being opened, he released the animals, when each ran to his native earth, and embraced it, as all he could find of home. The Emperor read the riddle, taking the lesson so to heart, that he restored the captive King his titles, and sent him back to Edessa."

The relation of this little anecdote had a very pleasing

effect, relaxing the minds of those present, whose thoughts had been strained with too severe a tension.

Then Mark, and also his mother, spoke to their guests, bidding them go into the outer chamber and refresh themselves. They arose at the word, and passing out, they found tables spread with wholesome and simple viands. But ere they sat down new guests arrived; at the same time, also, Joanna, with her companion, passing quietly out.

The first who entered was a Sage, whose once fine and stately form was bending beneath the weight of many years. No one knew him; for he took an obscure place, unobserved at the moment, because the common attention was directed to the Disciple Barnabas, who entered close behind. Repeating the common form of salutation—"Peace be to this house, and blessings abide with the Faithful!"—the latter came forward; and having saluted the friends individually, he addressed himself especially to Peter, James, and John, who were gathered in a group around him, repeating with much emphasis the story of Saul's conversion, and urging that he should be joined with them in the ministry. But when the Apostles, and other brethren, hesitated, expressing doubts in regard to the reality of the imputed change, he lifted up his voice and declared earnestly: "Know this, whether ye receive him, or whether ye reject, the Lord hath sent him forth, and ye cannot hinder him; for who can overthrow what the Lord willeth? Behold, he has already been found worthy to suffer persecution; for the Jews, even now, are thirsting for his life! Look at his works, and see if they are not in the power and spirit of God! Try if there is any

shadow in them for the concealment of evil! The Lord hath baptized him in a flood of light from heaven; and who can set aside his baptism?"

Then there was a sound of many voices expressing desire to see, and to welcome him to the Field of Labor.

"Lo, he standeth at the gate, waiting to be introduced into your presence," answered Barnabas; and passing out, he left the door open that led into the court.

Every eye was searching intently for the new-comer; and when they saw a figure moving amid the darkness, with a mysterious light falling round about, they marvelled, with fear and trembling, thinking they had seen an angel. As he came forward, through fear or veneration, some were fain to prostrate themselves before him. But raising them as he advanced, he took the outstretched hands of Peter and John; and having saluted such as were pressing immediately about him, he thus addressed them:

"Brethren and sisters in the bonds of the crucified Jesus, if I am found worthy to suffer, or die, in this good cause, it will not be of mine own worthiness, but the mercy of God."

And, folding his arms over his breast, as if overcome by the intensity of his emotions, he remained silent, standing in the midst. His devotion, his joy in suffering—counting all sacrifice a privilege and blessing—shamed every doubt, and silenced every fear; and they who had suspected his fitness stood abashed before him. All, even the simplest comprehended at once that there could be no guile in the fair, open brow, and the clear eyes that arched so nobly upward, and looked so truth-

fully forward. Many came near to kiss the borders of his garment, and to offer silent prayers, and pour out benedictions for this new brother. Then a joyful shout burst upon the silence, and hosannas rent the air.

When the burst of enthusiasm had somewhat subsided, the Sage, who had not before been noticed, and who was entirely unknown by all present, came forward. Casting aside his outer garment, he walked into the midst; and leaning on his staff with one hand, he laid the other steadily, notwithstanding his extreme age, on the head of the new minister. And in a voice, whose clear, deep, musical tones seemed rather an attribute of immortal youth than of decaying life, thus he spoke :

“Blessed art thou, Paul, last, but not least among the Apostles of the Holy One. Verily, that name shall be great in the earth, with a greatness that belongeth to no other. It is a rising Star that shall guide lost ones over the Desert. It is an unfolding Sun that shall give Light to Darkness. It is a fountain of Life that shall break out on the shores of Death. Thou shalt be as the river of the mountains, whose fountain-head is the bosom of Paradise, and whose voice is a cry of joy. Swelled by the torrents, it passes on, with a strong and rapid current, continually growing stronger and deeper, until its broad arms embrace widely-distant lands. Such is the type of thy course, O Prophet of the Gentiles ! for thou shalt carry this new Gospel of Life into remote nations.”

Then lifting and spreading forth his hands, as in the act of conferring a general benediction, he said : “Blessings be with you, and peace—peace that shall come forth like a star on the clouded night—blessings that

shall spring up like flowers in the midst of thorns. Blessed are ye, men and women, brethren and sisters. Many here shall be found worthy to suffer death. Fear not; for your wounds shall be healed as with the balsam of Gilead; ye shall labor day and night; and when ye are ready to faint, ye shall inhale strength as the breath of frankincense, and life as the spirit of the aloe. Ye shall be cast before savage beasts; but their eyes shall be opened, and their mouths shut. Ye shall take up serpents, and tread on noxious reptiles, and they shall not harm you. Ye shall walk forth in the midst of pestilence; and health, flowing out from your presence, shall purify the air. For you the wing of the Hurricane shall be bound, and the bow of the Tempest shall be broken. Your lives shall be fragrant as the breath of Eschol, your hopes unfailing as the waters of Bethulia; and whether ye die of stones, or on the cross, or by new tortures, or on your own beds, in peace, your release shall be triumphant as the going up of an eagle; and ye shall be embalmed in the hearts of all generations, with memories immortal as the perfume of roses.

“Lo, when the outer eyes are dim with age, the eyes of the Spirit, looking forward, behold the darkness of the Future, clear as noonday. Thus do I perceive the truth. Thus do I see it is good that this Jesus should die on the cross, and that many of his followers should seal his covenant with their blood. Behold, the shadow of the cross stretcheth from sea to sea, embracing new worlds in its mantle of love.”

“And who art thou, wonderful Seer?” exclaimed the Madonna, coming forward, and looking earnestly in his

face ; "surely I should know that voice ; and yet I can scarce believe."

He interrupted by drawing her gently to the light ; and bending his aged eyes on her face, perused it earnestly.

Then he said : "Yes, it is even so ; thou art not as one who walketh in the Valley of Vanity. Thou wast younger then, Mary, when the new-born Babe was on thy knee ; but fairer to the Spirit's eye do I now behold thee. Rememberest thou the Eastern Magi, that blessed thee as the mother of the Holy One ?"

"And art thou he who was called Uriel, because his soul was as an angel of light ?"

"Men gave me such a name ; and I am the last survivor of all my brethren," responded the Sage.

All present were filled with astonishment and profound awe, gazing on his stately figure as he stood in the midst, with his long hair, white as the snowy locks of Lebanon, sweeping in silken waves over his shoulders, and his mysterious utterance, combining the characters of poet and of prophet.

"And whence comest thou ?" inquired John.

"Even from my native country, the land of *Ælam*. I have come hither to lie down at the foot of the Cross, and find rest. Ere I depart hence to pass over the dark gulf, I have sought to drink more deeply of that new wisdom, whose germ I first saw enfolded in the Babe of the Manger. No peace could I find elsewhere ; and when, by power of that sympathy which had always drawn his life to mine, I beheld him stretched upon the cruel tree, I took up my pilgrim staff, and left the land of Iran, though it might be forever."

"And who was a guide to thine age, and a support to thy weakness?" asked the Magdalen.

"Thinkest thou, my daughter, that the Star that first led me hither is blotted from the sky? The eye of Faith is not led by external signs; and the soul of Faith envelops the weakness of the body with the truest armor."

"But if thou didst believe in the teaching of our Lord, why didst thou not come before?" inquired Thomas.

"I was born a son of Ormuzd," replied the Sage. "Names are nothing; and to me he was, and is, the true God. I have lived not in external forms or names of wisdom, but in the silent power of the Spirit, that asked not of times or places, but only of Truth. I have drunk deeply of the ancient wisdom of Egypt; the long obscured learning of Ethiopia was unfolded before me, until it became clear and simple as the letters of Cadmus; and my life has been illuminated with the Book of Fire,* that burned with the wisdom of Zoroäster. I have seen much that was good in all; and much that was also useless or hurtful. The eyes of the seer looked back to their beginning, and forward to their end. But when I came to that Babe of the Manger, I beheld in the halo that crowned his brow, a concentration of all previous light, the excellency of all future glory."

He paused a few moments, and then added: "Now that I have borne my testimony, let me bless you, and depart in peace."

* The Zendavesta was sometimes called the Fire-Book.

"Nay, good Father," said the Hostess, "tarry with us through the night, and always if thou wilt."

"And thy life shall be guarded with ours, until it sinks into the beautiful repose that seemeth near at hand," said the Magdalen.

"Nay, my children, seek not to detain my steps beyond the light of morning. The old man's love is strong; he would reach the borders of Iran, and pass away from the home of his Fathers."

Then Mary called the damsel Rhoda, and she brought water; and the Madonna herself sat on the ground, and washed the feet of the Sage; and Mary Magdalen wiped the dust from his brow; and they vied with each other in acts of kindness and attention.

"Ye have made the heart of the old man young again," said the venerable Seer, as he rose from the bath; and stretching forth his hands, again he blessed them.

Then, when all were ready, they drew around the board; and Mark took bread, and, breaking it, called on the name of the Lord; and they sat down to meat, as they had often done while their departed Friend was yet in the form, and stood in their midst daily. Having finished their repast, they sat in silence, and a divine joy pervaded every bosom; for they felt the presence of that good Spirit, by whose name and power their hearts had been knit together, in the harmonious bonds of a never-dying love. And when they spoke again, one to another, their words were like sweet melodies of fraternal kindness and good cheer, flowing from soul to soul. Occasionally exhortations burst forth, full of hope, and determination, and courage, waking the same

emotions in the listeners, as they pointed ever to the bright example of him, who had baptized his sincerity in the immortal blood of the Cross.

So they kept the night; but with the gray dawn, every man returned to his place. And when the earliest beams of the rising sun shone over the eastern summit of Mount Zion, the Sage, Uriel, stood on the threshold, staff in hand. Again he blessed the house, and all that were in it, and went his way. Once more he paused to drink, and to wash himself in the pool of Siloam; and then, with a murmur of love to the Risen Babe of Bethlehem, he set his face towards Iran, and went down into the valley of Departure.

RESOLUTION.

It is a goodly sight to see a man
Whom fortune's mailed hand has stricken down,
Rise in his strength of soul, and stand erect
In his integrity, and lifting high
His calm majestic brow, with steady step
Pursue his purposed path unswervingly,
Though conscious of the perils yet to come.

We are not masters of our circumstances,
Yet circumstances should not master us;
We cannot turn the current of events,
Yet with a skilful and determined hand
Can guide our barque, now yielding to the stream,
And now resisting; till we reach at last
The haven we have in view.

THE GRAVE OF THE FIRST-BORN.

BY E. L. M.

It was a quiet spot—the lofty trees
Like watchful sentinels around it stood ;
Parting their glossy leaves, the wind's low moan
Came in a gush of heartfelt melody,
That made the harp-strings of the human heart
Vibrate with answering music. O'er the soul
Swept the sweet sound of voices, long since hush'd,
In solemn, soothing cadence ; star-like eyes,
Brimming with tenderness, gazed calmly forth ;
And forms, which erst were clasp'd in fond embrace,
Flitted around with loving smiles of yore.
'Twas a sweet spot—that tiny infant's grave,
Emboss'd with flowerets of all shapes and hues,
Which sent their fragrance on each passing breeze,
While gorgeous birds attuned their sweetest lays,
Bearing the spirit upwards unto heaven.
Blest sunshine, too, was there, in golden waves,
Playing among the branches of the trees,
Nestling amid the greenwood shadows dim,
Making all glorious every bud and flower,
Sparkling upon old ocean's foamy waves,
Which make the music grand, sublime, and deep
Of nature's vast cathedral, and keep up
A dirge around the grave of innocence.
This little grave is sacred ;—years ago,
In all the pride which youthful manhood wears,
A stranger from a far-off foreign land

Came to this lovely shore, sought yonder cot
For hospitality, and found it there;
Ay more: he found a love that knew no bound—
A love unlimited by Time's dim sphere,
Seeking responses from the spirit-land.
That love became his own—a flame so pure,
That angel-bands rejoiced to view its light.
And as young Clarence with his lovely bride,
The pure, sweet Lilla, pledged their solemn vows,
All nature smiled, and many a tender heart
Breathed blessings on them, and their path was fill'd
With joy's most fragrant flowers. Two years pass'd by,
Rife with affection's sunshine and rich trust,
And then the pleasant cottage heard the sounds
Of childhood's merry voice, and little feet,
Like rain-drops pattering 'gainst the window-panes,
Made sweetest music for the parents' hearts.
And then a change, how dark a change, came o'er
That lowly home and saddened all its bliss:
Death came and took from off the parent stem
That lovely bud of being, whose blue eyes,
Like violets on a green and shady bank,
Had been the light of home, and made it seem
More radiant far than palace walls, or domes.
How drear to lay away that blessed form
Into its little grave—to smooth the curls
Around its marble brow, and lay the buds
Into its pulseless hand, that never more
Can cling for safety to a mother's form
'Twas done. No more on earth shall Lilla view
Her precious babe; no more drink in those tones,
Lisp'd in affections matchless dialect;
No more press to her heart its cherub form,
While tears of tenderness bedew its head.
Ah! never more! That little grave to *her*
Became a shrine, an altar of pure thought,
Of holy feeling and of fervent prayer,

To Him who gave in mercy, and who took
The treasure back in kindness, that her heart
Might rise to follow it.

Too soon there came
Tidings to Clarence from his youth's bright home,
Telling of wealth for him, pleading return
To arms of kindred. Then poor Lilla wept
To leave this little grave, and cross the sea,
Perhaps no more to see it; and a voice,
A mighty voice was struggling in her soul,
And thus she breathed it forth in words of song:

"I leave thee in thy little grave, close by the sounding sea,
And on its crystal waves full soon I shall be borne from thee,
Yet ever in thy mother's breast thy memory fresh shall dwell,
A holy feeling gushing up above this sad farewell.
I leave thee in thy little grave half hidden by the trees,
Where melody and gladness come floating on the breeze;
Where beauteous birds their softest songs are chanting blithe and
free;
Where sunset's hues of gold, at eve, are resting on the sea.
And yet *thou* art not here, my bird, thy *dust* alone is here,
That precious clay on which has shower'd the bitter, blinding tear;
Thy *spirit* in the heavenly bowers, my darling, beauteous child,
Is safe within the Saviour's arms, all glorious, undefiled.
Within my lonely heart there lies a fount of feeling deep,
Sweet hopes and joys of other years their lengthened vigils keep,
And thou, the cherish'd of my soul, with starry eyes of love,
Art ever there with angel-voice to bid me look above.
I heed thy voice! I will not stop to thread the thorny maze
Of worldly pleasure, which too oft but glitters and betrays;
But holding fast that priceless pearl, salvation's gladsome truth,
I soon shall clasp thee yet again, sweet rose-bud of my youth!
And then the bliss of Heaven shall pay for every weeping night,
For every tear-drop fallen here, an ocean of delight,
For every sorrow-clouded hour, blest sunlight ever given,
Shall make us know how strong the tie that binds us all in Heaven!"

CONSTANCE,
OR THE VICTIM SAVED.

BY W. D. WADE.

"ITALY, lovely land! A few short weeks, and I shall tread your classic shores, and breathe the soft air of your enchanting clime! Oh, what joy to think that I am about to realize the hopes of the past year, and see the wonders of the Old World, on which fancy has so often pleasurably dwelt!"

This enthusiastic outburst proceeded from the lips of a fair girl of seventeen, the youngest and only remaining unmarried daughter of a wealthy American merchant who was about to visit Europe, partly on business, but also for the benefit of his health. The rapturous soliloquy was uttered from the fulness of her joy at having, that morning, won her father's consent to her accompanying him on his travels; and she hastened to her room, in a tumult of delight, to compose her fluttered nerves, and commence preparations for the pleasing event. The steps of a visitor over the thick rich carpet had escaped her notice as she thus gave vent to her feelings, and she turned in surprise on hearing her cousin's voice in reply to the exclamation, making this rejoinder—

"Ay, dearest Constance! And you will see all this under the most favorable auspices—in the most brilliant

light. There will be nothing to disenchant you. I congratulate you sincerely. May you have as pleasant a tour as you anticipate!"

"But your tone is mournful, dear Henrietta," replied Constance to the welcome intruder. "Do you think I may be disappointed?"

"Did my voice then convey that impression; my sweet cousin? Believe me, I did not intend it. Far be it from me willingly to cast a shadow over your young glad hopes. Besides, I really do not expect that *you* will be disappointed! To *you* all scenes will be presented under the charming illusion that unclouded happiness casts over those places which are hallowed to the mind by sweet poetic associations, in a redolent atmosphere pregnant with delightful visions to the gay and youthful."

"Why then did you involuntarily speak in so sad a tone, since you admit the charms of the proposed trip?" inquired Constance.

"Because—to confess all—I have just had a letter from my betrothed."

"Indeed!"

"Yes: and to you I can speak freely; for you know that without my parents' consent I never will marry, not even my gifted and admired Albert, neither would I relinquish all hope of being his wife. Our compact, therefore, was to wait six years, and see if Fortune will bless his endeavors to win fame and competence. He has gone to visit Italy—that is, to pursue his studies there, to labor hard in obscurity, to practise self-denial—not to enjoy ease, leisure, and society! Pardon me that, for a moment, I thought with regret

of the different aspect under which the same country would be presented to the rich man's favored daughter and the poor struggling artist. I fancied I saw you traveling in ecstasy through the Eden-land, visiting its gardens and vineyards, its romantic scenery of rocky solitary passes, sparkling cascades and mountain castles, or city of palaces—then sauntering by moonlight along those beautiful bays, and reciting, with a heart at ease, the verses of the native poets, beneath the genial sky that inspired the immortal lays, or listening to the bewitching music, as it is wafted o'er the placid waters, with a soul attuned to harmony by the magic possession of health, wealth, and youth! I thought of this, but with it came the sad contrast of him who, within the same realms, was chained by adverse circumstances to ceaseless toil, without time or means to spend in moonlight rambles or midday excursions—perhaps depressed in spirit and sore at heart! Oh, how different on him would fall the passing strains of music than on the child of prosperity and happiness! In fact," continued Henrietta, "I ought to be ashamed of this tirade, for am not I myself viewing through a jaundiced medium? Let the momentary unpleasantness pass, and now tell me when you start, for I would fain enter into your joyful spirit, and sympathize with your happiness, as I was foolishly doing with fancied distress."

"It was settled, at breakfast, that we should sail next week, in the steamer, and I shall have plenty to do, at such short notice; so pray stay, like a good soul, and help me."

"That will I, Constance, love," rejoined the ami-

able cousin; and the two girls joyously set about a complete rummage amongst the contents of divers drawers, closets, boxes, etc., to collect, assort, or reject all the finery and essentials for the delightful trip.

In such feminine occupations the week sped rapidly away, and the appointed sailing-day found Constance Hildreth and her father fully equipped for the voyage and journey, taking a farewell breakfast with the friends and relatives who had assembled to witness their departure.

The spirits of the young lady were not so buoyant as on that day week, when the idea of pleasure was the predominant one. Now sorrow and regret were uppermost. For the first time, she was about to quit her native land. The ocean would soon intervene between her and the friends now surrounding her, and for the first time it occurred to her that she might never again behold them or her native land!

To a sensitive heart the parting hour always brings temporary sadness, and Constance felt the reflex of the solemn faces on her young heart. Already she perceived that it was not merely a jaunt of pleasure that she was commencing, but that she was entering on an important era in her life, so many words of warning and counsel were bestowed, on all hands. Some of these well-meant exhortations had for their object her own self; others, from the old friends of her father, were in reference to the care she must take not to over-fatigue the venerable invalid with sight-seeing, etc.

It is not surprising that poor Constance looked grave, in view of the awful responsibility suddenly devolving

upon her; but a bright smile enlivened her tearful countenance as she replied to the earnest entreaty of her father's only sister to be careful of the old man's health—"Never fear me, aunt! I am light-hearted, but not selfish. My pleasure shall not be purchased at the expense of dear papa's health or ease."

"I know it, love," said the aunt, kindly. "I meant no offence, but young people, in their eagerness for pleasure, so often overlook the comfort of older folks, and regret, when too late, the price paid for it."

The bustle of getting on board, succeeding the parting from the ties of home, served to dissipate the melancholy of the young traveller, and, as she stood on the deck of the gallant steamer, Constance found that with the enlivening sea-breeze her hopes of enjoyment revived. Being exempt from sea-sickness—the penalty which so many are doomed to pay for venturing on the ocean—Constance relished the passage amazingly, and as Mr. Hildreth had business that required his presence at once in Italy, they made no delay in reaching that country, with the determination afterwards to visit France and England.

To Constance all was as delightful as she had anticipated, and when her father informed her that his affairs were settled, and the rest of his sojourn in this fascinating land should be devoted to pleasure—for he was ready to gratify her wishes by accompanying her to the various places of amusement, and to see the vaunted objects of attraction—she felt at the summit of felicity. This was when they were in Leghorn. They had spent two days in Genoa, now of course *Rome* was her choice, for she naturally longed to see with her own eyes those

classic remains and mighty monuments which reading had rendered so familiar and interesting to her mind.

To Rome, then, father and daughter repaired, and daily drives recruited the health of the one and gratified the taste of the other ; but that which most enchanted Constance, in this renowned city, was the soul-entrancing music, and the splendid pageantry of the gorgeous religious ceremonies which she witnessed in the ancient Catholic cathedrals. Curiosity, at first, attracted her to view the celebrated edifices adorned with the most magnificent paintings and sculpture, and embellishments of the highest specimens of art, and the (to her) novel sight of the imposing *spectacles* presented on various occasions, according to the usages of a pre-eminently seductive form of worship, in which music contributes so largely to captivate the senses.

Nowhere, perhaps, is music—both vocal and instrumental—carried to greater perfection than here, where every facility is at command to render effective the mighty choir that is exciting devotional feeling to a pitch of enthusiastic fervor, intense, and, for the time, overwhelming.

Constance felt the full force of this, and so freely did she express her admiration of the dazzling splendor of the glittering pageants, the apparent deep devotion, the soul-absorbing music, that a slight feeling of alarm pervaded the bosom of her parent ; yet he trusted that the dangerous admiration would be but temporary and evanescent.

Amongst the most constant attendants on our tourists, at home or abroad, was a distinguished Abbé—Father Ambrose—whose polite manners and assiduous

exertions to procure any thing they desired, and in every way to promote the pleasure of their stay in Rome, had obtained the gratitude of Mr. Hildreth, who, for some time, did not in the least suspect any sinister motive on the part of the attentive ecclesiastic who had proved so admirable a cicerone. But suddenly his eyes were opened. The father was astonished that he had not sooner been aware of the sunken rocks that lay beneath the tranquil sea over which they were unsuspectingly sailing, and which, at an unexpected moment, might shipwreck all his hopes and bereave him of his beloved child !

The incident that first awakened the fears of Mr. Hildreth that the conversion of Constance was the object of the wily priest's zealous manœuvres, occurred at the public rejoicings on the occasion of two young American *heretics* being received with pomp and ceremony into the Romish Church. All that could create a desire to attain a notoriety so flattering to vanity, and raise up imitators of this glorious example, was unsparingly used by the well-trained proselytizing ministry. The heroism of the young girls, in tearing themselves from friends and old delusions, was eloquently and triumphantly descanted on ; and the apostates looked so self-satisfied, so interesting, when placed in the conspicuous light they occupied on being publicly welcomed into the bosom of the newly-adopted Church, and congratulated as " brands saved from everlasting burning," that Constance viewed the imposing scene with sparkling eyes and heaving bosom. Her father happened to catch the approving glance that she cast on her companion, the Abbé ; he noticed the flush of excitement

on her cheeks, and overheard the insidious remarks of the priest, who was evidently fanning the embers of enthusiasm that might kindle to a blaze of fanatical fervor, and add another to the boasted list of proselytes, for well had he marked the incipient leaning of the young lady to the way in which he would have her go.

"God grant that it may not be too late to counteract my imprudence," mentally exclaimed Mr. Hildreth, on making the fearful discovery. "Not another day shall my darling remain in Rome, at all events."

At dinner Mr. Hildreth announced his intention of departing on the morrow for Switzerland, for certain reasons which were imperative. Constance had no idea of the cause of this abrupt departure, but there was one present who was at no loss to guess the meaning of it. Well did Father Ambrose interpret this sudden determination, as he scrutinized the countenances of Constance and her parent, whilst the conversation turned on the ceremony of the morning. But his habitual caution and self-command prevented his revealing, by any muscle of his practised features, the knowledge he had gained of Mr. Hildreth's aroused fears. Inwardly provoked, he resolved, nevertheless, if possible, to secure so hopeful a convert as Constance seemed likely to prove.

"You surely intend to visit Naples and Venice before you leave Italy?" inquired the priest, in blandest tones.

As the American merchant had determined not to delay longer than three days in any one town within the Papal dominions, he had no reluctance in mentioning the route he intended to take, for it did not

appear to him that any use could be made of the information. He knew not the system that was arrayed against him, nor the power and art of the man with whom he was speaking. How could he divine that the zealot was, at that very instant, arranging a plan to foil the escape of the promised accession to "The Church," in the person of the fair Constance?

That evening was the Abbé busily employed in writing and dispatching letters, on the subject of the young American lady, whose tastes, feelings, inclinations, and weak points, had been accurately marked by the keen observer. Her disposition and present tendency towards Romanism, as evinced by her admiration for its gorgeous rites and ceremonies, was distinctly described, and a cunningly devised scheme for following up the advantage as clearly laid for the various parties to whom the missives were directed. The priest concluded with the remark—

"The father suspected me, and is exulting in having got her out of my clutches. His vigilance will relax on leaving Rome, but thus you see is a train laid by means of which, go where they may, an unseen and unsuspected power will forward the work already begun, and the glory of this fresh accession to our Church will repay our endeavors to win this feeble-minded, vain girl, whose example will be of essential service to decoy others, and particularly as she belongs to the far-off Western Hemisphere, the land of boasted Freedom and Protestantism."

Nothing calculated to alarm Mr. Hildreth occurred during the rest of the really delightful tour that the travellers made through the Papal States. But an un-

seen influence was incessantly operating to undermine the unsteady principles of the enthusiastic and too susceptible girl. The clever observer of dispositions—her first clerical friend at Rome—had well noted the character of Constance, and judiciously adapted his allurements to it. It had been no unimportant part of his study to learn to make the weaknesses of others subservient to the strengthening of the power of his order; thus Father Ambrose was celebrated for his zeal and success.

As the churches in these countries are always sure to attract the notice of foreigners, many were the seemingly accidental displays of some new and imposing feature connected with the religious worship, intended to inspire awe and veneration, and make a deep impression on the excitable Constance. Wherever she went she was met with marked attention, and some polite emissary was ever on the alert to present a beautiful or touching sight illustrative of charity or devotion, and everywhere the power of sacred music assailed and led captive her charmed senses, and cast a seeming sanctity over the devotees!

At Naples, Constance had seen one lovely girl take the novitiate's veil, and she had felt the soul-entrancing strains of the veiled choir vibrate on her brain until it reeled with devotional fervor, and she felt ready to forsake the world and resign herself to the heavenly occupations she fancied the happy lot of the cloistered females. Then the sight of the beauties and enjoyments of the outward world, sedulously placed before her by her affectionate father, dissipated the temporary hallucination, and with eagerness she visited every place of

note and interest. The squalid misery of the poor greatly shocked her sensitive feelings, and to a degree impaired the pleasure derived from the pure atmosphere, the beautiful scenery, and interesting sight-seeing.

At Venice, Constance was enchanted with the dreamy languor produced by the sweet gondola-excursions from spot to spot, each lovely and interesting, and hallowed by strains of delicious music, gently wafted "o'er the moonlit sea." But here, as elsewhere, the charm was at work, and never did the touching vesper hymns appeal more fervently to the heart of an innocent and religiously-disposed creature, than did these solemn melodies, as they fell on the ears of Constance, now sounding near, then at a distance, as if in every quarter pious effusions were ascending from innumerable lips.

On one occasion, whilst within an ancient and stupendous edifice, an old priest was showing the splendid paintings with which it was decorated, Constance mentioned her surprise at the universality and, apparently, the ceaselessness of the devotion which was accompanied with the delightful lays with which she had, on the previous night, been regaled. He answered warmly and affectionately, as it appeared :

"Alas, my poor child, you are ignorant of the sweet provisions of the *only true Church* for the soul's comfort on earth, and its eternal salvation, or you would not wonder at the constant fervor of its privileged members."

Could the artless girl suspect that this man had his instructions in reference to her, and that well he knew

the device by which this impression had been produced ? that the music had been expressly hired, and that the gondola containing the performers had followed their movements accordingly ? The result, as anticipated, was to establish a favorable impression of the pleasing system of devotion.

Whilst the conversation was taking place, and Constance was unreservedly expressing the pleasure she had experienced, all at once, within the grand and gloomy building, arose the full deep chorus of an hundred voices, which, with the rich organ-tones, filled the vast space as a solemn requiem for the dead was commenced. Oh, with what grandeur and magnificence were the last rites celebrated ! Nor was Constance left to the unaided operation of the scene to sway her feelings ; for whilst one officious cicerone sedulously occupied her father's attention, the venerable priest beside *her*, whispered in her ear, at the door of the church—

“ My daughter, ponder well on what you have seen and heard ! Listen to the dictates of your heart, and reflect well on our faith ! Can you avoid choosing that blessed Church whose care for your soul extends beyond the grave—which will continue its supplications for your happiness after you have departed hence, and by prayer obtain a mitigation of your suffering ? ”

Constance, greatly agitated, replied not, but pulling her veil down, took her father's arm, and during the return (by water) to their hotel, both were feeling the spell of sadness that, for a time, is cast over the spirits of any thinking person, by a burial scene, even though it be under ordinary circumstances, and in the simplest form, but in this case particularly solemn and impressive.

"Come love, cheer up," said Mr. Hildreth; "don't let the dismal last any longer. It is no use to go mourning through life because we must one day leave it; rather let us live so that the last hour may have no terror for us, in the mean time, with thankful hearts, enjoying the blessings kindly conferred upon us. As to the ceremony we have just witnessed, I do not see the fittingness of so much vain pomp and ceremony, besides its vast expense, whilst so much misery, arrayed in rags, appealed for relief at the very threshold of the church! If our funerals have not such a train of fine-robed priests and choristers, neither are they disgraced by the painful attendance of an assemblage of miserable, half-famished creatures, whose very poverty will preclude any great amount of masses to be said for their souls, as the infatuated are taught to believe avail for the remission of sins. Are not they, then, thus believing, doubly to be pitied? Give me still my own faith and my own land!" fervently exclaimed the old gentleman.

The daughter sighed and remained silent. Trivial and incidental as a well-chosen set of expedients, all bearing on the one point (her conversion), seemed to be, they did not fail to have a very powerful effect on Constance, on whose attention there was continually pressed a notice of many alleged returns of Protestants to the welcoming bosom of the fond Church, from which their forefathers had strayed. The very fact of the seemingly disinterested exertions to win the stranger-lady had an unknown flattering power over a guileless mind, whilst in reality it was not due to the individual merits, abilities, or wealth of the single proselyte that all this ma

nœuvering was brought in play, save as means to induce others to swell the lists of a tottering establishment.

Let us pass over the remainder of the tour, with this brief sketch, and come to a small town in one of the Cantons of Switzerland, where Mr. Hildreth has been taken sick, and is delayed for some weeks. The only medical attendance to be had is that volunteered by the Curé of the little church; but Constance is indefatigable in her attentions to her invalid parent, and is assisted by the innkeeper's daughter.

How often has it been found that the best arranged plots and the most cunningly devised contrivances of human sagacity have been defeated by some unforeseen event, apparently insignificant and accidental! So in this case—where such judicious pains had well-nigh resulted as desired by the unseen regulators of unsuspected collusion—a deviation from the original route of travel, not resulting from caution or suspicion, had withdrawn our tourists from the dangerous surveillance and machinations to which they had been consigned by Father Ambrose, and placed Mr. Hildreth under the care of an estimable and not intriguing parish priest, who was uninstructed of the designs in reference to the proposed proselyte.

The sick man had restless nights, and Constance, who dearly loved her indulgent father, willingly sacrificed her hours of repose to soothe his nerves, and distract his attention by reading aloud, of which the Bible always formed a principal and the closing part. Constance soon noticed that Gianetta (the innkeeper's daughter) always contrived to be present on these occasions, and listened attentively to catch every word

that fell from the lips of the American lady, when reading the precious volume. One evening, after the close of the chapter, and when Mr. Hildreth had dropped into a calm sleep, Gianetta said to Constance, with a heavy sigh,

"Oh my dear lady, how happy are you to belong to a country where freedom exists, political and religious! What would not I give to enjoy your privileges!"

"Indeed! what privileges do you then covet?" inquired Constance, who was surprised at the marked earnestness and unfeigned dejection of her new friend.

"Surely you are at no loss to divine my meaning!"

"Truly I am."

"Ah! well! I allude especially to your being permitted fearlessly and openly to do as you have just done—to read, and that aloud, your Bible for the solace and comfort of your father and yourself—whilst I must venture by stealth and in peril to listen to you, trusting my secret to the ignorance of those who would denounce me did they know what book the American heretic was reading to me."

"Is it possible that your kindness in bearing me company is liable to bring you into trouble?" exclaimed Constance; "if so I will choose some other book when you are present, and only read the Bible to my father when we are alone."

"No! no! not so by any means, I beseech you!" eagerly retorted Gianetta; "I am so glad of the opportunity of hearing it, and truly thankful that I understand English sufficiently to comprehend you, who are kind enough to read slowly, and explain to me. I esteem it a great happiness."

"Have you not Italian versions of the Sacred Book?"

"Yes, there are some; but only they are permitted to possess one, who will read without drawing any conclusion therefrom at variance with the teachings of 'the Church.'"

"And you!" said Constance.

"I am not of the irreflective passive order. I cannot help judging in some measure for myself, nor can I disguise my sentiments; therefore it could only be at peril of liberty and life, that I possessed a copy."

"You do indeed astonish me!" remarked Constance.

"Yet it is too true. Oh lady, you know not the value of freedom, for you are accustomed to it as to the pure, free air, which we may inhale without a thought of the blessing. But let us once have been consigned to a dungeon's pestilential atmosphere and dreary gloom, then how highly we shall prize the light of heaven and its fragrant breath!"

"You speak feelingly, as if you had experienced the shocking contrast. Can this be!"

"Alas, yes! I have tenanted a noxious prison; I have suffered for freedom of thought; ay, and should again pay dearly, were it not that our present Curé is a very different man to the last!"

"Much should I like to hear an account of your persecutions, if it might be without danger to you, Giannetta."

"Well, lady, you are so kind and considerate, that I will venture to tell you all. It is a relief to have some one to confide in, who will not be tempted to betray me. Oh, it is a dreadful state for a country when no one can put confidence in another, neither man nor

woman ; where the ties of nearest kindred are no barrier to betrayal, if heresy is concerned ; where any one is liable to suspicion and consequent imprisonment ; and not a word of indignation against the authors of our misery, spiritual or temporal, may be spoken without some lurking spy being on the alert to denounce the offender !”

“Think you then that there are spies in your father’s house at the present time ?” inquired Constance.

“Not that I am aware of ; but how are they to be recognized ? It may, however, be that there are none especially, for, as I was saying, the present Curé is very different to the last.”

“Yes ! so you said, Gianetta ; what became of him ? is he dead ?”

“Dead ! No ! Not to my knowledge. God forgive me for the sinful wish, but I can scarcely refrain from saying, would he were, for not until he is dead shall I feel safe, and who knows how many victims are trembling under his rigor.”

“He must surely have been a bitter enemy for you to feel so towards him.”

“That was he, and you shall judge for yourself. Fortunately, however, he went to Rome about a year ago ; he is now in great repute with his Holiness, on account of his zeal and success in proselytizing ; so what would become of an insignificant girl like me did he deign to persecute me now ! Poor Gianetta would not come out alive did Father Ambrose hear what we are saying.”

“Father Ambrose !” exclaimed Constance ; “surely it cannot be him whom I met in Rome.”

“Good Heavens, it is he !” said Gianetta, in terrible

alarm. "You have met him! Who knows but this is a diabolical plan of his to make me betray myself! Oh, it would be too cruel to take advantage of my belief that you were a friend, although a stranger."

"Indeed I am both," replied Constance, greatly shocked and affected. "But be comforted, my dear girl, no one has dared to employ me as a spy."

"Pardon my hasty exclamation; if you knew how I had been treated, you would not wonder at the terrible idea!"

"Freely I excuse you, and my heart bleeds," said Constance, "to think what you must have undergone ere you could suspect even me. It is a sad confirmation of your representation of the state of society here. Yet can it be that the man who seemed to me so mild, agreeable, and kind, is the individual of whom you have bitter cause of complaint?"

"Doubt it not, my lady. He can be any thing,—intolerant, fierce, cruel, and implacable, when he has one in his power,—and gentle, affectionate, and insinuating, if this course be requisite to gain his end."

"But I was a stranger! What object could he have in seeking to please me?"

"His darling object—proselytism—and he is a deep, designing, bigoted man. But I will tell you my short story, as you desire, then you may form your own conclusions."

To this Constance eagerly consented, and the Italian girl continued—

"From a child I was ever of an inquiring disposition, and by nature enthusiastic; therefore, until my fifteenth year, I was delighted when fête-days brought into play

all the gorgeous and exciting ceremonies of the Church. The beautiful images of the Holy Virgin and child gaudily dressed, and all the paraphernalia, which you must have seen, made a spectacle very gratifying to my imagination. I was a firm believer in the relics of saints and their miraculous power. I was a docile pupil, too eager to believe the legends of the monks, and willingly perform any penance enjoined on me by Father Ambrose. He was my tutor and confessor, and, I believe, was not a little proud of my proficiency in the mysteries he imparted to me; also of my ardent faith, when I naively expressed regret that I could not become a distinguished martyr (like the Christians of old), and be canonized. Finally, he proposed that I should be a nun. Then, said he, in time, you may attain the dignity of abbess, and rule over others, to the glory of the Church, and be distinguished, honored, and powerful. Oh, had you heard the glowing pictures he drew of a monastic life—the holy serenity, the exalted piety, the placid temper, unruffled by the cares, sorrows, and trials of the world—you might have thought, as I did, that the life within a nunnery approached almost to angelic beatitude!”

“I have often had visions to this effect—but continue, I pray you,” said Constance.

“At this period, I desired nothing so much as to be received as a novitiate, but my mother’s illness was deemed a sufficient excuse for delay. Although my family were zealous Roman Catholics, none of them wished me to forsake the world; therefore they rejoiced to see the attachment which gradually sprang up between myself and Luigi, the son of an old friend of my

mother. By degrees, I thought with reluctance of the novitiate which was shortly to commence, but Father Ambrose was inexorable—I must fulfil my promise, and make trial of the life I had so lately desired, said he. If I, then, did not like to embrace it permanently, it would be time enough to retract.”

“That seemed fair enough !” interposed Constance.

“No doubt it does so to you, as at the time it appeared to me. But he knew full well, as I afterwards found, that the first step taken, the white veil received, and few have the courage (if indeed they might be permitted) to refuse the black veil ! Think what obloquy falls on the recreant girl who falters in her progress ! Oh, few indeed escape when once in their toils. Have not I had an opportunity to know ? Now and then, I grant you, a solitary exception is allowed to occur. One whom they are sure will do no harm, or rather be of service in encouraging many, by keeping up the delusion so inveigling—that they can make a fair trial of the life they are thinking of adopting, and yet be at perfect liberty to draw back should they so desire. In vain had my lover pleaded with the priest to sanction his addresses to me, for Luigi had incurred the suspicion of being heretically inclined, and to punish him Father Ambrose used all his influence over me to disappoint his hopes, and also to make sure of me. All that Luigi said to me to dissuade me from renouncing the world, I was compelled, by awful threats, to repeat to the priest at the confessional ; and thus he knew how to deal with both of us. Besides, I was prohibited from giving a hint to my adorer that what, in full confidence, he urged to forward his suit, was betraying him into a

fearful predicament. Indeed, I knew not the full extent of the mischief I was doing my true-hearted Luigi, who wished to save me from the cruel blight that full well he knew would fall on my heart and life if I followed the counsels of the stern father, since that heart he felt was his. He could form some idea of the misery in store for me, as his own wretched sister was hopelessly immured, a mere wreck of her former self, in the very convent I was about to enter. In his eagerness to dissuade me, he dropped unguarded expressions of doubt on many things which I had deemed indisputable truths; for he had read books prohibited to me and others generally, and it appeared that a foreigner, who had resided in his house for some time, had shaken his faith in our religion. This Luigi finally imparted to me (and I looked on the circumstance with horror), cautioning me, as I valued our mutual safety, not to mention what he had said. I wept bitterly. I dared not promise secrecy, nor yet tell him that I was bound in conscience to betray him. My feelings were so intense that I fainted. This so occupied his attention that he thought no more of exacting a promise from the girl he loved!"

Here Constance exclaimed, "Poor girl! No wonder you suspected me of being a spy, if you could be wrought on to act so cruel a part to a loving heart!"

"You are right!" replied Gianetta. "It was a thrilling trial to endure, and may possibly look a treacherous part to enact; but to me it seemed a sublime proof of piety and faith, to break the dearest ties for religion's sake. Yet dreadful was the struggle before I could bring myself to denounce my Luigi to Father Ambrose,

my stern director. On my very next interview with the confessor, he divined, by my tremor and pallid countenance, that something important was pressing on my spirit. Oh, that is indeed a dreadful hour to look back on! He bade me not try to deceive him, he frightened and soothed me by turns—threatening eternal damnation to Luigi and me if I withheld a syllable, or the smile of Heaven if I did my duty—until the whole conversation was minutely detailed. Then, when he knew all I had to tell, I trembled more than ever. ‘Unhappy girl!’ he thundered in my ear, ‘you have listened to this heresy, and even thought of screening the offender, and you have felt the insidious poison slackening your nerves, so that you doubted whether or not to deal truly at the confessional, or risk the soul’s salvation of the idol you have set up in your heart! Return at once to the path of duty. Enter the convent to-morrow, and try to expiate your impious reluctance *to confess every thing*, or to-morrow’s sun will be the last your lover ever sees. He shall be immured in a dungeon, and you will be summoned to bear witness against him.’”

“What did you say to this horrid cruelty and tyranny?” interrupted Constance, with indignation at the system which sanctioned it.

“‘Oh, spare him,’ I implored. ‘Spare him—it was his love for me that brought him into this danger!’ ‘Then sacrifice you your love to save him!’ was the reply of the priest. ‘Obey me implicitly, and instead of at once denouncing him, I will first try persuasion to reclaim him. When you are lost to him, he may perhaps listen to reason, and he must know that

his offence—heresy persisted in—is punishable by death !’

“ ‘ May I not see him once more ?’ I said, in agony of spirit.

“ ‘ For what purpose ?’ inquired Father Ambrose, after a pause.

“ ‘ To tell him that I have resolved to become a nun, and to take leave of him forever. Oh, grant me but one interview, it will give me courage to meet my fate !’

“ ‘ Be it so ! But beware, no warning to him ! No warning on your part, and remember that I hold you answerable to report to me the words that pass between you, that I may have a chance to save him from eternal ruin !’

“ ‘ Do I not know the penalty ? Fear me not, Father,’ I said submissively. Oh, with what an aching heart did I return home—to the home I was about to quit, as I thought, forever !

“ Father Ambrose undertook to obtain the consent of my family to my immediate removal, and I sought the abode of Luigi. He was in the vineyard, and there, beneath the clustering grapes, with the loveliest scenery delighting the eye, fragrant air stealing softly over my burning brow, and love wooing me to enjoy life in this beautiful world, I was to renounce all, and consign myself and him to utter wretchedness ! Rushing joyously to welcome me, Luigi exclaimed—‘ See how every thing smiles on our young hopes ! Here is peace and plenty to greet my beloved ! Say, will you not be mine at once, and end this struggle that is wearing you out ? Marry me to-day, or even to-morrow, and then Father Ambrose will leave you in peace.’

“‘Oh, think it not,’ I cried in frantic accents, ‘it would seal our doom!’ Frightened at what I had said, I stopped short.

“‘What means my Gianetta?’ he exclaimed in surprise.

“‘Ask me not,’ I said. ‘But it cannot be. No! we must not oppose the directions of our spiritual advisers. For my sake bear up manfully under the inevitable separation. It is needful for the welfare of both, this much I may say. Attempt not to dissuade me. Nothing can alter my fixed determination. I will not peril my faith by marrying you after what you have confessed. To-morrow I commence my probation!’

“‘Great God! what do I hear?’ burst from my agonized suitor. ‘Oh, Gianetta, your love is not like mine! If you willed it not yourself, no one could force you to forsake me. Your parents and mine have consented to the match.’

“‘Yes, I know they did, but oh how shall I convince you that my love for you has decided me to reject you? One day, perhaps, you will do me justice.’

“‘How you torture me,’ said he. ‘What is this mysterious motive? Tell me, that I may combat it.’

“‘It may not be,’ I replied; ‘therefore, do not let us waste this precious opportunity in useless debate. One thing—my last request—I trust you will not refuse.’ He nodded assent, seeming too much overcome to speak, and I continued. ‘Remember the severe laws against heresy and seceders from the true faith. Beware, in your anger, of speaking to others as you have to me! There is possibly one chance of our meeting again before my final seclusion for life. It is if

your faith once more become firm and pure, for then only could I trust myself to see you without peril.'

" 'Ah, it is so ! I see ! The' —

" 'Stop,' I cried. 'Say not a word, I beseech you !' My manner and tone awed him. I fancy I must have looked the terror I felt lest he should further compromise himself. As for me, I feared not. Any penance that might be inflicted for trying to save him would seem light. I only thought of repairing the wrong I had already been forced to do him. More bitter than death was the parting to both. That with my weeping family was greatly deadened by this previous scene, and I was borne away in triumph to the convent.

"Oh, how dark and dreary seemed life to me within my narrow cell ! How rebellious was my heart against my new destiny ! How different to my foreshadowing was this monotonous existence in its daily round of passionless routine or heart-broken despair !

"As might be expected, I soon singled out the sister of my lost Luigi, and after a short acquaintance, I confided to her all relating to her brother and myself.

" 'The Lord have mercy on him,' said she, fervently, 'for dreadful will be his life and death, if he brave the anger of the Father Ambrose ! He has but one passion — religious ambition ! Power he wields with an iron hand, and woe betide the mortal on whom he pounces for a victim, if he or she be contumacious !'

" 'But my sacrifice will surely propitiate the priest, and save your brother,' I exclaimed in dismay.

" 'Alas, poor girl ! be not too sure of that,' replied the nun.

“‘But I can draw back at the last moment, and return to my home,’ I retorted.

“‘Little do you yet know of the secrets of our prison-house,’ was the ominous rejoinder. ‘But we must be cautious; does he know that the sister of your lover is here!’ she inquired, to which I said, I believed not, for I had omitted to mention that, at the time seemingly unimportant, particular to my confessor.

“‘That is lucky,’ remarked my friend; ‘I am lost to happiness and the world, myself. The gates of return are hopelessly closed on me; but you, the loved one of my dear brother, must, if possible be saved. If he be dear to you, be cautious; I have uttered no heresy to be confessed,’ she said with marked emphasis; ‘so be silent respecting our interview, if you wish to save Luigi or yourself from, at least, perpetual imprisonment. We must not arouse suspicion of being in concert, or I shall have no power or chance to counsel or aid you.’

“I readily promised secrecy and caution, for I began to be afraid that Luigi might not be tractable enough for his safety. The night is waning fast,” continued Gianetta; “so I will skip over the story of my friend’s conversation with me, in which she explained the cause of her renouncing the world, the character and doings of Father Ambrose, and the persecution that would await me did I appear reluctant to fulfil his wishes, and the punishment that would be visited on her brother in order to intimidate both him and me.

“I followed her advice, and kept all this secret within my own breast, resolved to save my beloved had I even, at last, to suffer a horrible penance in expiation of my duplicity. Besides, I had not courage to doom my

friend, *his* sister, to the dreadful solitary confinement in the dungeons of the convent for her advice to me, which would certainly ensue if I were as candid and faithful as I had previously been in my confessions!

"The words of my lover were engraven on my memory, and now that I knew how false were many of the asseverations of Father Ambrose, I doubted whether I had not mistaken my duty, and cruelly betrayed confidence in obeying at a false shrine!

"Sad is the lot of a nun who discovers, too late, that her faith is shaken. That which before was unflinchingly endured as leading to heaven, becomes overpowering when she is doubtful, and yet afraid that doubt itself is mortal sin! unable to believe as formerly, yet bound to appear steadfast, on pain of contumely and fearful punishment.

"Teresa opened my eyes to this consequence, by acquainting me with the severities that had been practised on herself and others, for more trifling offences than Luigi had committed. By her advice I affected to be somewhat reconciled to my lot, and so passed tolerably well through the greatest portion of the period of probation. But as it drew to a conclusion, I announced to my parents—who had sometimes been permitted to see me—that I had resolved not to profess myself, if they would receive me back, and intercede for my release. They were surprised; for they, too, had imagined that I was resigned to the proposed step; but for which semblance I should not have been allowed to see them.

"My mother was pleased at the thought of my speedy return home, but my father was not so sanguine; and

now began incessant persecution of me. Father Ambrose was furious at the idea of being thwarted. The abbess was mortified, considering that it reflected on the community. And then I learned what it was to be debarred the light of heaven, and to breathe the unwholesome air of an underground cell!

"They thought to break my spirit by fasting and despair, for I was informed that Luigi was no more—having endured the torture for his contumacy in persisting in heresy—and I was charged with being tainted with his pernicious doctrines, which served for a pretext to subject me to the punishment visited on me. At the terrible announcement of Luigi's fate, I exclaimed, in bitter anguish: 'Alas, then he died through my means!'

"'He perished on account of his own obstinacy,' sternly replied the unfeeling Father Ambrose; 'you only did your duty when you denounced him!'

"I made no answer, but I felt that I had indeed unintentionally caused his death. The measure of my misery seemed full. What had I to live for? It was on this feeling that the subtle and remorseless priest relied to produce compliance; and on my remarking that henceforth it was immaterial what became of me, for the world could have no pleasure for me in future, I was, after completing my term of penance, restored to my former cell. Illness succeeded my incarceration, and agony of mind produced mental torpor. As Teresa was unsuspected of having any agency in my late refractory spirit, she was allowed her turn in nursing me, in my helpless state. She could not weep when she learned the cruel fate of her poor brother; her anguish was de-

nied that mitigating relief. She entreated me, for my own sake, not to yield to inconsolable grief.

“‘Father Ambrose is about to leave us,’ she said, ‘and his successor is reputed to be mild and humane, quite a different character. The former I know full well, to my sorrow. Offer him no opposition; speak little and cautiously, and bide your time until he has gone to Rome. Then, when the last moment has arrived, boldly proclaim that you cannot, will not, take the vows, and you will succeed; they will be taken by surprise. Besides, there are three novices who, on that occasion, are willing to take the vows of seclusion. They are of the right sort: pious, passive, disappointed young women, who will be moulded to the required state, and may renounce the world without suffering or causing grief. Thus, if you delay the expression of your determination until the last day and hour, in the mean time giving no cause for suspicion, you may be released!’

“Much more essential advice I received from this kind and generous creature, a desolate nun, who, on my secession, would be alone in the midst of numbers, and yet unselfishly resigned her only friend. Poor, amiable Teresa; I ascertained that she very soon after died of decline!

“To conclude, the plan succeeded; I returned home in deep despondency, but resolved to do my utmost to comfort my parents, although life offered no charms for me. What is the result? I am looked on with distrust by most people. The parents of Luigi never see me without a visible shudder; they view me as the cause of the disappearance and well-surmised death of their

beloved son! Even my father considers that I have disgraced the family by my return to the world, after having undertaken to enter the Holy Sisterhood. He, himself, has suffered from being suspected of political disaffection; and every one is arrayed against another, all social ties are riven, and confidence, amongst the dearest relations, destroyed!

"The only consolation left me was to study the religion that had made my lover endure death rather than conform to a faith unscriptural and false.

"Luigi had begged his mother, if ever she saw me, to tell me to think seriously of his exhortations, and with tears she gave me a book which she had found in the arbor where last we met. She could not read, or she would not have presented it to me, for it was an Italian Testament, in which was inscribed the name of the sick man who had been the instrument of his conversion. All the books and papers of her son, save this, had been burned by Father Ambrose, and perhaps she feared that this one might be brought as evidence against the family. At all events, she knew that I would prize it for the sake of Luigi.

"Oh, how it comforted me to read the pages which he had pored over, as the well-worn leaves indicated, and to drink Divine Truths from the Fountain-head! But too soon my mother found me out, and with horror imparted the fact to the benevolent Curé. He mildly reasoned with me on the alleged impropriety of having such a book in my possession. I told him it had belonged to a dear friend, now no more, and as he knew not the particulars of the sad case, he merely reprimanded me and cast the prohibited work into the flames.

"I was lucky to get off so easily. Far different would it have been had Father Ambrose had such proof against me! Now, tell me, I pray you, how *you* became acquainted with him?"

Constance related all that she remembered, and Gianetta said in reply:

"I see it all; you seemed enthusiastic, and doubtless he had pitched upon you to swell his triumphs; for, as I already remarked, he is celebrated for his success in making converts."

The greater part of this interesting conversation had been heard by Mr. Hildreth, as he lay with closed eyes, for he was anxious to discover what kind of a person it was in whom his wavering child was now interested. Looking up, he said, "Constance, my love, be thankful that you are not subject to such a terrible system of cruelty, slavery, and despotism! We will instantly leave this country of plots, distrust, and tyranny. I am now able to travel; we will hasten to the nearest seaport and embark for England, and thence home to our own free and happy land. Here I am not safe from assassination even, if that should be deemed essential to get you in their power! Can we do any thing for you, my poor girl?" he kindly added, addressing Gianetta.

"Oh yes, sir, every thing! Take me but with you to your own privileged America, and let me study your pure faith! Gladly will I accompany you as this kind lady's waiting-maid."

"Pray do, father, let *her* become the *convert*, not *me*! I am heartily ashamed of my temporary weakness. I am cured, and reconfirmed in the truths of our glorious Protestant faith."

"With all my heart, so let it be," replied the now happy parent; "one fellow-creature redeemed from a life of perpetual terror and debasing superstition and thralldom, and by the Word of God led into the path of happiness, will be a more glorious memento of our visit to Italy, than the most exquisite monuments of art, the rarest gem of *virtu* we could add to our treasured collection."

"Do you think you will be able to obtain the consent of your parents?"

"Oh yes, only say that you will take care of me, and they will be satisfied to have the reproach of my presence removed."

To the reader is left the happy conclusion of this sketch, which may well be filled up with pleasant imaginings in reference to the return of the tourists, with their hopeful protégé, and the lasting benefit derived by Constance, from her experience of the contrast between home and abroad!

ALONE!

BY JAMES NACK.

NAY, ask not of the secret grief
That burns my heart away,
For what admits of no relief
'Tis useless to betray;
One cause for gloom might well appear,
Were all the rest unknown—
Where'er I am, whos'er be near,
I am alone!—alone!

At times I seek some festive place,
Where gay companions throng,
While pleasure brightens every face
With laugh, and jest, and song.
But lost to me the cheerful sound,
Unheard the kindly tone,
And with a thousand friends around,
I am alone!—alone!

Yet there is one who had a charm
My sadness to dispel,
When round me twined her gentle arm,
With love no words could tell,—
A love that seemed to have no will
Or wish except my own.
Oh, CLARA! could I see the still,
I should not feel alone!

Young, beautiful, and innocent,
Her very sight could bless !
Her looks, than words more eloquent,
Did all her thoughts express ;
And then I did not feel the curse
That on my lot is thrown ;
For soul with soul did we converse,
And I was not alone !

But Youth is still a thing of light
And joy. Why should I doom
A cherub God has made so bright,
To share my lonely gloom ?
Though all the comfort thou couldst lend
That may to me be known,
Go, Clara ! seek some happier friend,
And leave me all alone !

THE SUM OF PHILOSOPHY.

Do fortune's smiles upon thee wait,
With honor, power, and high estate ?
Let not thy heart be too elate—

All this shall pass away.

Art thou the sport of fortune's hate,
Forsaken, poor, and desperate ?
Still bear the worst with mind sedate—

All this shall pass away.

Our joys and pains are brief in date ;
The deeds we do of good or great
Alone survive our mortal state,

And never pass away !

THE KINGDOM OF PEACE.

BY REBEKAH.

THAT there is "a good time coming," a period of universal peace, love, and harmony, has long been foreshadowed in the hearts of men, until at length it has taken possession of the mind, as a settled principle of accepted and vital faith. The prophetic vision of seers in the olden time, seemed ever stretching forward, outsoaring the dark shadows of long generations, that it might be inspired with the pure light of a more blissful Future; and the divinest numbers of the inspired poets of ancient times woke with the majestic chant of these millennial anthems.

It may well be questioned whether any opinion, having no basis of truth in itself, could, for a very long period, hold universal possession of the human mind. There is, then, presumptive evidence that this idea, which is so widely diffused and so fondly cherished throughout Christendom at least, has an actual truth in it, which the world is yet destined universally to rejoice in, and confirm.

But in all work, even that of Deity himself, there must be instruments—modes and laws of operation—in short, an adaptation of means to ends. Let us, then, consider how we may best promote this most desirable event—the universal reign of Peace—when all savage

instincts, of which ferocious beasts in the inspired songs were symbols, shall be disarmed of their fangs, and their venom neutralized by Love, until they shall grow up into sweet affections, that shall embower the Earth with the overspreading shadow of a divine Brotherhood.

From the very opening of the present age, there has been manifested a continually growing interest in the cause of Humanity. The wrongs and sufferings which are nourished in the very bosom of society, and, as yet, seem inseparable from it, have called out much thought, many different theories, and various modes of operation; almost every theorist, or leader of a party, assuming that he is conducting the only true means of redemption to the world. But all operations of a partial or limited character, inasmuch as they are circumscribed or local, must fail to reach and cover the great difficulty, which is not of this or that class, of this or that place or organization; but it involves, with a more or less baleful influence, all classes, peoples, nations,—the whole world.

The first work of a good physician is to ascertain the disease, and then the remedy may be more clearly perceived and defined. What, then, is that great chronic distemper under which the world has so long labored—until the case is by many, who are reputedly the wisest and the best, pronounced hopeless—and men are told they must go on from bad to worse, *ad infinitum*.

We need not look far to discover the seat of the disease. It is in the heart, and springs from a vitiated and exorbitant development of self-love, in the form of what is commonly denominated Selfishness. Here is the evil source which corrupts the whole circulation; here is

the cancerous spot that inoculates the whole system with its venom.

It is this power of arrant Selfishness that clutches so madly its own supposed good, that it often crushes the good of others in its iron gripe. This it is that sharpens the eye of Trade, until it forgets that the bargain that is shaped out so smoothly for itself, has another and a darker side; and in its cold shadow, it may be, the deluded victim, with a miserable wife and children, is left to suffer or to perish. All this is recognized by law and custom. 'He who robs you under the cloak of a sanctioned finesse, may ruin thousands; and Society and the Church will uphold and caress him while he lives, and when he goes hence put the great seal of their approbation on the false and fulsome epitaph, which inscribes the very tomb that was built with the price of Wrong. But the less fortunate, the *unlicensed* Robber who takes your purse on the highway, though it may be to carry relief to a starving wife and family, for whose support Society gives him no sufficient wages, or steals a loaf of bread from your larder because he is hungry, will be hanged for the one, and shut up in a loathsome dungeon perhaps during years, or exiled from his country and friends, for the other. Thus we see that while the successful Selfishness, which appropriates to itself what is not its own—though it may occasion, either directly or indirectly, loss of energy, loss of hope, loss of life—is honored and caressed, enthroned and deified, while the *unfortunate* Necessity is punished without mercy.

"But this is the way of the world," one will say.
"There is no friendship in trade.' We must act on

the principle that 'every man is our enemy until we prove him to be a friend,' and then we shall not be deceived."

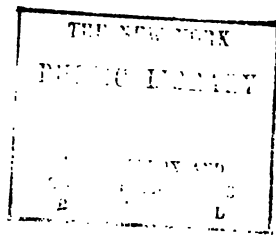
Ah, my friend, true it is that this is the way of the world, but the more sorrowful is it for that very reason. It is a way indeed, but very far from being a right—very far even from being a necessary way. And this philosophy, that "there is no friendship in trade," and we must regard all men as our natural enemies, degrades civilization; for it is below the moral code of almost all savages, and could even brute animals be for a moment gifted with intelligence, they would blush to find such a sentiment imputed to them; for, with very few exceptions, individuals of the same species maintain friendly relations towards each other, often exhibiting the noblest instances of devotion and friendship.

Is it, then, because civilized men are so much worse than savages or brutes, that such a sentiment can prevail among them? By no means; but in the struggle for life which the present antagonistic principles of Society seem to demand of every one who would not starve, we find the causes which have induced this morbid growth and development of Selfishness. This is the great evil. What, then, is the antidote to this cancerous and putrefying ulcer of the social system? It cannot be found in any of the merely sectional forms of philanthropy which have yet been applied to the relief of the world; for as the difficulty is universal, so must the remedy be. But what is of such unbounded force and power, that we may safely trust to it for accomplishing so wonderful a work—nothing less, in

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Freedom of the Forest



short, than the regeneration, the revitalization of the whole world? As the evil, when reduced to its first principles, is one, so is the remedy a perfect unit. Love, love alone, has power to restore the lost Eden, by unfolding in the human heart all those sweet affections, which will make the practice of the Golden Rule spontaneous and universal. But how, in what manner, is this to be effected? you very naturally and properly inquire.

In reply, I will only set before you some of the distinctive attributes of our beloved Order, and then leave you to judge whether, in adopting this great principle of Love, which is infinite in capacity, and universal in extent, we may not fairly claim to be doing the work of our Divine Master, beyond and above all others? Let us illustrate the idea by a supposed case of fact.

Here, in the heart of a large city, is a single man, in the midst of crowds alone, laboring with a great thought, without sympathy, and without fellowship. He has looked on the wrongs, sufferings, and innumerable derangements of society, day by day, seeking, but as yet in vain, for some strong antidote which may correct its evil habits—for a specific that shall bind up its brokenness—for a precious balsam that shall close and heal its wounds. But he finds nothing, until at last, in the unutterable anguish which echoes the groans, and is overwhelmed with the despair of the whole world, he flings himself on the ground, as if he too would perish, rather than witness longer all this unappeasable suffering.

But the tempest of passion having subsided, a holy calm envelops him as with the light of Heaven. His

thoughts expand ; his mind acquires strength ; his vision clearness. He looks more closely into the nature of Man ; and down, down, deep in his soul, below the incrustations of all that is false and wrong, he perceives the true character. He discovers that love, and not hatred, is the natural law of the human heart. Thus Hatred and Wrong, and all the varied forms of Selfishness, are not natural, but diseased conditions. They have grown out of unfortunate and accidental circumstances ; they do not belong to the type of a true Humanity. Herein is the remedy at once and clearly perceived. The evil has grown out of an inordinately developed Selfishness. Then correct this ; and the natural or healthful conditions, by the simple impulse of their own vitality, will restore themselves. In the spirit and works of Love, alone, will the true nature be reproduced, and the remedy obtained.

Inspired with a faith large and strong enough to grasp the whole universe in its far-reaching arms of Good, he sits down by the way-side, pondering over the thoughts suggested by his wonderful discovery, and speculating on the questions how and where he shall commence his work. His eyes are lustrous with the love that animates his whole being ; his countenance is irradiated with the holy sentiment that inspires him. By and by a stranger passes along. There is something in the look and expression of the enthusiast, that creates an irresistible longing in himself for acquaintance with one who attracts him so mysteriously. Their eyes meet. They feel instantly the mutual attraction of congenial spirits. They are drawn together by the natural laws of sympathy and fellow-

ship. Their mutual impressions are interchanged. The great idea is communicated and reciprocated.

Here, then, is the first germ of voluntary Brotherhood. Founded in love, and inspired by a true sympathy, it proposes to itself an extension of the blessings which it has already begun to perceive are divine. Thus these two minds, meeting day by day, send forth sparks of love and sympathy, which attract others. The circle gradually widens, at first by attracting minds already developed, or by union of the good and true. But this does not satiate or satisfy the fundamental principle. There must be a mirror formed, that will reflect Goodness so winningly that men will love it for its beauty and its own innate loveliness ; and that mirror is found in the lives of these devoted brethren. In the fair images of truth thus presented, less favored men begin to comprehend and love the Right. The good influence insensibly steals out, further and further away, until it pervades the unfortunate classes. Gradually they are brought to know the blessings of Truth, of Right, of Freedom in all Good ; and they flee to the ark of safety, which these generous ones have provided. They are all bound together only by a principle of fraternity, which knows neither high nor low, nor rich nor poor ; but recognizes only MAN in every human being, and one great band of Brothers in mankind.

Whatever one has to spare from the daily necessities of life, he throws into a common stock, that less favored or unfortunate men may receive whatever help they need ; or even himself, or his wife and children, in a day of adversity, may gather in the full harvest of Good

—not as charity, but as a sacred right, which is recognized as the very basis of the great fraternal compact.

Thus one neighborhood after another is united to the original society; streets, squares, and wards are attracted to the beautiful sphere of this harmonious and happy fraternity. The influence is more and more widely felt. Higher motives and truer feelings are gradually implanted. With the extension of more righteous principles the beautiful arts of Peace flourish, while intelligent Industry wins and wears the civic crown. Weapons of the lawless are converted into instruments of peaceful labor. The blade of the Assassin is made into a budding-knife, to ameliorate the store of ripe and mellow fruits; the arms of the Robber are used only to blast away the rocks which impede the march of Improvement; and the master-key of the Burglar is made to unlock the knowledge of Good, and not of Evil. And deeper, deadlier wrongs than these, because more insidious, and unpunishable in their obliquities, shall also, in due time, be corrected. The Employer shall consider the working-man kindly, as if he himself were represented in the laborer's form; and even the Trader, at length, when all the minor evils have yielded up the ghost, shall also learn to square his bargain by the rules of Justice.

Thus the good influence would continually extend itself; only give the principal means and opportunity of expansion, and the whole city would, unavoidably, be converted; or if there were any exceptions, incorrigible Wrong and Crime, by the sheer necessity of co-operation and sympathy, which the wants of all men

demand, would be driven away, back into more congenial shades.

But the great principle does not stop here. As light and air are diffusive and universal, so are the elements of a true sympathy illimitably expansive. By the influx and efflux of Travel, and the thousand interchanging currents of social and commercial relations, the precious germs of Truth are imbibed and transplanted, and the good seed is scattered abroad. In distant towns, and states, and nations, and kingdoms, fraternities like the present organization are founded, the individual members, as well as the organizations themselves, being bound together by the silken chain of a common sympathy and brotherhood, which shall yet encompass the whole Earth with its recuperative and regenerating power.

This is no idle speculation, no baseless dream of a rapt enthusiasm, but a demonstrable fact; for if the operation of any given principle will make ten men better or happier, it will produce the same effect on ten thousand, or ten millions.

Now it remains only to be shown that this great principle of a common and universal fraternity, which is the basis of Odd Fellowship, is capable of producing good to the extent of its capacity or means of operation. And what do we see in fact? Do we not find that just as fast, and just as far, as men are attracted to its circles, they are imbued with its elevating and ennobling spirit? The very sentiment of the Order—that of a universal fraternity without any distinctions whatever—when carried out practically in all the social and business relations of life, must have the effect to exalt

manhood and the manly arts. Looking through this sentiment as through a lens, it will be seen that the nobility of a true man, which bears the seal and superscription of God, is invested with a sublime sanctity towering up giant-like, in the presence of which the puny lordling of man's creation dwindles into a pigmy, unstable and evanescent as the grotesque shadow its deformity casts upon the world.

Thus, in the very onset, we see that Odd Fellowship promulgates a great, a comprehensive, a universal principle of truth, which, wherever it is unfolded, brings with it redemption from serfdom in the ennobling consciousness of manhood. Let only this sentiment of a common fraternity expand in his soul, and the wretched victim of Wrong is lifted out of his depravity, when he first finds himself, by virtue of his manhood, invested with the rights and privileges of the great Brotherhood.

But let us proceed more directly and pointedly to matters of fact; and what do we find? We see that the pangs of sickness and poverty are alleviated with the kindest ministries; the unfortunate are relieved from the pressure of want; the stranger finds unexpected and sweet companionship, and the blessing of friendship in a strange land; the dying are sustained in the last hour of struggle and suffering, by the assurance of support to the widow and the orphans; widows are comforted; and fatherless children find the means of support and education—not as foundlings, not as charity scholars—but as the junior scions of a great and beautiful Brotherhood, which openeth the right hand while the left hand knoweth not; which hoards nothing while there is Want crying at the door;

which does not, in fact, wait for the needy to approach, but seeks them out, tendering relief kindly, but respectfully, not as alms, but as one would discharge a debt, which he but then had ascertained was fallen due.

In all the acknowledged forms of Charity, or what is generally so called, there is to the truly independent mind something that seems degrading. Even the charities of the Church are not exempt from this. If a brother or sister falls into poverty, and a barrel of flour, or a ton of coal is sent to the sufferer, there is a record kept of it, and by being put in the books, the shame is made perpetual. But here is a member of our Order in want; and whatever he needs is handed out to him, not as a miserable dole of charity, to be recorded in black and white, and make the memory of his poverty perpetual, but it comes silently and lovingly as the dew. It is given and accepted as a sacred right, and not by favor of any man.

How naturally, then, will the mind flow into harmony with this divine idea, as the character of men develops into a more expansive benevolence—into a truer sense of justice! Do we not see signs, even now, that the favorite theme of ancient sages was prophecy as well as poetry?

May not the sacred Dove of Peace, that has so long borne the olive-branch over the stormy billows of the world, at length transplant it on a calm and quiet shore, where it may spring up, and grow, and bear much fruit, which shall be for the healing and refreshment of the Nations?

Even now, the lion is half despoiled of his ferocity, and the tiger is learning to slake his thirst with water

instead of blood. The fierce and the gentle shall lie down in green pastures, and sleep together; and little children shall sport in their midst without danger, and without fear. Light shall spring forth in the midst of darkness. Love shall disarm Hatred. Violence and Wrong shall be known no more; but the golden links of a true and fraternizing Humanity, ever more finely and firmly interwrought, shall stretch from shore to shore, until they encircle the whole world in chains of Love. Then there will be no discord, but all mankind will work truly, because they are inspired with the harmonious music of happiness.

NEW YEAR HYMN.

THANKS to our heavenly Father!
Though angels tune his praise,
He will permit his children
Their humbler song to raise.
Thanks to our heavenly Father!
Whose love protects us here,
And spares us yet, to welcome
Another happy year.

For all the years departed,
For all the years to come,
For all the thousand blessings
That crown our happy home:
For all our loving kindred,
For all the friends we claim,
We thank our heavenly Father,
And bless his holy name.

LINES

To a Lady from Nova Scotia, about to embark, with several others, for California.

BY W. D. WADE.

Go, fair Acadian, to the fabled land,
Yet with thee bear a charm against all ill,
For evil lurks amongst the golden sand ;
Sin mingles with the murmurs of each rill !
Yes ! Mammon drags the heart to godless ways,
Whilst man—removed from tenderness and love,
From woman's voice, religious songs of praise—
Clinging to dust, forgets the realms above !
Thus misery abounds, with crime and death,
For virtue fails where woman is not found !
Man toils in vain for gold, and wastes his breath
In curses, o'er the treasure-yielding ground.
In vain the gold that cannot buy a friend !
Worthless the ore amass'd by lonely toil
In savage solitude, with none to tend
The soul-sick miner in a foreign soil !
Go then, ye lovely ones, to cheer and save,
To carry hope and joy, and shield from harm,
To soothe the wretched, smile upon the brave,
And shed o'er all, Religion's magic charm !
Revive, in them, the hopes of early days !
With your sweet smiles lure on to regions bright !
Attune your lips to much-loved sacred lays,
And lead despair from darkness unto light !
Then shall the Western Gem a Jewel prove :
Order and Justice, with Mercy, Love, and Fame,
With Beauty's cheering train shall thither move,
And give, *to this Star*, a glorious name !
It wanted but your mission, woman dear,
To purify and elevate that land :
Go forth rejoicing, bearers of good cheer,
And scatter blessings with unstinted hand.

MARY LEIGH.

SOME INCIDENTS OF COTTAGE LIFE.

BY G. P. R. JAMES, ESQ.

THERE is a cottage some thirty miles from London, which some ten years ago was as picturesque an object as the eye could rest upon. I remember stopping at the little gate of the garden to ask my way, one day when I was crossing the common on which it stands. It was a lowly building of one story, and an attic with dormer windows pierced through the thatch, and, what is not common, thatched likewise. It was old, but not decayed—at least as far as one could see; for it was shrouded, at the time I speak of, in a complete mass of foliage.

The blessings of the poorer classes of England should follow Lord Macartney, who brought over from his distant and unsuccessful mission to Peking, the ever-blushing China-rose, which bestows upon our cottages in Great Britain that sweet and tasteful decoration which no peasant but the English peasant knows how to appreciate, and which he does fully. Libelled, lied upon, traduced by those whose temporary interest it is to depreciate his character—ay, even by Prime Ministers of the Crown, in their places in Parliament—the British peasant has more real taste, more simple refine-

ment, more appreciation of that which is really beautiful and great, than the peasantry of any other country upon earth. Were it otherwise, should we see him, after his long day of labor, spend hours of thoughtful toil to enrich his garden with sweet flowers, or decorate his humble dwelling with climbing plants? Nature does nothing for him: he does it all for himself; and the geranium in the window, or the rose overhanging the porch, are more proofs of real taste in the peasant than the marble colonnade of taste in the peer; for the latter is the design of the architect, the former is all his own.

The rose, however, was not alone upon the walls of the cottage. A grape-vine was planted on one side of the doorway, the young shoots of one intertwining with those of the other; and the leaves, varied in color and in form, the blushing flower, and the blue cluster, mingling beautifully on various parts of the building. The thatch too—it was an old thatch—was green with the house-leek; and though the eaves were lowly, so that a man's hand could almost reach up to the junction of the roof and the wall, more than one swallow had built its nest, with pleasant confidence in a place of shelter, where it knew it would be safe.

There was a little plot of garden ground around the building, all neatly cultivated, and displaying flowers, as well as kitchen vegetables; and a quickset hedge on two sides, a somewhat dilapidated stone wall on one, with a wooden fence in front, formed a varied and picturesque inclosure to about three quarters of an acre of ground.

Beyond this inclosure, the scene was wild enough;

for the cottage was situated, as I have hinted, on a common, covered with gorse, and dotted here and there with clumps of pines. But even commons in England have a cultivated look. There is a sort of garden aspect about them—a neatness, a dryness, not unfrequently wanting on hard labored lands in other countries. The village—for these commons are generally skirted by villages—lay about a mile off. A high-road passed some quarter of a mile in front. A little parish road crossed hard by; and beyond, to the westward, for nearly three miles, stretched out the common to the verge of a wood of some extent, which might be seen rising up over the slope of a gentle hill.

Nothing of any importance happened at the time when I stopped at the door. A very tidy old woman directed me civilly on my way, and I rode forward, taking notice of nothing but that picturesque little dwelling in the midst of the wild. About two years after, however, I heard the anecdote I am about to relate.

In that cottage dwelt a man and his wife who had married somewhat later than the country folks of England usually wed. She had seen her eight-and-twentieth year, and he was two-and-thirty. One child, and only one, was the fruit of their union; and thus, with little burden, though they were not rich, they were not poor. The man had been a game-keeper on the estate of a neighboring nobleman, and being frugal as well as industrious, he had saved some money. The woman had a little competence of her own; and thus they commenced wedded life under favorable auspices. That which they possessed afforded the *summum bonum* of the Roman poet, as far as their ideas of ease and dig-

nity extended. They could have lived without work : they could have provided for themselves and for their child. But Robin Leigh was by nature an industrious man ; he could not be idle ; and though he gave up a great deal of his time to the care of his garden, and would indulge for a day or two in the *dolce far niente*, in order to show his independence of the world, yet he would work right willingly at any stray jobs which might require to be done in the neighborhood, so that he daily added a little to his store, not spending the whole of his income. He was a man of a somewhat peculiar, but not very common character. Corporeally, as bold as a lion, fearing no man, ready to box or wrestle with any one, there was a moral timidity about him, which was weak and injurious. The cause of his leaving a place in which he had been very comfortable, and in which he had faithfully discharged his duty, afforded an instance of this weakness : game had been taken on the property to a considerable extent ; it became evident to the master that there had been either negligence or connivance on the part of the game-keepers. The head keeper, to screen himself, and his son who acted under him, replied, when questioned upon the subject, that the game had been taken on Robert Leigh's beat. When questioned himself, he looked conscious and confused, and remained silent. His master knew that he was a taciturn and a shy man, and pressed him hard for a reply ; but his answers were confused and unsatisfactory, and he would undoubtedly have been dismissed in disgrace, if the butler, who was in the room, and friendly towards him, had not exclaimed,

"Ouns, Robin, why do you not tell my lord that on Saturday you changed beats for a week with Stimson's son?"

This caused the whole matter to be investigated more thoroughly; the guilt—for guilt there existed—was traced to the right persons, and Robin Leigh might have staid, and perhaps met with advancement; but a morbid sense of having been suspected would not suffer him to do so, and he married, as I have said, and settled in the cottage on the common.

There could hardly be a happier life than Robin Leigh's. He loved his wife well. He doated on his child; and she was something very easy to be doated upon. There occurred hardly any thing in childhood, or in early youth, which could in any way injure a naturally sweet temper. Parents very often, and elder brethren continually, imagine that contradiction in youth is necessary to prepare the mind for the struggles and disappointments of the world. It is the greatest mistake possible. The struggles and disappointments come soon enough, and at the precise time in which the God who sends them knows they may be most beneficial to us, and many a sweet child's temper is irretrievably ruined by unnecessary and unreasonable contradictions, the fruit of a vain and weak philosophy; for children reason upon the acts of others towards themselves, more often than we imagine—reason more justly, and both comprehend and despise any thing that savors of caprice, disguise it how we will. The steady prohibition of all that is wrong; the constant encouragement of all that is right; and example in our own conduct; and a firm but equal hand upon theirs, is all that is needful to

the education of a child. I speak of *education*, not *instruction*: that is quite a different thing.

Mary Leigh met with no disappointments. She had, as I have said, a very sweet temper; she had exceedingly good health; she had a father who doated on her, and a mother whose constant thought was to teach her that which is good and right. There were no temptations in her way; there was nothing to encourage vanity, pride, selfishness: in her own little world there was all that she wanted and desired, and of that, nothing was denied her which was proper for her to have. Thus, in her heart, as in her father's garden, every good seed planted by God was nourished and cultivated, and every weed carefully removed.

She grew up, not exactly very beautiful, but exceedingly pretty—with that beauty which depends not on youth, or feature, or coloring, but upon a something greater, and beyond them all. The features, indeed, were small, and well-shaped enough; the coloring was healthy and bright, and youth added its thousand nameless graces to the whole; but the expression—the pouring forth of a sweet, bright spirit, was the surpassing charm.

She was just nineteen, when love came, not to mar, as is too often the case, but to heighten the happiness of her happy young days. There was nothing at all romantic in the attachment: nothing out of the common run of events.

Just on the edge of the common lived a good old farmer, named Andrew Burke, well to do in the world, and with an only son. He was the nearest neighbor of the Leighs, and an intimate acquaintance of good Robin

Leigh, whom he looked upon as a prudent and sensible man, whose advice was always worth having. He was himself very careful—perhaps too careful—of his money; yet he could do a generous act now and then: was not uncharitable: was hospitable in a frugal way; and yet had that esteem for money which made him respect the Leighs more than he might otherwise have done, because he knew they were in easy circumstances. Such was old Andrew Burke.

Young Andrew was much like his father, but with a freer and an opener heart. Moreover, there were some slight shades of difference, which made the son more loveable than the father. Old Andrew always thought first of himself; young Andrew thought first of others. Old Andrew was never rash, and in all his determinations was guided by circumstances; young Andrew was somewhat impetuous, and inclined to fight against circumstances. The one might occasionally be obstinate, but wherever self-interest led, there he was easily moved; the other was easily persuaded in indifferent things, but steadfast as a rock when reason and right pointed the way. Young Andrew Burke was a good-looking lad too, and he and Mary Leigh fell in love with each other. It was the most natural thing in the world; and so it happened.

Moreover, they and Fortune seemed inclined to disprove the bold assertion of Shakspeare, that "the course of true love never did run smooth." They loved very truly, very deeply, very passionately; and yet the course of their love ran as smoothly as can be imagined. Mary Leigh was a little fortune, in her way, and old Andrew did not in the least object to his son's love.

Robin Leigh and his good wife had been accustomed to consider young Andrew almost as a son from his childhood, and they did not in the least object to his taking a lawful title to that relationship, by becoming their dear Mary's husband. It was all easily and amicably arranged: all parties consented; and the wedding-day and Mary's twentieth birthday were appointed to come together.

The cup and the lip, however, proverbially meet seldom when expected to do so; and a little, but a sad delay took place in this instance. A week before the wedding-day named, all parties dined together at old Andrew Burke's; and to make up the sixth—for Andrew was a widower—there was another person present, a neighboring farmer, of some fifty years of age. It was in the early summer: the dinner was at one o'clock; and although, all the crops being in, and none of them ripe, no great farming operations were going on, old Andrew had been out in the fields all the morning. He was by no means a young man; for he had not married till he was nearly fifty, and he had a transcendent appetite. He eat very heartily; and he finished his dinner with a quantity of fruit, some of which was hardly ripe. After dinner, he got a little dozy; but he roused himself, rose from his chair, and seemed going towards the window, when suddenly those who were present saw him stagger, and lay hold of the edge of the table. His son sprang forward and caught him in his arms; but old Andrew Burke sunk gradually down, his head fell forward, and he never spoke word more till about two hours after, when muttering, "my boy," he passed from one world to another.

Of course, the marriage was put off. The day before Mary's birthday, old Andrew Burke was consigned to the earth, and his son succeeded to a very good inheritance. He grieved exceedingly for his father, however, for he had loved him with a strong affection, and his cheerful, happy spirit seemed more depressed than might have been expected from its natural buoyancy. It was agreed on all hands that three months should elapse before Mary became his wife, and the bright hope of calling her so soon, seemed to be his greatest comfort; but those three months were destined to be filled with events, distressing and terrible to all.

One summer evening, about six weeks after the death of old Andrew Burke, Robin Leigh came home to his cottage in a gayer mood than ordinary, and pinching Mary's cheek, with a laugh he said,

"Dost know, my child, I think thou hast bewitched Jack Skelton, and driven him mad. I met him a minute ago, and he asked me if I would not break off with Andrew, and give you to him."

"Why Robin," exclaimed Mrs. Leigh, "you don't mean old Jack Skelton, who dined at Mr. Burke's the day he died?"

"Just the same man, but not so old either," answered Leigh with a laugh; "though he is what they call an old bachelor, and that makes him look ten years older than he is. I tried to persuade him that he was mad, but he would not believe me, and offered to settle all he had in the world upon Mary, and that's a pretty penny. I told him my girl was not to be sold, and he went away grumbling something of my repenting of it, but I think that will never be, Mary my dear. If it were

not that he is old enough to be your father, and that you are promised to another man, you should never be married to an ill-tempered, wrangling old animal like that."

"I hope you did not affront him, Robin," said Mrs. Leigh; "for he is venomous when he is vexed."

"Pooh, he can do me no harm," answered Robin; "and his nephew, young John, will thank us; for all the old fool's money was to be his, and it would not suit him to have the stupid fool taking a young wife. I shall give the lad a hint, the first time I see him, to keep a sharp look-out; for when a man of fifty takes such a thing into his head, he generally goes on with it till he finds somebody to have him."

A few minutes after, young Andrew Burke came in, and the evening passed pleasantly. When told of what had occurred, he only laughed at it, saying he was not afraid of Jack Skelton, of all men on earth; that the foolish fellow would soon see what an ass he made of himself, and give up a fruitless pursuit.

Jack Skelton, however, was not so easily deterred as the young man imagined. In fact the suspicion, half jestingly expressed by Robin Leigh, that he was somewhat mad, was more than he knew when he uttered it. The man was becoming insane, and, with the cunning and pertinacity which so often accompanies incipient madness, he took frequent opportunities of visiting the cottage, at moments when Robin was away. He annoyed and frightened both Mrs. Leigh and her daughter; for his importunities were mingled with threats against all who opposed him, and virulent abuse of young Andrew Burke, who seemed the object of his especial

hatred. Mary was much alarmed, lest the unfortunate man should meet with her lover; and after bearing, for nearly a week, his intolerable conduct, Mrs. Leigh seriously urged her husband to apply to some magistrate, and have old Jack Skelton put under some restraint as a madman.

"He won't trouble you any more, I fancy, my good wife," said Robin Leigh, with a smile. "Yesterday evening he fell upon Andrew somewhat hardly with his tongue, in the presence of all the cricketers' club; and Andrew took and threw him into the dirty ditch that runs behind the church, telling him to take that as a warning of what he might expect, if he did not behave himself. I think it was warning enough; for he slunk away without saying another word. Andrew would not tell you or Mary, because he thought it would frighten you both. But I think Jack has had enough of it, and will keep out of the way for some time to come."

Certain it is, he did so. During the next four days, nothing more was seen of Jack Skelton; but then he appeared again, and began to hover round the cottage as before. Mrs. Leigh was more alarmed than ever, and Robin began to show signs of considerable uneasiness. He grew grave, thoughtful; and said, at length, he would certainly go to a magistrate. There had hardly ever been anxious faces in that cottage before. But now gloom and perplexity seemed to communicate itself to every one who entered the doors.

One Monday morning, Andrew Burke, after having passed the latter part of the Sunday evening with his sweetheart and her family, and walked back to his own

house, accompanied part of the way by her father, came to the cottage somewhat earlier than usual, but with any thing but his usual cheerful spirits, and frank, unconcerned air. Robin Leigh went out with him, after he had staid about an hour; but did not go far, and he seemed little less gloomy and annoyed than the young lover. The latter returned just towards evening close, and his spirits seemed somewhat lighter. Yet it struck Mary that he made an effort to appear light and cheerful. She was of a very loving, and a somewhat anxious heart. Her fears were aroused, and she watched his countenance and his manner eagerly. Nevertheless, she could not satisfy herself, though she stood beside him for near a quarter of an hour at the door of the cottage, watching the sun go down amidst large masses of resplendent clouds. At length her father came and stood beside them, with his hat on, gazing also at the sky, and then saying he must go down to the village, left Mary and her lover with her mother. About half an hour passed in quiet chat, and then the little garden gate was heard to swing upon its hinges, and a step sounded upon the path.

"I hope that is not Jack Skelton again," said Mrs. Leigh.

"No, no; it is not he," answered Andrew Burke, with a wild and gloomy look, which neither Mary nor her mother had ever seen upon his face before. But they had not much time to observe him; for the latch was lifted sharply, and the door thrown suddenly open. Two men came in, without pause or ceremony, of whom one was the village constable; the other a man from a town some four miles off.

"You are my prisoner, master Andrew," said the constable, laying his hand upon the young man's shoulder. "This is a bad business, sir; there is the coroner's warrant."

"For what? for what?" cried Mary, gazing with horror in the man's face.

"For the murder of Mr. Skelton, Miss Mary," replied the constable. "I am very sorry for it; but it can't be helped."

Whether he meant the murder, or the suspicion against Andrew Burke, or his having to apprehend him, none but himself could say.

In the mean while, the poor young man stood as one stupefied, and only replied by four words when he heard the charge; "I never murdered him," he said. But there was a frightful expression on his countenance, a look rather of horror and consternation than of surprise, which told against him with the constable and his assistant, whatever it might do with Mary and her mother.

"If you'd take my advice, master Andrew," said the constable, "you would say nothing at all till you've seen a lawyer. The inquest has been sitting since five o'clock to-night, and when the evidence began to go against you, they sent for you to your house, but you could not be found, which may be was lucky; for many a man commits himself at an inquest, before he thinks what he is saying. Howsoever, they went on with the inquiry, and brought it in wilful murder against Andrew Burke: so I am afraid I must put these on you;" and he brought forth a pair of handcuffs from his pocket.

"Oh, no, no. For God's sake do not do that; I will go with you as quietly as a lamb."

"Upon your honor," asked the constable; "without trying to escape?"

"Upon my honor," replied Andrew Burke, earnestly.

The constable looked at the man who was with him, and received in reply, with a nod of the head, the words, "He'll come, he'll come."

"Mary," said Andrew, turning to the poor girl who was to have been his bride. But Mary was seated in a chair, and her mother kneeling before her, supporting her head, which had fallen forward.

"She has fainted!" said Mrs. Leigh. "She has fainted! Go, Andrew, go—better go before she rouses up. When she comes to herself she will know that you did not do it—that you could not do it—that you are not a man to murder any one."

"*She* will do me justice, I do believe, whatever others may do," replied Andrew Burke; and pressing one kiss upon her brow, which was as cold as death, he walked away towards the prison.

It were painful to dwell upon all that happened that night in the cottage of the Leighs—to tell the anguish of Robin Leigh when he came back and heard what had occurred. He had loved young Andrew Burke as a son, and whatever was in his thoughts, it shook him terribly. Mary had been restored to consciousness before her father's return, and with the recovery of reason, she recovered confidence also. Something within her, more powerful than argument, more convincing than any external evidence, told her that Andrew Burke could not be guilty. Mrs. Leigh, too, firmly believed

him innocent, till she saw the effect which the intelligence of his arrest produced upon her husband. But his look and manner made her tremble. It seemed clear to her that Robin Leigh believed him guilty—guilty of the act, whatever circumstances might exist to palliate it. The first effect of the news was to turn him deadly pale, and he sat down in a chair and gasped for breath. Very little did he say, even to comfort his wife and daughter. But that did not so much surprise them—for he was naturally taciturn, especially under strong emotions—but the painfully anxious look of his face, the thoughtful eye fixed upon vacancy, the frequent moving from place to place, all this was terrible to Mrs. Leigh, and to poor Mary, on whose mind the same conviction of her father's opinion forced itself at length, as that which his first look had conveyed to her mother. In terror and bewilderment, she asked herself, "Could Andrew have done it? Could he, in a moment of ungovernable irritation, have struck a blow which proved fatal?"

She could not bear it long; and, at length, as the clock struck ten, their usual hour of repose, she laid her hands upon her father's arm, saying, in a low, earnest tone, "Oh, father! do you really think him guilty?"

Robin Leigh started, and answered hurriedly, "No, no, my child. I hope—I believe—I am quite sure he is not guilty—not guilty of murder."

But his looks contradicted his words, and bursting into tears, Mary retired, to weep the night out in her own chamber. During the greater part of that live-long night, she heard her father's steps pacing up and down the little room below.

Tidings poured into the cottage on the following morning. First came an account of all the evidence brought forward at the coroner's inquest. It was on the Monday night, as I have said, that Andrew Burke was apprehended, and old Jack Skelton, as he was called, had been seen by many persons, wandering about, not far from the Leigh's cottage, till nearly dusk. He did not return, however, that night to his own house, which was at the distance of about two miles and a half from the cottage, in the direction of the wood, but a little to the westward of it, where the cultivated ground encroached upon the common. His servants were alarmed; for his eccentricities had been sufficiently apparent to cause considerable apprehension. Search was made for him early on the Monday morning; the banks of a large pond in the neighborhood were examined carefully; but no trace even of fresh footsteps could be distinguished. Two men were then sent off towards the village, to make inquiries there, and also at Robin Leigh's cottage; but they were stopped before they reached either, by observing what they judged the marks of a struggle on the road. The footsteps of two persons, sometimes close together, sometimes a little apart, sometimes mingling, and pressed upon one another, were clearly to be seen in the soft sand. The men stopped to examine this spot, and from it they traced the marks on to the grass. There they found a pool of blood, and the grass pressed down, as if some heavy body had lain upon it for some time. The soil was light, the herbage there thin and scanty, and without difficulty they tracked the steps of one person from that spot to the line where the gorse began

upon the common. Some of the footsteps were perfectly plain and deeply indented; some were nearly effaced by a long scraping trail, as if something heavy had been dragged along by the person whose feet had left the marks. On the edge of the gorse, they found a fragment of cloth, and the man who first saw it exclaimed at once, "That's a bit of Master Skelton's coat!" This led them on, and searching through the thick, high gorse, they found, at no great distance, the dead body of him they sought for, with a deep wound in the temple which had fractured the skull. They were both of them shrewd fellows, and returning the same way they had come, they examined once more the foot-prints, which they had taken care not to efface by their own. Near the spot, too, where Jack Skelton had evidently fallen, they found an indentation in the bloody ground, and at a little distance, the mark of the toe of a boot, as if some one had knelt on one knee, to raise the corpse from the spot on which it had fallen.

All this was treasured up; officers were sent for; the foot-marks accurately measured; and a coroner's jury empannelled as soon as possible. Much irrelevant nonsense was, as usual, given in evidence, and listened to with attention; but that which bore upon the question was as follows:

A man, who had ridden from a town some nine miles off, where he acted as organist, deposed, that he reached the edge of the common just as the sun was down. He came under the wooded hill I have spoken of, and there passed Andrew Burke, sauntering along, with a thick stick in his hand. He was walking in the direc-

tion of the Leigh's cottage, the same in which the deponent was riding. About a mile farther on, just at the spot where the first struggle seemed to have taken place, he saw Jack Skelton sitting by the road-side. It was now night; but the night was clear, and the unfortunate man recognized him, and called after him, asking if he were riding to the devil. He thought he saw another man, he said, on the common, at some distance, but could not be quite sure, and he saw no one else till he reached his house but Mr. Leigh standing at his own door. The quarrel between Jack Skelton and young Andrew Burke was remembered by everybody present, and as it seemed that suspicion might turn upon him, the coroner sent a messenger, to request him to attend. The messenger did not find the young farmer, and he somewhat exceeded his commission; for not only did he require a hind and a woman servant, who were on the premises, to attend immediately before the coronor, but he examined several rooms in the house, and brought away with him a boot, on the toe of which he thought he discovered blood, a pair of trowsers, one knee of which had evidently been recently washed, and a thick, knotted stick, which a surgeon was found to declare might very well have inflicted the wound on the temple of the dead man. The boot, on being examined and measured, corresponded exactly with the foot-prints found near the place of Jack Skelton's death, and the hind and the maid-servant testified that their young master had not returned till near ten o'clock at night, and that when he came in, he was deadly pale and considerably agitated.

"Did you see any thing upon his knee?" de-

manded the coroner, addressing the woman servant.

She hesitated, and turned red, and then stammered forth some indistinct words, which only made the crown officer repeat his question, in a more stern and decided manner. "Did you see any thing upon his knee, girl?" he asked, adding, "That is quite plain enough, I think."

"Why, sir, one knee did look a little dirty," answered the girl.

"What color was it?" asked the coroner. "This cloth is light gray. The color of a stain must have been distinct enough."

"It looked somewhat reddish," answered the servant, now very pale. "But my young master seemed so very strange, and scared like, that I put down the candle, and left the room directly."

The coroner instantly whispered his clerk to make out a warrant against Andrew Burke, yeoman; but he kept it beside him unsigned till the jury had returned their verdict, to which he took care to give that direction that his own mind had taken.

Such was the tenor of the first news which reached the cottage of Robin Leigh, and one way or another, it found its way to Mary's ears. Then came the intelligence that a glove had been found amongst the gorse bushes, close by the spot where the dead body had lain, that it was stained with blood, that it was identified as the glove of Andrew Burke, and that its fellow right-hand glove had been found in Andrew's house. Then it appeared that the hat of Jack Skelton, which was not found with the body, had been discovered in a small

pool upon the common, lying in a direct line from the place where the body was found towards the house of Andrew Burke, while at several places along that line foot-prints were distinct, exactly corresponding with the boots of the young farmer. Moreover, a man who cut turf upon the common, and often on a Sunday evening went out to see the little stacks he had raised, deposed, that about ten o'clock of the fatal night, he had seen a man, who he was quite sure was Andrew Burke, walking rapidly along in that very same direction, with something in his hand, which might be a hat. He had spoken to him, he said ; but the other had taken no notice, and walked on.

All the neighbors knew well the relations existing between Andrew Burke and Mary Leigh, and with that kindly consideration for the feelings of others, which is so usually shown in small societies, each person hurried up with his tale, as soon as any thing fresh was discovered, to comfort poor Mary with fresh evidence of her lover's guilt.

Strange to say, though shaken and overpowered at first, Mary recovered—ay, rapidly recovered her calmness—not entirely, perhaps—perhaps more externally than internally—but sufficiently to surprise her mother very greatly. Robin himself was absent all the day, and Mrs. Leigh easily was led to believe that he was in the county town, inquiring into the truth of the matter, although he had expressed no intention of going thither. He returned about four o'clock, looking pale, haggard, and wretched, and Mary, approaching him at once, took his hands in hers, saying, "What news, father? Is there any comfort?"

Robin Leigh shook his head very sorrowfully, saying, "None—none. The word has gone forth, 'Thou shalt surely die!'"

Mary cast her eyes down upon the ground, and there was a look, not of bitterness, but of sternness, came upon her gentle face, to see which there was very strange. At length, she looked up in her father's face, and said, with a voice as calm and sweet as ever, but very distinct and earnest, "I will go to him, my father. I will ask him to tell me every thing that has happened; to speak the plain, simple truth, as it has ever been spoken between Andrew Burke and Mary Leigh; for I am strong in his innocence of purpose, firm in the belief that there was no criminal design—I will go to him, my father—I will go alone."

At the first announcement of her purpose, Robin Leigh had given a sudden start, as if it surprised him much; but then he cast his eyes upon the ground, thought for a moment, and answered, in an absent way, "Do—do—I cannot."

Mary would fain have gone that night; but Mrs. Leigh represented to her the distance—that there were rules and regulations to be complied with—that a magistrate's order might be needed; and finally it was determined that Mary should proceed to the prison the next day.

I will not dwell upon the difficulties or the impediments, though how they occurred, and how Mary, with sweet perseverance, vanquished them, might afford matter of no light interest. But we will change the scene to the cell of Andrew Burke.

He was sitting alone, after a night of sleepless an-

guish. There were light fetters upon his limbs ; for such was the prison regulation. His face had become very pale, his fine brown hair was wild and dishevelled. The expression of his countenance was altogether altered. It was hard to conceive how a single night could work such a change in a young, strong man. It skills not to look into his thoughts. They must have been bitter indeed, so to have furrowed his brow and blanched his cheek, and rendered his eye haggard and his lip pale.

A jailer opened the door, who knew Mary Leigh—indeed, most people in the neighborhood knew her ; for she was a beauty in those parts—the cynosure of neighboring eyes—and he simply said, “ Master Andrew, here is Miss Mary come to see you.”

The next moment, Mary was in his arms. She minded not the rattle of the chains, but she clung there to his bosom, and she wept and kissed him with a fond affection that nothing shakes. It was a terrible and agitating meeting. But they grew calmer after a time ; and Mary, seated beside him, asked him that question which has given rise to one exquisitely beautiful picture—“ Are you guilty ?”

Andrew Burke turned not away his head—averted not his eye ; but gazing almost reproachfully at her, clasped his shackled hands together, and answered, “ No ! so help me God !”

“ I knew it,” said Mary—“ I knew it !” The words were spoken very low, as if but a comment to herself, and the next moment, she said, “ But, Andrew—a chance blow, in self-defence—without guilt—without intention—might—”

“ No, no, no !” he cried, vehemently. “ I never saw

him living after I pushed him into the ditch, when he insulted me, near a week ago."

Every perception of Mary's mind seemed to be quickened and rendered more acute, and she caught at the word living, saying, "You never saw him living! Then, did you see him dead, Andrew?"

Andrew Burke cast down his eyes upon the ground, and remained silent. But after waiting a moment, Mary proceeded, saying, "There were prints of your boots upon the ground, Andrew. Your glove was found near at hand. You were seen coming towards the spot. You were seen going away from it. Oh, speak the whole truth! Let no consideration stop you. Tell every thing that happened. Trust to God for the protection of your innocence, and by the plain verity, put all false suspicions down."

Andrew Burke still remained silent for more than a minute. Then wringing her hands hard in his, he gazed at her with a strange, indescribable look, saying, "You know not—you cannot tell—you are incapable of judging, Mary. Tell your father what I have said—ask him what I ought to do."

"But you have said nothing, Andrew," she answered. "You have given me no light."

Nothing more could she wring from him, however; and when at length she left him, it was with a sad, a sorrowful, and an apprehensive heart.

Mary Leigh did not doubt him—not in the least. Though she saw that there was something concealed, she was sure that it was not guilt. But there was a dread and terror upon her mind lest that very concealment should act upon the minds of others in a way that

it did not act upon her own mind—that it should produce the impression of guilt where guilt did not exist; and she pondered, and paused, and asked herself what she could do, as she walked lonely through the streets of the little town, and out into the country beyond. She was a simple-minded, inexperienced girl; but earnestness often works wonders, and she was of a very earnest mind and character. She had heard that the nominal prosecutor of Andrew Burke, in the present instance, would be William Skelton, the nephew of the dead man. He was a shy, timid youth, of about two-and-twenty years of age, of an amiable disposition, though extremely reserved in his manners, and she determined to go to him, without any very clear or definite notion of what she could effect by so doing, but with a vague hope of effecting something.

Fortune favored her, or the poor girl would have had a long walk of it; for his uncle's house, where he always resided, was two miles beyond her father's cottage, and the cottage itself was four miles from the town which contained the jail. But she was hardly clear of the cottages which had gathered around the town, when she saw young William Skelton advancing towards her, with a wavering sort of unsteady step, his eyes bent upon the ground, and his hat thrust far over his brows. He looked very sad indeed, and did not see her till they were near together; but when he did, he gave a sudden sort of start, seemed almost bewildered, and stood right in the way for a moment without speaking. Then, however, he took her hand, saying, in a kindly tone, "Ah, Miss Leigh, I am glad to see you. I was thinking of you just then, and how

sorry I was for all this terrible business. Indeed, I am very, very sorry."

"I was coming away to see you, Mr. Skelton," said Mary, at once, though she shook terribly. "I have just been with poor Andrew, and they tell me you are to prosecute him."

"What can I do?" he said. "They tell me I must prosecute him."

"But you do not believe him guilty?" asked Mary, earnestly. "He is not guilty—indeed, he is not guilty."

The young man remained silent for a whole minute, leaving her under the impression he certainly did look upon her lover as the perpetrator of the murder. But then he said suddenly, in a strong, unhesitating voice, "Oh, no, I am sure he is not guilty."

"Then of course you will not prosecute a man you believe to be innocent," said Mary, in her ignorance of our excellent laws.

"They tell me I must, whether I like it or not," replied William Skelton, who was nearly as ignorant as herself; and then he fell into thought again, while the long-repressed tears fell fast over Mary's face.

He saw them, even while he continued wrapt in thought, and at length, looking at her gently and kindly, he said, "Ask your father, Miss Leigh—ask your father what ought to be done. I am sure I don't know. I would do any thing, upon my life, to save you pain; but which way to turn, I do not know, for one side is as bad as the other—ask your father."

Thus saying, he walked away, and she proceeded, weary and faint of heart, back to that pretty cottage,

with its roses and its vines. How sad and desolate it looked to her then ! when between the long walk to the prison, and a long walk back, the impediments she had met with, and the time spent in conversation, it was now evening, and she certainly expected to find her father in the house. It had never struck her as strange that her father did not accompany her ; but it did strike her strange when she found that he was not waiting for her return. She thought he would be so anxious to hear all she might have to tell. Her mother was within ; for Mrs. Leigh had hurt her foot, and was unable to walk further than across the room, and to her tender ear Mary poured forth the whole of her little tale, before her father returned, just after sunset. Robin Leigh seemed very little disposed to question her. He had apparently given up all hope ; and sat, mournful and taciturn, by the side of the table till it was laid for tea. Then they drew their chairs around ; but it was a sad meal. No one could eat ; and, at length, Mrs. Leigh observed, " You won't have much time to consider, Mary. The night is going by. Tell your father all that has happened. Tell him what William Skelton said—though I am sure how you can advise or do any thing, Robin, I do not know."

Robin Leigh sat silent, with a dull and death-like silence that seemed strange and awful both to his wife and child. Mary hesitated for a moment, and gazed upon her father's pale face, as the candle shed a sort of ghastly light upon it half shaded by his hand ; but there was a terrible interest at stake, and at last she spoke. She told him of Andrew's profession of innocence, and of the strange expressions with which it was

accompanied, repeating his words, "Ask your father what I ought to do." And then she told him of her interview with William Skelton, and how strangely his words had echoed those of her lover. "Ask your father—ask your father!" had been the burden of the reply of each.

"Was it not strange, my dear father?" said Mary, earnestly and mournfully.

Robin Leigh started up from his chair, and threw his arms wildly abroad. "It will out!" he cried. "It will out! Ask your father—ask your father! If men's tongues did not speak it, stocks and stones would cry out. What is to be done? Go, child—go—go to Squire Haines, and tell him I did it—tell him I killed the man. Tell him all—tell him the truth—save Andrew, and let me take my chance!"

Then casting himself into his seat again, he covered his eyes with his hands, and burst into a passion of tears. "Save Andrew!" he murmured to himself. "Ay, there's the worst of it—there's the bait the devil has thrown in my way—there has been the temptation to hold my tongue, and let him suffer. Harkee, Mary—come hither, my child. Don't hate me, as I hate myself. I have murdered Andrew, too! By my stupidity, and my folly, and my fears, I have killed all three—the madman, and Andrew, and myself. Had it not been for that, I would have told you all at once; for if you go, or I go, or any one goes and tells who it really was that killed the man, Andrew is still an accessory, and they will hang him too. He came up, and found me staring, like Cain, at what I had done. How long I had been, I do not know; for it seemed as

if I were turned into stone. But when a living creature came near me—one whom I knew—my first thought was, to get rid of the sight—to hide the deed. I persuaded him to take up the body ; to drag it away amongst the gorse ; and while he was doing so, it seemed as if I revived again from my trance, and a world of wild thoughts came rushing on me. I first thought that I would go and throw myself into the pond ; but then another devil seemed to take possession of me, and to change me altogether. From that moment, to the time Andrew was taken, I thought of only one thing—how I could conceal what I had done. For those four-and-twenty hours, I walked about acting a lie. When he was taken, however, then came the punishment. He did it for love of you, Mary ; and he will die for it, whether I die too or not.”

When he had called her to him, Mary had sprung forward at once, knelt at his feet, and thrown her arms around his knees, hiding her ghastly face upon them. But she uttered not a word ; whatever he had done he was her father still. Mrs. Leigh sat gazing in his face, with the under jaw fallen, like that of a corpse, and murmuring from time to time in tones hardly audible, “Oh, Robin, Robin!” No words can tell what was in those two women’s hearts.

Suddenly, however, Mary started up, with a wild look, exclaiming, “Hark ! There is a step.”

It was fancy deceived her ; and after listening for a moment, she cried, “Fly, my dear father, fly !—no one can tell what may happen—Andrew may not have constancy to resist. The love of life is very strong. He

may think to save himself. Fly—fly while yet there is no suspicion upon you.”

She paused for a minute or two, and then added, “And, oh, my dear father, when you are safe, and beyond pursuit, do what you can to save poor Andrew! Write to the judge. Tell him you did it. Tell him all how it was done; and say as little about Andrew as possible. Think of your poor Mary. If he dies the death of a felon, Mary dies too—I know it—I feel it. Save him—save us both, if you can; but first save yourself.”

“Oh, yes, Robin, fly, fly,” said Mrs. Leigh, with a ray of hope dawning upon her. “Go at once. You can be twenty miles distant before morning.”

Robin Leigh gazed at his wife, and at his child, and strange changes of expression came over his countenance. There was first an eager look, as if of hope; and then a deep, gloomy, melancholy look, like that of despair; but gradually, through that dark, sombre shadow, like the blue sky breaking through a thunder-cloud, came a lofty, elevated expression, stern and sad perhaps, but noble and grand. He laid his hand upon Mary’s shoulder, and after looking up towards heaven for a moment, he said, in a deep, but perfectly calm tone, “Thy thought is a good one, my child; who could have fancied there was such courage and such sense in a young girl like thee. I will go. God bless thee, my child—God bless thee, my dear wife—I will go.”

“But money, Robin; you want money, and clothes,” said Mrs. Leigh. “I will fetch the bag of sovereigns out of the box, and put up your things in a minute.”

“Ha; I forgot,” said Robin Leigh, absently. “A

little money I must have, and two or three shirts. That is all I shall need. I cannot carry much;" and while Mrs. Leigh went into another room, as fast as her lameness would let her, he sank down into a chair again, fixed his eyes upon the floor, and fell into deep thought. Mary, after a moment, advanced quietly towards him, with doubt and fear in her heart, and laying her hand upon his arm, she said, in a low and anxious tone, "What do you meditate, father?"

"Nothing," cried Robin Leigh, with a start. "Nothing, my dear Mary. Your thought is a good one. I will go. 'Tis very hard to part with all we love; but I will go."

He took a portion of the money which Mrs. Leigh brought him, carefully retied the handkerchief in which she had enveloped the shirts, and then kissing his wife and daughter tenderly, went out of his cottage door without a tear. Mary and her mother clung to each other, weeping bitterly; and the sound of the falling latch was a knife to the heart of each. When Robin Leigh had closed the door, he looked up to the sky, where the many stars were shining brightly, and he murmured to himself, "Shall a young, tender girl have such a heart, and I be a coward?"

The next day, there appeared in the county paper, a paragraph headed: "Curious revelation regarding the murder near B——." It went on to state that about half-past nine on the preceding night, Robert Leigh, a yeoman in comfortable circumstances, and highly respected and beloved by all who knew him, had presented himself before James Haines, Esq., J. P., and voluntarily accused himself of the murder of the late

Mr. Skelton, whose horrible death had lately caused such a sensation in the neighborhood. "At first," continued the journal, "the man's excellent character, and high respectability, induced Mr. Haines to believe that he took the offence upon himself, either under the influence of some temporary hallucination, or from a desire to screen young Andrew Burke, who, as is generally known, was about to be married to his daughter. The man persisted in his story, however, and the following curious dialogue took place between the magistrate and the self-constituted prisoner :

"Mr. Haines.—'Pray, Mr. Leigh, consider well what you are doing. You could have no cause of enmity whatever, that I can conceive, against poor Mr. Skelton.'

"Robert Leigh.—'None whatever. But I killed him, nevertheless.'

"Mr. Haines.—'The evidence against Andrew Burke is exceedingly strong ; and enmity, even to blows, is proved to have existed between him and the deceased.'

"Prisoner.—'That is the way you learned gentlemen often deceive yourselves. Andrew had nothing to do with it, whatever. He must have been quite far off when it happened. I did it ; and I alone.'

"Mr. Haines.—'Well, if you persist, I am ready to take down any statement you may think fit to make. Relate, if you please, how it happened.'

"Prisoner.—'I had sauntered out from my house, along the road to B——, thinking to meet Andrew, who I knew had gone there. I had seen old Jack Skelton hanging about the place, and wished to prevent a fresh quarrel between Andrew and him, about my

daughter. When I had gone more than a mile, and just in the dusk of the evening, I saw Skelton sitting by the roadside, and I said to him, civilly, 'I wish you would go home, Mr. Skelton, and not be hanging about this place. You have caused a great deal of annoyance and discomfort in my family, and it is not right of you.' The last words were hardly out of my mouth, when he jumped up, and sprang at me like a tiger, saying, that I had set Andrew Burke on to beat him. He got both his hands upon my throat, and scratched me here in the neck, where you may see the prints of his nails. I thought he would have strangled me. I am twice as strong a man as he was; but I don't know how it was, that night I felt quite overmatched. I seemed but a baby to him. We struggled a good bit upon the road, and with much ado, I shook him off. He drew back a bit, as if to make a fresh spring at me, and I stooped down, and took up a large stone, running back when he made his rush over the turf, and telling him, half angry, half terrified, I would knock his brains out if he handled me so again. Nothing stopped him; and he got me by the throat once more, twisting my handkerchief round and round; and then I struck him on the side of the head with the stone. He held on for a minute, and then let go, and tumbled over, as dead as the stone with which I struck him. That is the whole story, and I will swear to the truth of every word of it.'

"Mr. Haines.—'Well, sir, I am obliged of course to receive your confession. But pray how do you explain the extraordinary train of circumstances which seem to fix the guilt of this act, or at least a participation in it, upon young Andrew Burke?'"

“Prisoner (after a moment’s consideration).—‘I have nothing to do with that. All I know is, that the deed was all my own. He had nothing to do with it. I hear they want to make out that he killed him with a thick stick. There was no need of any more blows after I struck him, and that was done with a large stone. You can find it, I dare say, if you look for it. I pitched it in amongst the furze bushes, just a little way from where he fell. I could not have thrown it ten yards; and there must be blood upon it, I should think, though I don’t know; for none came upon my hand.’

“The prisoner’s deposition was then read over to him, and he was placed in the hands of the constables, who conveyed him to the jail of this town, where he now lies. An exact examination of the scene of the murder was made at an early hour this morning, and at the distance of about ten yards from the spot where the fatal deed was done, a large stone, such as the prisoner described, and weighing not less than nine or ten pounds, was found amongst the gorse. It has a sharp, rugged protuberance on one side, which has a good deal of blood upon it, and some gray hair. Thus far the prisoner’s statement is confirmed; but we are sorry to say that there is much cause for believing that the act might not be purely done in self-defence, inasmuch as it has been discovered that on the day preceding the murder, the unfortunate John Skelton had commenced an action against Mr. Leigh for the purpose of ejecting him from the cottage, which he had so long occupied on the common. It would appear not improbable also, that Andrew Burke participated in the murder, as the measurements of Mr. Leigh’s shoes do not at all cor-

respond with the foot-prints from the spot where the fatal event occurred to that where the body was found. We do not at all wish to prejudge the case, or to prejudice the minds of our readers; but merely state our own impressions at the first view."

Such was the statement of the county paper, regarding the conduct of Robin Leigh. A bald, cold narrative of facts is all that a public journal can be desired or expected to give respecting any of those events which cause temporary commotion in the dull, stagnant world. It cannot trace—no eye but that of God can trace—the manifold thrilling emotions, the deep interests, the keen pangs, the long heart-aches, the violent passions, the anguish, the misery, the woe, or the joy, the happiness, the relief, which any of the events thus dryly chronicled give rise to in a thousand bosoms round.

Oh, the anguish of the next six weeks to those who dwelt in that pleasant little cottage on the common! It is in vain to attempt a description. It was indescribable. They knew little of the case; they inquired little. All they knew was, that the father and the lover were both detained in prison, to be tried for murder; the one as principal, the other as accessory. Robin Leigh adhered to the story he had told with perfect accuracy, never varying in the least particular, but he would say no more; he would give no further explanations; and while the fact of the action commenced against him by Skelton told hard against him, although he declared solemnly he had never heard of it till he was in prison, his taciturnity respecting the dragging of the body to the spot where it was found, was highly

detrimental to Andrew Burke. Imagination, which has more to do with law cases than people suppose, provided a motive for the murder, colored many of the circumstances, and represented the attempt to conceal the act as a clear proof of conscious guilt. "If he had killed him in self-defence," men said, "he would, of course, have gone at once to some magistrate, and stated the whole particulars." Oh, how many men have been judicially butchered by the hard generalizations of judges and jurors, incapable of comprehending the manifold phases of human nature. Such was very likely to be the case with Robin Leigh and Andrew Burke; and men who knew courts of criminal law well shook the grave head, and said they would both be hanged.

The wife and daughter wept and trembled; and few there were to console them. Some came, indeed, and offered consolation, such as it was. But there was always a drop of bitterness in it. The only one who really afforded them substantial consolation was he from whom they had the least right to expect it. William Skelton would come often, and sit in the cottage by the hour. He seemed to have little object, and would remain gazing upon the floor, with his hands upon his knees, saying hardly any thing. But then what he did say was always hopeful. "Don't be downcast, Mrs. Leigh," he would say: "I am quite sure all your husband told was true. My poor uncle was very mad, and had been more or less mad from the day he saw farmer Burke fall down dead. It gave him a turn like. Oh, yes, he was mad enough to try and strangle a friend just as soon as an enemy. He tried to kill me

one night." At other times, he would say, "Don't be downcast, Mary,"—that was his favorite expression—"Andrew won't be condemned, depend upon it. Your father's story is true, and truth must prevail."

"Not always, Mr. Skelton," said Mary, sadly. "I should like to know what the lawyers think; but they won't tell us; and my father, who sees them often, I can see, has little hope of people believing that it was done in self-defence."

"Well, I will go and ask them what they think, and get it out of them," said William Skelton. "They'll tell me, perhaps."

This occurred a few days before the trial; and he went away to the county town, according to his promise. The intelligence he brought back was somewhat comforting. "The lawyers," he said, in his quiet way, "thought they should get both the prisoners off;" and there he would have stopped, but Mary was anxious to hear the best and the worst of the case—what the men of law thought would go most against her father and her lover—what circumstances were likely to produce an impression in their favor.

William Skelton was not good at explanations; and his account was a very confused one; but she gathered from it, that the appearance of a motive in the ejectment suit, the concealment of the dead body in the gorse, and the silence of her father as to the whole transaction, till Andrew Burke's life had been placed in danger, together with the evident traces of two persons having been engaged in the fatal transaction, and Mr. Leigh's stubborn silence as to the second, were the worst points in the case against both. The only favor-

able point she could discover were the general good character of her father and her lover, the simple straightforwardness of Mr. Leigh's statement up to a certain point, the absence of all proof that he knew of a suit having been commenced against him by Skelton, and the fact of the latter's violent insanity, which his own nephew and many others could prove.

It was an unfortunate, and might be a fatal circumstance, however, that there was no one who had witnessed the transaction to corroborate Mr. Leigh's statement, and to testify to all those small particulars which, in the nicety of our laws, make out the bounds between murder and justifiable homicide.

The day of trial at length came. This was the principal case at the assizes; and the court was uncommonly crowded. Mrs. Leigh hesitated, and changed her mind often, as to whether she would be present or not; but as the hour approached, her strength and her courage both failed, and she passed the hours of anguish at the inn. Mary hesitated not for a moment. Though very grave, she seemed profoundly calm; and was in the court early. The officers were very kind to her, and took care that she should be seated where she could see the prisoners, and give them the support of loving looks.

I need not dwell upon all that occurred. The evidence for the prosecution was strong. The lawyers for the Crown handled it well, protested that they sought nothing but justice, and yet mingled a little professional vanity with their proceedings, doing the best they could to convict, without any very flagrant breach of justice. Great stress was laid upon the disputes which

had existed between Robert Leigh, Andrew Burke, and the dead man. The acrimonious feeling existing was strongly dwelt upon, and certainly made the most of; and then it was shown that, by some possibility, Robert Leigh might have heard of the commencement of the suit of action of ejectment. He was known to be acquainted with the clerks of Mr. Skelton's lawyer. He had been in the village where they lived on the Saturday night. It was quite possible, in short, that he might have heard the fact. From his own confession, the lawyers inferred that he had agreed to meet Andrew Burke on the common that night, when he knew that Mr. Skelton was wandering about there, and on the road to that gentleman's house, where he was likely to pass. Then came the fatal act, the concealment of the body, the traces of Andrew Burke's footsteps, the finding of his glove, and the stain on the knee of his trousers, with a number of corroborative facts, of no great importance individually, but weighty when taken together. In a word, they made a very good case of it. The judge yawned heartily, as if the thing were all settled, and the jury looked exceedingly grave.

Andrew Burke was evidently a good deal agitated; but Robert Leigh, though his face was stern and sad, was perfectly calm.

Mary's eyes ran from the face of her father to that of her lover, and thence to two gentlemen of the robe engaged as their counsel. The expression of her father's countenance alarmed her more than that of Andrew's. She could see that all the hopes of earth were gone; but in the faces of the counsel, there was something that cheered her. It was a confident look—a look of assu-

rance. She knew them to be men of ability, and when the senior counsel rose, it was with such an air of ease and indifference, she could not believe that he had any great weight upon his mind.

"My lord," he said, addressing the judge; "we shall not detain the court long with this case, unless it be the wish of your lordship, and the gentlemen of the jury, to hear evidence as to the previous history and character of the innocent prisoners at the bar. We have here a long list of witnesses in their favor." And he held up a paper covered with names. "But we believe there is not one gentleman in that box who is not aware, from his own personal knowledge, that there are not living two more amiable, upright, honorable men, than Robert Leigh and Andrew Burke. The whole course of their lives is known to every one, and we defy the world to produce one instance of a cruel, unkind, or dishonest act upon the part of either. I am not going to make a speech, my lord, either now, or hereafter; for the prisoners, in reality, require no defence. I only rise to inquire whether the court judges it necessary that we should occupy its time with all this evidence as to character. If not, we shall only call a single witness."

"You must act upon your own judgment," replied the judge. "The court is ready to give patient attention to any thing you may adduce."

"Well then," said the counsel, "I will at once call a near relation of the deceased; namely, William Skelton."

William Skelton appeared immediately in the witness-box, pale, and very much agitated. Had he been left to tell his own story, he might, perhaps, have hanged half the friends he had upon earth; for a frightened

witness is generally the worst witness in the world. But he was skilfully handled by the counsel, who asked, "Did you know the late Mr. John Skelton?"

"Yes, he was my uncle," replied the witness.

"During the last month or six weeks of his life, did you remark in his conduct and demeanor any symptoms of insanity?" demanded the barrister.

"He was as mad as a March hare," replied the young man.

"Did you ever see him commit any violent or outrageous act in this unhappy state of mind?" asked the counsel.

"No," answered the other, thoughtfully; and then added more quickly, "No, I never saw him, but I felt him."

"What do you mean by felt him?" was the next question.

"Why, he tried to strangle me in my neckhandkerchief," answered the young man. "It was in the parlor, south of the hall. He swore I had prevented his marriage with Mary Leigh; just because I wanted him dead to get his money; and he twisted my handkerchief round and round till I could hardly gasp. But I got away from him, out of the parlor door, turned the key in the lock, and ran down to sleep at the tavern; for I dared not go back again."

"When did you see him last alive?" asked the counsel.

"On the night he was killed; I can't just tell the hour," replied William Skelton. "It was just after sundown, however, not quite dark, but grayish."

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"Do you know the prisoners at the bar?" then demanded the counsel.

"To be sure; I know them quite well," replied the young man.

"Did you see either of them at the same time, when you last saw your uncle, John Skelton?" was the next question.

"Yes, I saw Mr. Leigh close by my uncle," said William Skelton.

"Have the goodness to describe what occurred," said the counsel, "as minutely and accurately as you can."

The young man looked about the court, and up to the ceiling, evidently a good deal puzzled as to how he should set to work, and there was a dead silence in the court for nearly a minute. At length he said, "Why, I saw them struggling. My uncle flew at Leigh's throat, and got him held tight, it seemed to me; for I said to myself, 'He's going to serve him the same as he served me.' Then Mr. Leigh got away from him, and I could see Leigh stoop down, and pick something up. Mr. Leigh kept running backward, well nigh to the edge of the gorse, but my uncle sprang at him again, like a wild-cat, and I could not see much of what happened, except that old John had got Leigh by the throat again, for they were so close together; till all of a sudden, my uncle fell flat down, and, I am sorry to say, I thought to myself, 'You have got what you deserve, old gentleman.' But you will recollect, sir, that I did not at all know he was killed: I only thought he was knocked down, and I dare say Mr. Leigh did not intend to do any more."

"What did you do then?" asked the counsel.

"Why, I went away to the tavern, as before,"

answered the young man, "and sat thinking what I had better do about my uncle's state of mind, and I determined to go up to a doctor in London, and ask him what should be done. So I set off by the coach, early on the Monday morning, and did not come down till the Tuesday; for I could not find the doctor; and most likely I should have staid another day, if it had not been that I saw, in the Evening Courier, an account of my uncle's death. By that time, Andrew Burke had been sent to prison."

"Pray, how was it," asked the counsel, anxious to take all strength out of a cross-examination—"pray, how was it, Mr. Skelton, that when you found Andrew Burke in prison, you did not at once give such information as would have exculpated him from the charge?"

The young man rubbed his head, and then answered, "I did come here, intending to see him, and talk to him about it; but I met Miss Leigh by the way. We had some conversation upon the business, and I advised her to ask her father what was to be done. I thought, after that, they would settle it amongst themselves, and I was afraid of making some blunder if I meddled; for I don't know much of law matters. I did not like to take the part of any one who had killed my uncle, although I knew quite well he did not want to kill him; and yet I did not like to see an innocent man punished. So I was puzzled till I came and told that gentleman the other day all I had seen;" and he pointed with his finger to the attorney for the defence.

"One question more, and I have done," said the counsel. "Pray, how came you upon the common at the hour mentioned?"

"I came on foot," replied the young man. "The fact is, I was uneasy about my uncle. I was afraid he would do himself, or somebody else, a mischief, and I used to watch him almost wherever he went. But as I did not like to come near him, I used to dodge him amongst the trees and bushes. At the time he was killed, I had been standing for full half an hour amongst the five fir-trees on the top of the barrow, and I saw Thomas Squiers, the organist, ride by on his pony while my uncle was sitting by the side of the road."

"Was Andrew Burke on the spot when your uncle was killed?" asked the counsel.

"I never saw him at all that night," replied the young man.

"I have done," said the barrister, and sat down.

The counsel for the Crown declined to cross-examine the witness; and the prisoners' lawyers said they had nothing further to say in the defence. "We think we have done enough," said the senior. The judge took up his notes; but the foreman of the jury rose, and said, "We think we need not trouble your lordship: we are perfectly agreed. Our verdict is 'Not Guilty' in regard to both the prisoners."

There was a slight commotion in one part of the court; but the judge was somewhat famous for making neat little speeches, and he did not lose the favorable opportunity of uttering a few well-chosen words and neatly-rounded sentences in regard to the prisoners quitting the dock without imputation, the necessity of men bridling their passions, the lamentable circumstances, etc., etc., etc. It is wonderful how often our

own petty vanity acts as an instrument of torture to others. The three minutes which he consumed in his address to the two men in the dock, were perhaps the most painful of the whole trial; for the eyes of both, after the verdict had been pronounced, were instantly turned to one part of the court; and they both perceived that a well-known and well-loved face had disappeared, and that a group of people, standing up, had gathered round the spot where Mary Leigh had sat.

They carried her to the inn, still fainting; for she had become insensible the moment the decisive words of the jury were uttered. But that was not the worst evil. Though so calm, and patient, and gentle, externally, the mind and its emotions had preyed upon the body—quietly—secretly; like miners beneath the walls of a fortress; and Mary Leigh was very ill at the time she reached the cottage on the common. Weeks passed before she could raise her head from the pillow; months went by before she recovered strength; and the glowing beauty of her youth never fully returned. A whole year elapsed before Andrew Burke called her his own. But then he pressed his faded flower to his heart, with love and affection all the stronger from the fiery trial they had gone through.

LINES

On the Burial of Mrs. Mary L. Ward, at Dale Cemetery, Sing Sing, on Tuesday, the
3d of May.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

THE knell was toll'd—the requiem sung,
The solemn burial-service read;
And tributes from the heart and tongue
Were rendered to the dead.

The dead?—Religion answers “No!
She is not dead—she cannot die!
A Christian left this vale of woe!
An angel lives on high!”

The earth upon her coffin-lid
Sounded a hollow, harsh adieu!
The mound arose, and she was hid
Forever from the view!

Forever?—Drearly the thought
Passed, like an ice-bolt, through the brain;
When Faith the recollection brought
That we shall meet again.

The mourners wound their silent way
Adown the mountain's gentle slope,
Which, basking in the smile of May,
Looked cheerfully as hope.

As hope?—What hope?—That boundless One
God in His love and mercy gave;
Which brightens, with salvation's sun,
The darkness of the grave.

THE LETTER OF INTRODUCTION.

BY F. SAUNDERS.

"FRIENDSHIP," says Cicero, "is the only thing in the world concerning the usefulness of which all mankind are agreed." It would be impossible to place too high an estimate upon it, or the blessings it confers upon society. It is the golden zone that encircles all in the social compact. It is the great soother of life's sorrows, and the well-spring of its joys: without its beneficent reign the human would soon be resolved into the brute, the world would become a desolation, and life itself an insupportable suffering. Thanks to Odd Fellowship, and the genial influences of progressive civilization, we live in a day when "Friendship, Love, and Truth"—the bright constellation of Hope—shed fragrant incense on the hearts of all.

But a truce to apostrophizing; and let us contemplate the interesting scene our artist has portrayed.

The Letter of Introduction, like that of the "Dis-training for Rent," owes its origin, most probably, to some unpleasant experiences of the painter's own, when, after leaving Scotland with a few letters to persons of small note, but greater pretensions, he first sought to obtain a footing in the great metropolis. He complains, in his journal, of the cold reception of some, the empty promises of others, so feelingly that we

might almost suppose he intended to wreak a pleasant revenge upon them in this picture, in which he turns his early mortifications to so rich an account. There is probably no one, at least in the working ranks of society, who cannot, from his own experience, in some degree appreciate the merits of this very characteristic composition. To a young man new from the country, especially, nothing can be more trying than the presenting a letter of introduction. His steps, so firm on his native fields, become timid as he approaches the town mansion. His awkward knock at the door betrays the novice; he quails at the searching, supercilious stare of the servant, and all remaining heart ebbs out at his fingers' ends as he approaches the dreaded sanctum of the great personage himself. Still he summons courage to present the letter; and here he stands, with all the self-possession he can muster, as Wilkie stood before him.

From his uneasy attitude, his downcast look, and an expression in which embarrassment and chagrin at the evident coolness of his reception struggle with manly pride, it would seem that nothing in the world could be so unpleasant as to be the deliverer of a letter of introduction; unless, indeed, to be the recipient of one. In this latter category is the selfish old man before us, who has evidently a natural horror of every thing that may intrude upon his time and ease, or tax his very limited stock of compulsory generosity.

It is evident that the old man wishes to escape from the unfortunate intruder, and can scarcely disguise his chagrin at his appearance sufficiently to be outwardly civil. Vexation is portrayed in his face.

Of all this the young man is painfully conscious. We see him dismissed with cold or formal delusive promises, and plausible smiles ; we see his burning cheek, and enter into his sinking of the heart, as the door closes behind him, of which he will never again, in all probability, cross the threshold.

The painter has finely contrasted the ruddy, open countenance of simple, trusting youth, with the cold, scrutinizing physiognomy of an experienced, suspicious worldling. This is a picture in which there is more than meets the eye. There is youth, full of hope, side by side with age chilled into selfishness. What a gulf appears between ! And yet how often does the former end sadly in the latter ! How do the experiences of years blunt the fine feelings, till age may well weep less for what Time takes away than for what he leaves behind !

All letters of introduction do not, however, prove thus inauspicious, for sometimes they are passports to friendship and fortune. In modern times, the frequency of these missives has yet greatly tended to lessen their value, and the courtly phrase of compliment has usurped the simple and honest expression of friendship. So equivocal in meaning, and of such doubtful utility have they at length become, that some prefer to dispense with them altogether. An instance of this occurred not many years ago, in Albany. A young man, on his arrival in that city in quest of employment, offered his services as porter. Being entirely unknown to the gentlemen of the establishment, they naturally asked if he had brought any letter of introduction with him. He admitted he had not, but added

that if they desired it, he could very readily produce them one from his own pen, which might possibly answer all purposes, and which he could vouch should be at least as honest and faithful as such documents usually are. Pleased with his ready wit, they at once accepted of the offer of his services in the above-named capacity; and by diligence, energy, and perseverance, he speedily gained the confidence of his employers, rose from the most menial to the most responsible office within their gift, and ultimately, on the death of the parties, became the principal in the establishment. A happy illustration this of what may be achieved by a self-reliant, energetic, and virtuous man. Dr. Johnson affirms, "that a man should keep his friendships in constant repair," and so he should; but the best way to secure this is for him to be faithful to himself.

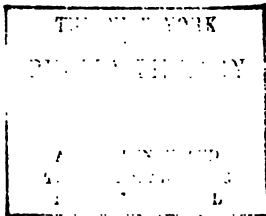
MY BLUE-EYED MAID.

WRITTEN AT THE AGE OF FOURTEEN.

FORGET me not, my blue-eyed maid,
When fate our parting shall decree!
My love may never be repaid,
But still, oh, still remember me!
Thy image, in my heart enshrined,
In death's embrace alone shall fade;
When I am in his arms reclined,
Forget me not, my blue-eyed maid!

If on the monumental stone
The name of one thou chance to see,
Whose heart was thine, and thine alone,
Oh then, my love, remember me,
As one that were supremely blest
His life before thee to have laid,
Could that insure his last request,
Forget me not, my blue-eyed maid!





LINES

ON RECEIVING THE PICTURE OF GERTRUDE, A YOUNG
AND UNFORTUNATE POETESS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "RECORDS OF THE HEART," "CHILD OF THE SEA," "MYTH
OF THE MINSTREL," ETC.

Io sono, io son ben dessa! or vedi come
M' ha cangiata il dolor fiero ed atroce
Oh' a fatica la voce
Puo di me dar la conoscenza vera.

VITTORIA COLONNA.

And art thou, fair one, thus so desolate?
Of friends and hopes bereft? thy young love spurn'd?
Thy crush'd affections thrown back on thy heart,
To wither and decay like autumn's leaves?

'Tis thou! those eyes that darkly seem to glow,
Those lips, those sable curls, that lofty brow,
And mien, and lineaments, are all thine own,
Though sadly changed; the vermeil blush is gone,
And that soft smile of buoyancy and glee,
That tell the maiden's heart is light and free.—
'Tis thou! I saw thee in youth's giddy hours,
When thou wast bright as morning's opening flowers
In dewy May—when from those languid eyes
Bright genius flash'd, and hope's sweet fantasies,
And holy thought, and dreams of earthly bliss
Each feature kindled into loveliness.
And I have seen thee in the gorgeous hall,
The cynosure of the gay festival;

That snowy brow with rosy chaplets bound,
That graceful form amidst the dance float round,
While music all thy soul's high feelings woke,
And from those eyes thought eloquently spoke ;
When all that smiles on earth or wakens love—
The Naiad's notes, the warblings of the grove,
The voice of spring, the mellow tones of even,
The breeze of summer, and the airs of heaven,
The leaping rill that laugh'd along its way—
Found a soft echo in thy gushing lay.
But oh, how changed ! it breathes no more of streams,
And groves, and fairy sprites, and youth's bright dreams ;
Love's doleful requiem, hope's funeral knell,
Are now the only music of thy shell.

That mien is sad, those cheeks are pale with care—
Ah ! bitter tears and sorrow have been there—
Those eyes now tell a dark and mournful tale
Of wrong and scorn, and thy young spirit's wail,
And unrequited love—dear hopes long hush'd
Within thy breast—thy heart's best feelings crush'd.

Time hath not on that brow etch'd many years,
But grief hath mark'd on it deep characters
Of inward wretchedness. Calmness is there,
But 'tis the calm that rises from despair—
The fixedness the features still assume
When hope and love no more our path illumine,
And the embitter'd spirit doth await
With patience life's inevitable fate.

Thy grief is deeper far than speech portrays,
And yet upon that brow I love to gaze ;
So much is beaming in that pensive face,
Which wrong and sorrow never can efface ;
So much of meekness, and of purity,
And chasten'd thought, and sacred fantasy

Are there, and Poesy's undying fire,
That thrill my soul, and lofty thoughts inspire;
And though from thee life's brightest spells have fled,
Love's halo circles not the false one's head;
Still genius holds her seat upon that brow,
Lighting those pale and wasting features now,
As the sun's pure and ever-constant light
Lends beauty to the sorrowing moon by night.

A VALENTINE TO MY WIFE.

TWELVE years ago! how swift their flight,
Since first thy fate was link'd with mine!
How much they brought of dark or bright
To crown thy love, or prove its might,
My faithful Valentine!

Twelve years ago, my chosen bride!
How proud was I to call thee mine!
But more my love, and more my pride,
Since years on years thy worth have tried,
My precious Valentine!

It may be sorrow and despair
At times have wrung this heart of mine;
But to thy love I could repair,
And find my peace and solace there,
My sweetest Valentine!

And every joy that I may know,
When kinder fortune seems to shine,
Wins from thy smile a brighter glow—
To see thee happy makes me so,
My dearest Valentine!

Sweet mother of the cherub boy,
Round whom our fondest hopes entwine!
May he his coming years employ
To be thy comfort, pride, and joy,
And bless my Valentine!

RUBY'S QUILTING.

BY LEWIS ST. ORES.

THERE was a great commotion in Squire Kent's mansion one bright day in autumn. Mrs. Kent was hurrying hither and thither, full of business and importance, going from pantry to cellar, from cellar to pantry, diving into wonderful little dark closets, and bringing out such comical old-fashioned dishes, and such wonderments of linen and sweetmeats, as kept the train of little Kents, who followed her with open mouths and eyes, in a delightful state of bewilderment. But her body-guard was soon dispersed; for one must go for rushes, one for white sand, and another for evergreens. No one should be idle on such an important day—the day that Ruby was to have a quilting. Great matronly-looking cakes and buns began to stray out from the pantry, and find their way, by some means, into the capacious brick oven, tended and watched over by the smiling face of Mrs. Kent, with its ample muslin cap-border like a halo around it.

Ruby, the rosy-cheeked, light-hearted Ruby, was flitting from one room to another, now disappearing up the wide stairway, now into the pantry to praise the cake, and then dancing out on to the long, low stoop for another load of evergreens. A busy girl was Ruby,

whisking out little quiet particles of dust that had settled themselves down in some unobserved corner, and rubbing up the old gilded mirror until it shone; and Ruby, Ruby! what was that complacent smile for that you cast at the smiling Ruby reflected there?

The windows of the little parlor were opened; the white curtains were fluttering in the wind; and there was such a sweet, fresh smell of cedars, hemlocks, and autumnal daisies there, that the little dark room seemed very pleasant. There were some pretty shells and Indian curiosities on the mantel; but the fireplace was Ruby's pride. It was filled with evergreens, and in front, wrought out in life-everlasting, was Ruby's name.

Before noon, the long kitchen floor was white as hands could make it; and over the windows were bright leaves and bushes. Here sat Mrs. Kent in state, her new cap whiter, stiffer, and fuller-bordered, if possible, than before; her muslin kerchief pinned very becomingly across her bosom, and her fat, dimpled hands folded contentedly in her lap, as she surveyed her work. Now and then a roguish, laughing face, with wet hair, peered in at the open door, but was drawn back quickly when it caught her eye. Ruby was at the well superintending the washing of the children. It was not such a well as the wells of these degenerate days; not a tall painted box, with a crank at one side, that makes one twist herself into such ungraceful, outlandish attitudes to turn; but it had a civilized well-sweep.

The old weather-beaten sweep swung up majestically, and Ruby could see the water sparkle as she leaned over the curb.

"Ruby, Ruby!" cried little Johnny, the youngest pet, pulling at her dress. She started as though waking from a revery, and soon the old bucket came up, dripping and splashing from among the moss-covered stones; and as she stood there, bare-headed, and poised the bucket for a moment on the edge of the curb, I think she looked better than she would have done turning a crank.

Johnny was no friend to cold water when applied to his face; and finding that coaxing would do no good, he began—"I say, Ruby, if Nathan should come—" the remainder of the sentence was drowned in a deluge of water that was poured over his face, stopping for a moment his breath; and when he could breathe again, he would not waste his time in words, but set up a petted childish scream.

The children were soon washed and dressed, and set up like images in chairs ranged around that awful kitchen. Here Ruby left them to get herself ready. As she passed by Johnny, he leaned forward, with his chubby hand over his mouth, and whispered very audibly, "If Nathan should come here to-night, wouldn't you be glad?"

She made no reply, but shut the door hurriedly; and the images in the chairs so far forgot themselves, and the place they were in, as to indulge in a giggle all around; whereupon Johnny looked very grave, and shook his head reprovingly.

She soon joined the circle down stairs again, who all admired her, but dared not touch her, for fear of soiling the glossy whiteness of her apron or the splendor of her new chintz gown. They whispered and pointed at

the bright slipper, laced so daintily across her ankle, and which her short dress showed off to a great advantage. Her hair was braided smoothly, and twisted around a wide-topped comb, that Johnny always wondered about, and took every opportunity of asking her where she got it; but somehow, she always forgot to tell him.

A heavy lumbering wagon drew up before the door, and from it alighted three or four laughing, chattering girls, who were cordially welcomed by Ruby, and led into the little parlor. They were soon all gathered in from valley and hill, all the young maidens around; and then they repaired to the room where the quilt was displayed. It was a great unfinished chamber, lighted by windows at each end; and all along overhead were the bare rafters, ornamented here and there with a long braid of yellow corn, or a bundle of dried herbs. And there was Ruby's quilt, stretched out on its frame, the pride of her mother and herself, and the envy of half the women around. It was made of all the bright pieces she had hoarded up from her childhood, and they seemed more precious to her from their age. There was a bright bit of chintz like her grandmother's short-gown, and a delicate colored piece like little sister Nelly's frock, who died when a child; and there were samples of all the baby-dresses of that giggling set of boy images in the kitchen, from the oldest down to little Johnny himself; for Ruby was the oldest child, and the only girl, now that Nelly was dead, and she had treasured up these little bright calicoes as though they were sacred relics.

They were soon seated round the quilt; and thim-

bles and needle-cases of all sizes, shapes, and colors, came into play rather briskly. Then shears and scissors of all kinds began to appear, from the patriarchal pair that had always served in their family and their father's family before them, down to the little scissors that came into Ruby's possession as mysteriously as did the comb. They worked industriously for a while, and talked very industriously, they had so many things to talk about, now they were all together; and talk they did, no matter whether it was one at a time or all at once. First and foremost was the weather, which they all agreed was very fine; and next the probability of there being a singing-school, and who would have the first apple-bee, and the new schoolmaster, what of him, and Miss Hafer's new bonnet. All these subjects had been discussed and laid aside, excepting, of course, Miss Hafer's new bonnet, when Mrs. Kent's voice was heard, telling them tea was ready.

Needles, thimbles, and scissors were dropped; even the new bonnet was forgotten; and they were soon down in the kitchen. There was the tea-table covered with a cloth of dazzling whiteness, the work of Ruby's own hands; and on it were the queer dishes that had been borne from the mystery of the dark closets. There too were the loaves of cake, with little sprigs of cedar growing out of the centre; but the crowning beauty of the whole was one of Mrs. Kent's most successful efforts in the shape of a delicious-looking shortcake, flanked on either side by a plate of buns, without which, in her estimation, a tea-table should never be set. When they were seated around the table, the quaint little cups began to wander from under Ruby's

protecting care ; and the plethoric shortcake was cruelly robbed of its fair proportions. Johnny was allowed to take his old seat by the side of Ruby ; but not until she had privately got a promise from him that he would say nothing about her comb, nor about some one's coming there that night ; and to do him justice, it must be said he kept his promise faithfully, though he could not help pulling Ruby's head down to his, and whispering something in her ear that made her eyes sparkle for a moment, and a bright flush pass over her cheek.

After tea they all retreated up stairs, and made a great show of working ; but there was many a flagging hand, many a long stitch taken, and many an impatient glance cast at the checkered sunlight on the floor ; and when the sun was down, what a hurrying to and fro, and how many smiling faces were pictured in the old mirror, that seemed to enjoy it as much as themselves ! And when the candlestick, trimmed off so gayly, was placed on the little table under it, how the asparagus around it trembled, and the bright berries sparkled ; and at the least jar, the strings of birds' eggs danced and jingled together merrily, as much as to say, " We are all very happy at Ruby's quilting ! "

When the young farmers around began to gather in, the mirror looked quite desolate ; but when old Si, the fiddler, came, with a mysterious-looking green bag under his arm, it was really forlorn. Old Si was quite a character in his way—an indispensable member of all the quiltings, apple-bees, and husking frolics. He had a little bald head, set very much forward on his shoulders, and he had a way of wagging it from one

side to the other when he was playing, that was quite amusing. With a pitcher of warmed cider by his side, and his violin in his hand, he was the happiest of mortals; but if he had no cider, he would play what he pleased, or not at all, just as he took a notion; and his "*feedle*" would make known his wants in such ludicrously piteous tones, that no one could resist the appeal. Si was in the best of humors that night, and his arm and head worked industriously.

They were all dancing; but Ruby stood by the window alone. A manly young farmer, with a bronzed, ruddy complexion, intelligent-looking eyes, and a profusion of brown hair, sauntered by her, smiled when he saw the comb, and turned back to the window.

"Are you ready?" said he, in a low voice.

"Yes," she answered with a blush; "but do go on, or they will notice you."

He shook his head at her gayly, and pointing to Si, as though he had been speaking of him, was soon at the other end of the room, talking very confidentially to a friend. That friend was in a few moments missed from the company; but after a while returned, with no less a personage than "the minister." This took them by surprise, and "Oh, my gracious!" "law sakes!" and such like bursts of wonder, ran round among the girls, who, some of them, seemed to be very strongly tempted to jump behind the pantry door. Si, who held him in great awe, hastily thrust the cider and "*feedle*" under his chair, leaned back, folded his hands, and looked the very embodiment of meekness and sobriety. Ruby was sitting by her father, trying to hide the tears that

would come into her eyes, and laughing at something he whispered in her ear.

At length Nathan came, and to the great astonishment of the guests, offered her his hand. Several girls near stretched out theirs as if to draw her back when she arose; but when they saw him lead her up before the little table under the mirror, and the minister began the marriage ceremony, they could hardly believe their own eyes, and looked from one to another as though they very much doubted whether they were awake or not.

Si had recovered a little of his self-possession, after taking a sly sip at his warm cider; and the eyes of the guests began to look quite natural, when the door was thrown open, and Johnny appeared on the threshold, his tumbled hair, and apron tied on wrong side before, plainly showing who had dressed him. He appeared highly delighted, as also did the row of laughing faces behind him. He looked around for a moment, until his eyes rested on Ruby and Nathan standing together, with a circle of friends around them.

"Aha! Miss Ruby Nathan Alstyne!" he shouted forth exultingly; "didn't I tell you Nathan would be here to-night?—just come in here."

Ruby followed him into the parlor, and there in the fireplace was her name, Ruby Alstyne, staring her in the face. She caught up Johnny in her arms, and tried to silence him; but he *would* talk; and "brother Nathan" came so naturally from his lips, that she could not help laughing in spite of her confusion.

Si's violin was soon brought into requisition, and his head wagged more comically, if possible, than ever;

and the dancing was kept up with undiminished energy until a late hour, when they all returned home, some of them laughing at the surprise, and some of the wiseacres declaring it was no surprise at all to them, for they knew it long ago—probably before Ruby did herself, though they did not say so.

MY LIGHT GUITAR.

BY ANNETTE BISHOP.

My light guitar! I touch thy strings,
And a half-forgotten strain
That I sang in my child-home long ago,
Rings out from thy chords again.

And I seem once more in my chamber small,
Where the sunlight's shimmering gold
Steals lovingly in to my simple flowers,
Through the curtain's snowy fold.

And the brown bee comes with its summer song,
Lured in by the violets sweet
That I gather'd at morn where the spring flows up
From the mossy butternuts' feet.

And I sit in that room at eventide, when
'Tis stilly and silent all,
Save the murmuring strings and the quivering shade
Of the leaves on the moonlit wall.

My light guitar! thy softest tone
Of dear, old memories rings;
And I dream of home, while my blinding tears
Fall fast o'er thy glittering strings.

CAPTAIN MILLAR.

"She loved me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I loved her that she did pity them."

OTHELLO.

ONE summer afternoon in the year 183—, an American ship of the first class was descried among the islands of Boston harbor, steadily approaching the city, under favor of a light breeze. The eye of an experienced mariner would doubtless have seen, at a glance, that the vessel was returning from a long voyage. To the view, however, of the various fishing parties in the bay, and of the few spectators who occasionally regarded her through a spy-glass from a distance, she not only appeared in fine order, but had an air of freshness and good trim that declared her under capital management. For several days, indeed, the crew had busied themselves to good purpose in garnishing their craft, to insure her handsome appearance on reaching port; and now the poor fellows had just finished putting themselves in land array, and, ever and anon, turned their sea-worn faces, with great cheerfulness, to the green shores which seemed to welcome their arrival. It is, in truth, one of the most pleasant things in the world to greet once more the stable earth, after a long abode upon "ocean's gray and melancholy waste." And desolate as that bay appears in winter, on an

afternoon in June, beneath a cloudless sky, and to the gaze of men who had rocked on the waves for nearly five months, it seemed like an opening paradise. The mate, while he overlooked the preparations for a speedy landing, could not refrain from a low whistle of complacency, as he anticipated the delights of "going ashore." He walked the deck with unwonted buoyancy, and there was none of the accustomed sternness in his eye as he watched the sailors at their work. Indeed, he showed a marvellous alacrity and good-will in lending Jack a hand when there was no necessity for so doing, which elicited a significant smile from more than one old salt, such a contrast was his behavior to the surly discipline *off soundings*. The excellent spirits of the mate were somewhat dashed, when, in one of his superfluous turns, he chanced to spy the captain leaning over the bulwarks with the saddest expression of countenance he had ever known him to assume.

"A beautiful harbor this, sir," at length he observed, with a view to rouse his commander from his gloomy rêverie.

"Very," was the laconic reply.

"Our pilot seems to understand his business, sir."

"Well enough."

"Is that Sullivan's island, sir?"

"Yes."

These terse rejoinders did but pique the mate's curiosity, which greatly increased, when, on returning from the cabin after making his toilet, he beheld the captain in the same position, gazing as dejectedly upon the lovely scene around him, as if the islands had been so many icebergs, and still wearing his sea-jacket and tar-

paulin. At length he ventured to intrude upon this protracted silence, with an inquiry relative to the ship's papers, and having fairly engaged his attention, determined to "pluck out the heart of his mystery" by a bold interrogatory. "Excuse me, captain, but it strikes me as a little strange, that while I, who was never in Boston in my life, feel so glad at the sight of the State House, you should look with such indifferent eyes upon your home."

"Sir," replied the captain mournfully, "I have no home."

The mate retired, but his inquisitiveness was changed to respectful sympathy, at discovering that so able a seaman and true-hearted a man, as he knew his chief to be, could survey the pleasant features of his native landscape, after years of absence and successful adventure, without a single association of joy. He recalled the devoted care which he had bestowed upon one of the crew, who fell ill during the voyage, and died at last in his arms, with his parting sigh blessing his name. He thought of the brave self-devotion which led him to toil all night for a countryman in the East Indies, in rescuing property from the flames. A thousand instances of similar generosity rushed upon his mind, and he asked himself how a man thus overflowing with noble sympathies, and, strict disciplinarian as he was, idolized by his crew, and with warm friends in every port, should be so forlorn at home.

The ship was soon safely moored, and the captain having very leisurely made the requisite arrangements, stepped upon the wharf with as little apparent interest

as if he had left a ferry-boat, and strolled along the busy streets, without a single glance of curiosity. He smiled meaningly, however, once or twice, when he was passed by some bustling pedestrian with a careless nod of recognition, plainly indicating how little he had been missed. At length, he was comfortably seated in his lonely room at the Tremont House, watching the "familiar faces" as they passed. "After all," he mused, "desolate as I am, it is better to have been a wanderer and an outcast than to have suffered my free soul to be cramped and clouded like many of these sons of Mammon. There goes P——, with the same stiff walk and iron visage, a man who has been scraping up lucre in this town ever since I was a boy. He can conceive of no spot in the universe so attractive as State-street, and thinks it the height of glory to be President of a Bank. And here comes H——, poor devil, how cadaverous he looks! He joined the Temperance Society and the Grahamites, to save the expense of wine and meat. How a voyage would expand *his* ideas! Ah, on the opposite side is plodding Deacon S——, who fancies he can unite the miser and saint in one character, and believes, that to cheat in trade every day in the week, and go to church on Sunday, comprises the whole duty of man." The captain's soliloquy was suddenly arrested by the appearance of another personage, who seemed to excite in his bosom feelings too deep for words. He became much agitated, and the object of his attention happening to cast his eyes towards the window, manifested both alarm and surprise, and evidently quickened his pace with a view of evading notice; but the eager gestures of the captain

finally induced him to enter the house. "Now," said the former, ushering the stranger into his apartment, "explain this treachery. What a pack of cowards you all are! I overcame all objections before my departure, and placed in your hands ample testimonials in support of my character. You professed yourself satisfied. My slanderers withdrew. I started on my voyage with the happy conviction that, on my return, Adeline would be mine. This hope cheered my toil; her letters came regularly, breathing the deepest affection, when, just as I was preparing to embark for home, arrived that cold-blooded renunciation, which I never will believe was written by *her*, and your brief epistle, as her guardian, ordering me never to see her more. Now, sir, I *will* see her. She shall confirm with her own lips this cruel resolution."

"No, captain," replied his companion, with some confusion, "it must not be. Adeline has thought better of her rash engagement. You were never designed for each other. She requested me to ask you, as a man of honor, not to intrude upon her retirement. Her sister has married a clergyman since you were here, and they all live together. Unless you enter the house by force, you cannot see Adeline. I have done my duty, sir,—good evening."

Captain Millar had the misfortune, when quite a youth, to fall under the care of an unprincipled step-mother, to escape whose tyranny he turned sailor. Rapidly advancing in his profession, he had been for several years in command of East-India ships, and was one of the most successful masters in the trade. The only being with whom he claimed affinity, at the outset

of his career, was a sister younger than himself, whose affection alone served to attach him to the spot of earth where he was born. On returning from his previous voyage, he found this beloved girl quite ill, and exhibiting symptoms of consumption. He at once determined to remain on shore a year, and devote himself to her welfare. Among other remedies suggested by the physicians, was horseback riding; and every day of the long and dreary winter, he accompanied his sister to an equestrian school, where, sheltered from the elements, she could engage in this noble exercise. For this purpose, they selected an hour in the day when the circus was least frequented. It so happened, however, that they invariably met a young and beautiful lady who came thither from a similar cause, and whose sympathy for the sufferer was immediately awakened. Day after day, the two ladies rode together, knowing nothing of each other except by name, while the captain stood by, carefully watching his charge, and in his heart rejoiced that his sister's rides were made cheerful by so sweet a companion. One day, by mistake, the former was mounted on an unmanageable horse; a noise in the street frightened him, and he rushed headlong through the arena. The attendant sprang forward and caught the bridle, but the fiery animal dashed by him, and a moment only seemed to intervene between his lovely burden and destruction, when her brother threw himself before the horse, released his sister's foot from the stirrup, and bade her spring. In a moment, she was in his arms. It was the work of an instant, but so gallant an action had the effect to turn the attention of the only other lady present upon the hero of the mo-

ment. To gain, even for once, the devoted regards of a woman, is half the battle. Adeline B—— was not only distinguished for beauty; her mind was highly gifted, and her modest graces were only equalled by her quiet independence of character. She had been sought, by what are called eligible young men, without a particle of success. They were attracted chiefly by her wealth, and she had the discernment to perceive, and the self-respect to despise their motives. A few weeks after the adventure above described, the fair invalid, in taking leave of Adeline, after their ride, expressed her regret that for the present they should meet no more, as her health was sufficiently restored to enable her brother to proceed on a long-meditated voyage to Calcutta.

"When does he sail?" asked Adeline, in a tone which betrayed an interest deeper than mere curiosity.

"To-morrow, madam," answered the captain, approaching her with deference: "perhaps you have friends there; if so, how happy should I be to attend to any commands!"

"No, I thank you, sir; it only occurred to me—that is—it seemed not treating *your* friends quite right to leave them so abruptly."

"My dear madam, with the exception of my sister, I have not a friend here."

"Oh, yes, one more," she replied archly, and holding out her hand.

It is easy to anticipate the result. Like Othello, "upon this hint" the captain spoke. His voyage was indefinitely postponed. It was discovered that his sis-

ter's health, after all, required continued rides, and moreover, that as the weather became warmer, the open air was far preferable; and a happier party never explored the beautiful environs of Boston, than Captain Millar, his betrothed, and his sister, during the early days of that happy summer.

When it was proclaimed, that the fastidious, and accomplished, and *rich* Adeline B——, was about to marry a sea-captain, whom nobody knew, great was the indignation in the city of the Pilgrims. In certain fashionable circles it was voted "unbecoming a moral and religious people" to suffer the thing to proceed; and in others declared a "burning shame" and "a perfect sacrifice." The next question was how to prevent it. Adeline had too much spirit to allow interference, and too much honest pride to be made the dupe of local prejudice. At length, a knot of malevolent gossips hit upon the scheme of opposing the match, on the ground of what they assumed to be the captain's notoriously bad character. They exaggerated every weakness, and denied every fine trait of his disposition; they raked up, with the vilest assiduity, every peccadillo they could, with the least show of reason, lay to his charge; and finally, they suborned a vulgar woman to bring against him an action for breach of promise. When the storm burst upon the lovers, the injustice of the slanderers made Adeline cling more devotedly to one who suffered thus for her sake, while the honest captain took his enemies by surprise, by the promptitude of his measures. He proved the falsity of many of the accusations; others he frankly confessed; he produced the most triumphant evidences of his probity and faithful-

ness from the merchants who had employed him. Those who charged him with mercenary motives, he challenged to repeat the insinuation to his face; and the lawyer who was about to institute proceedings on the basis of a lie, was effectually frightened by the threat of a severe flogging. In a month, the disappointed overseers of Adeline's happiness retreated into surly acquiescence, and the captain having witnessed his sister's marriage and departure for the South, embarked on his last voyage. It was prolonged much beyond his impatient wishes, and his enemies basely renewed their machinations, intercepted his letters, and persuading Adeline she was forgotten, until they wrung from her, when prostrated with a fever, the recantation of her plighted troth. Fortunately, however, they had not been able to induce her to form another engagement, which was the prime motive of their treachery. An acquaintance of Captain Millar's lived near the residence of Adeline, and from the shrubbery at the end of his garden, the dwelling of her clerical brother-in-law was clearly visible. There her betrothed posted himself on the day after his arrival, which happened to be Sunday. Just as the second bell began to ring, the door opened, and the minister emerged, with his wife on one arm and Adeline on the other. The captain followed them, at a distance, until they came to a narrow sidewalk, when his beloved withdrawing her arm, fell to the rear. He stole to her side, checked her cry of surprise, and seldom has a walk to church been the occasion of a more satisfactory interview than ensued. When the minister looked from the pulpit into his pew, he was not a little astonished to see a

stranger on such pleasant terms of intimacy with his pretty sister-in-law ; nor was his surprise much diminished, when, on the following evening, he found himself officiating at her wedding.

THE POWER OF AFFECTION.

THE world is full of pain and harm,
And life at best is little worth,
Yet pure affection is a charm
That almost makes a heaven of earth.

'Tis true we often find it frail
And transient as a morning flower ;
Yet, for a time, it can prevail
Where helpless every earthlier power.

If even she whose welcome love
Once saved me from the worst of care,
Should like the rest forgetful prove,
And leave me to my soul's despair,—

Still the impression of the past
Will comfort many a lonely hour,
And still the sweet remembrance last
Like fragrance of a faded flower !

But no!—whoever may forsake,
To doubt my oherub were unjust!—
Come, darling! to my heart, and take
Its perfect love and perfect trust!

LOVE.

BY FANNY GREEN.

LOVE is the anthem the stars rehearse,
As they wheel through the circling universe;
Into crystals it fashions the sparkling sand,
And it mantles with verdure the smiling land;
It wakes in the bloom of the opening flower—
It dwells in the shade of the viny bower—
It speaks in the voice of the lowing herds—
It sings in the song of the joyous birds—
It enriches with corn the teeming plain—
It boweth the heads of the golden grain—
And when all the roots sleep far below,
It covers the earth with its mantling snow—
It quickeneth the tides of the heaving main—
It mouldeth the drops of the summer rain—
It colors the shell in its ocean nook—
It murmurs itself in the pebbly brook—
It lives in the sunshine—it wakes in the breeze—
It bendeth the arms of the worshipping trees—
It beams in the eye of the graceful fawn—
It glows in the smile of the waking dawn—
It rests in the solemn hour of noon—
It softens the light of the gentle moon—
And as they bend from their radiant cars,
It points the glance of the midnight stars—
It is seen in Compassion's pearly tears,
And felt in the music of the spheres—
From remotest bounds to the central Source,
LOVE—love alone—is the vital force.

THE READING OF THE WILL.

PERSONS possessed of great wealth usually are endowed with singular longevity ; so frequently is this found to obtain, indeed, that one is tempted to conclude the immunity is insured by the earnest desire to the contrary on the part of eager expectants of patrimony. Our love for a lingering incumbent of property thus suffers a rather severe test ; for however much we may felicitate his enjoyment of it, our secret cravings for an anticipated personal possession struggles incessantly for the mastery. Who has not known an instance of a hale octogenarian bidding defiance to every ill-omened expectation of his surrender ? Some desperate cases of the kind seem sent on purpose to rebuke our cupidity and coveting ; although the remedy rather provokes than palliates the moral disease. If a man, therefore, desires to leave the world amid the sincere regrets of those he loves, he had better dispense with the formality of making his will, by distributing what he has to confer before he dies ; and then those who share his bounty will have a substantial motive for wishing his life to be prolonged. Dr. Johnson, strong-minded as he was in most matters, was so superstitious as to refrain from making his will, from the fear that it would accelerate his end. In this aspect, surplus wealth is certainly a disadvantage ; and although it is exceedingly

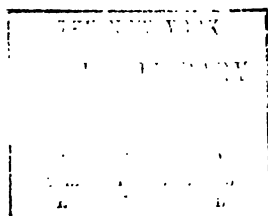
inconvenient to feel the want of money when the demands of life call for it; yet nature seems to balance the account at its close, by enriching, in an eminent degree, the last moments of poverty with the wealth of the domestic affections. Who does not know that the soil most friendly for the growth of the gentle charities of life, is the vale of poverty? Most of the mighty minds that have bequeathed to the world its moral and intellectual wealth, have been proverbially poor; while those most conspicuous for their sordid thirst for gain have been as injurious to the common weal as they were selfish. Miser and misery must bear some relationship—they seem linked together by consanguinity—for misery is but too often the acknowledged fruit of a miser. Would that the world were growing wiser as it advances, and that men would heed the monitions of the moralist—

“He that holds the golden mean,
And lives contentedly between
The little and the great,—
Feels not the wants that pinch the poor,
Or fears that haunt the rich man's door,
Embittering all his state.”

But it is useless for us to indite a homily on this subject; so we refrain. Wilkie, the modern *Hogarth*, has depicted the scene of domestic disquiet, excitement, and envy, which generally characterizes the Reading of the Will, with wondrous skill. It is a truthful and somewhat humiliating portraiture of human nature. Upon the wall of a comfortable apartment, in the mansion whose master has just been carried to the dark and narrow house, hangs indeed his likeness; but he seems

to be already forgotten, and all his kindred are gathered in eager expectation, or curiosity, to learn the disposal of his substance. There is a world of mean, and envious, and selfish feeling in that assembled group ; nor is the exhibition of these evil qualities less stamped upon the visages of those who, in the course of nature, must the soonest follow the departed. It is a harsh and painful exhibition ; but the painter, by the alchemy of his consummate art, has known how to render it even pleasing. The old attorney has just come to the decisive passage—placid and unmoved himself, with his calm business air ; while all around him is the excitement of satisfaction or angry disappointment. The young widow, who has contrived to set off her lovely person with the very trappings of woe, has apparently just learned, what she probably was half-assured of before, that her husband's wealth is hers. She listens with tranquil complacency ; her back is averted from the door, and she turns in the direction of a young officer who hangs about her ; his head is inclined, and he drinks in this important piece of information with the deepest satisfaction. The prim old grandmamma, who stands nursing a lovely babe, smiles with an air of triumph. The very acme of the opposite feeling, together with undissembled rage, agitate the withered figure and keen face of an old lady of large expectations and mighty pride, who has repaired to the meeting in her most elaborate and antiquated toilette ; a mulatto footman bears her gold-headed cane, pattens, and pet poodle ; he is looking up with wonder at his old mistress, who appears to have been provoked into some unwonted derogation of dignity, as, with keen, selfish eyes, she





flashes annihilation at the averted group, and rustles, with all her silks, indignantly from the apartment. This figure is wonderfully painted. These are the principal personages of the scene, and they are well contrasted ; but the feeling is well sustained by the other subordinate personages. Curiosity and interest the most intent appear in the old man with the ear-trumpet and the youth behind him ; trembling hope, dejection, and disappointment, on the faces of some poor female relatives ; curious surprise in the old clergyman ; vexation and irritation in the old dame leaning on the chair ; while the apathy of the boy, too young to feel his loss, and the smiling unconsciousness of infancy ; the dog who has missed his master, and scared by the assemblage, crouches under the well-known chair, are traits exquisitely introduced to relieve the harshness of the predominant action. A tone, rich, subdued, and grave, finely befits the nature of the subject.

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LIFE.

BY CORNELIA M. DOWLING.

LAUGHING and bright, in her drapery white,
Sang a sweet little girl, with her curls of light
Floating and dancing with zephyr and breeze,
And fairy form flitting beneath the dark trees—
Glad were her gushing notes, merrily ringing,
"Life is a *sunny* thing, joy ever bringing."

Fragile and fair, with her long waving hair,
A maiden lay dreaming in soft summer air;
And singing the while, with her radiant eyes
Gazing up earnestly into the skies—
Tenderly, softly, her lay she was breathing,
"Life is a *dreamy* thing, sunny hopes wreathing."

Slender and slight, in the deepening night,
A pale woman sat by the fireside bright;
With a quivering lip and a bursting heart,
Musing o'er joys she had seen depart—
Softly she murmur'd, with sad bosom heaving,
"Life is a *weary* thing, ever deceiving."

Passing away—life's flickering ray,
From an aged form, with her locks of gray,
And her wrinkled brow; but her eye was bright,
And her heart was fill'd with the angel's light—
Whispering softly, her gaze upward bended,
"Life is a *fleeting* thing, soon to be ended."

Dazzling and bright, in the realms of light,
An angel smiled in her robes of white—
Smiled to think that her tears were o'er,
That sorrow and grief would be hers no more—
Singing, with harp-notes their sweet music blending,
"Life is a *holy* thing—pure—never ending."

"REBEKAH"

BY N. LANESFORD FOSTER.

"Oh, WOMAN! * * * *
* * * * *

When pain and sickness wring the brow,
A *ministering Angel* THOU!"

THE "DEGREE OF REBEKAH."—This modern *female* Degree, in our beloved ORDER, appears to my mind to be its most ornamental, its crowning Degree. We are alone, we are lost and bewildered, without the society of WOMAN; and, in a great measure, we are inefficient without her co-operation, her friendly and sympathizing aid.

Where any great and important object is to be attained through intellectual effort, and more especially by *moral suasion* or entreaty, let Woman enlist her sympathetic feelings, let her put forth her philanthropic exertions, and unite her voice in the good cause; and the work is destined to progress; it will most assuredly be accomplished. And in cases of sickness, bereavement, destitution, suffering of any kind—oh, is she not, indeed, a "MINISTERING ANGEL?"

I was travelling recently in Virginia, and stopped a while in a little romantic hilly city, to one of whose citizens, a brother of the Order, I had a line of introduction. Calling with him one day at the residence of a lady, for whom I had a communication, I had the

pleasure of learning that her husband was a brother Odd Fellow, and herself a sister "REBEKAH." From her lips I had a very interesting and pathetic history of the sickness and death, that not long before had taken place in that city, of a member of the Order; who, having been led by force of circumstances, some years ago, to leave his dear wife and children in a northern city, had located himself there and engaged in the pursuit of his accustomed calling. He had for some length, of time resided there—diligent, industrious, and respected. There he sickened, and died among strangers—far from his beloved family. His sickness was protracted and severe. Although among strangers, he was amidst friends—brothers of a "kindred tie;" surrounded by fraternal, kind, and sympathizing hearts.

And here this gentle REBEKAH watched by his sick-bed, dispensed his medicine, witnessed from day to day the ravages of his disease; wiped the perspiration from his fevered brow; noted his languid pulse—his ebbing life-tide; listened to his parting expressions of gratitude, as his eyes closed in death. He died in early life; calmly and peacefully, in hope of future blessedness. His remains, inclosed in a metallic sarcophagus, provided by the brethren, were accompanied by a delegation of the ORDER to his former home; and there fraternal hearts united in condolence with his bereaved family, and mingled tears with theirs, as they committed his "dust to its kindred dust."

Such incidents are not uncommon in the records of ODD FELLOWSHIP. Such are its noble deeds. Such are its seasonable, friendly acts; and such are our REBEKAHS.

Nobly does our ORDER take *them* under its sheltering wing!

I had just received a visiting *missive* from my "Pacific" *Alma Mater* in Penn's far distant city; and I entered one of the Lodges in L——. It was not numerously attended. I learned that the Lodge was in debt to a considerable amount for their new Hall. Nevertheless, being enterprising and energetic, their hearts were warm, and their hands open at the call of charity: they were ODD FELLOWS indeed.

A letter was read, which had recently been received from a lady residing in a distant city. She was the widow of a brother, formerly a member of this same Lodge. The letter was well written. It was a pathetic appeal to the benevolence of the Order; and it proved an effectual appeal to the sympathies of the brethren assembled. It was the spontaneous effusion of an afflicted mother's heart. She was a widow; and her fatherless children were in destitute circumstances and afflicted—they were meet objects of aid.

She claimed nothing as benefits guaranteed to her deceased husband; for *all* had been already promptly paid. But, her husband had been an Odd Fellow, good and true. She was a lone widow—her children were orphans—and they were in want. This assembly of fraternal hearts, short of funds as they were, by a unanimous vote made her a donation of thirty dollars. Liberal, this, in their financial circumstances; yet the sum *appeared* too small to satisfy their generous emotions. A brother rose and said, "I will be one of *ten*, who will give one dollar each, to add to our donation." With electric speed the deed was done, and the ad-

ditional ten dollars were given on the spot. Oh! is it not "more blessed to give than to receive?"

Often have I heard it said, "Odd Fellowship can do no good." I have heard the professed Christian speak against Odd Fellowship, and all "secret societies;" and urge as an argument against them, that the Church of Christ is a benevolent society, from its very nature the most benevolent that can be instituted; and therefore supersedes the necessity of any other benevolent or beneficent association. This might be conceded, if the Christian Church were what it should be: if it were all it professes to be. But it is to be regretted the Church is *not*, in this respect, what it should be. Heaven forbid that I should say aught *against* the Church, as such. It is the Divine institution, fraught with richest spiritual blessings, and designed to be almoner of the highest good to society for the life that now is and that which is to come. I love the Church. I love its charitable, its benevolent, its Good Samaritan-like acts, whenever and wherever I witness them. And I would make no invidious comparisons between the Church and any other benevolent or beneficent institution. But I may be permitted to say, in the language of a travelling Odd Fellow, and as the result, too, of my own observation: "Let a member of our Order be taken sick abroad—far away from his home: let him be in want; destitute of the means to provide for himself the things which are necessary to his comfort, or even to sustain his being: he has only to make himself known as of this *Fraternity*, and his wants are at once supplied. Fraternal hearts dilate with sympathy; fraternal hands are extended with grief-dispelling, joy-inspiring charity.

The brothers visit him ; minister to his necessities ; provide him medical attendance ; watch, in person, around his couch of sickness ; and, if his days be numbered, perform for him the last sad offices of humanity, by consigning his remains to the tomb.

" But the travelling CHRISTIAN may be recognized as in good standing in the Church ; so that, perchance, he may be invited to their *communion table* ; yet, when abroad, amongst strangers, he may suffer from accident, loss, privation, and sickness ; and no special kindness is shown him by his *Christian brethren* : the ' priest and Levite pass by on the other side,' and scarcely does a ' Samaritan pour in oil and wine.' He may languish in distress and destitution, till nature's last debt is paid ; and then, if without money, though among professed Christians, he is scarcely allowed a decent burial."

I have already delineated the amiable and soul-cheering power of woman as the female philanthropist around the bed of languishing and death. How susceptible is her heart of the most exquisite sensibility, and of the tenderest and most refined emotions of sympathy ! Her religious emotions, too, are in general far more pure, exalted, and spiritualized, than those of the sterner sex. And in soliciting contributions to forward any benevolent, moral, or religious enterprise, who can plead like WOMAN ? and whose importunity is so uniformly crowned with success ? Indeed, the influence of the *female mind* has already become proverbial. All that is requisite is, that the female mind be properly cultivated, and richly stored with virtuous and religious principles ; and let these true " sisters of charity" unite, with one consent, to oppose the torrent of vice

which threatens to devastate our widely extended Republic, and what an irresistible phalanx would they present to the progress of vice!

The protean forms which infidelity and vice assume among us, and which seem to spread a dark funereal pall over the fair visage of our moral world, are not to be suddenly annihilated. This must be the work of time: but the work, though slow, is sure. Let the united voice of woman pronounce the duellist an *outlaw* from society. How effectually and how speedily would such a *decree* put an end to these heartless, heaven-defying *murders*—the offspring of a code *misnamed* the code of *honor*!

Take another prevailing sin—that hydra-headed vice—*INTEMPERANCE*. Woman's destiny and mission is to destroy this monster, suicidal crime. Who does not already see the necessity of this? for woman has a direct interest in the accomplishment of this long-desired and ardently prayed-for *lustration*. Thus ONLY, will a death-blow be given to *drunkenness*. And thus will *woman*—our Christian *sisters*, and our sister REBEKAHS—be foremost in the redemption of our land.

In such a manner may the combined influence of woman counteract the vices which severally pollute our moral atmosphere, stigmatize our national character, and even now threaten to crush all cherished hopes of human progress.

MY GOLDEN AGE.

BY REV. BROTHER NELSON BROWN.

ALAS! those bright, those golden days!
They now have closed 'mid clouds and tears;
How fleeting were the young, bright years,
Which smiled a while 'neath Love's bright rays!

They haunt me yet,—those Summer hours,—
Which closed in Winter, dark and cold;
And made my heart untimely old,
And blighted all Joy's opening flowers.

Oh, Life and Death! oh, Joy and Grief!
All mingled in one turbid stream;
Oh, Bliss! thou art a mocking dream;
And feverish are thine hours and brief.

E'en Love itself conceals a sting;
Love is but seen in fitful gleams;
It is not often what it seems;
A lasting bliss it cannot bring;—

A perfect and perpetual joy,
For soon its rapture is no more;
Some link is snapp'd, and all is o'er;
Or there is mingled base alloy.

With that which is of Heaven a part;—
Few fan with faithful care the flame,
Or make it more than this—a name;
Nor keep the guest within the heart.

Not thus the love our hearts once knew,
In Eden years of long ago;
Still purer, brighter, did it glow,—
'Twas from Heaven's mint, all rich and true.

Oh, Memory fondly lingers there
And fain would here record a page,—
A record of our golden age,
When earth and heaven were bright and fair.

It was not a mere idle love
Of Passion wild,—a fleeting flame
That oft is quench'd in guilt and shame,—
The coin was from God's mint above.

And thus our Summer days were bright,
And not a cloud was in the sky:
The angels seem'd to hover nigh,
With loving words each day and night.

E'en 'mid her years of Summer bloom,
While life was one glad holiday,
The angels call'd her soul away,
And hid her fair clay in the tomb.

* * * * *

'Twas yesternight I saw her face;
Bright as an angel's did it seem:
Kind Heaven I thank'd for that sweet dream;
My soul was strengthen'd then with grace.

Her voice I heard, so soft and sweet,
Like seraph music in each tone,—
"Thou art not, dear one, quite alone;
Henceforth in dreams at least we meet!"

THE VILLAGE POLITICIANS.

"The rabble gather round the man of news,
And listen with their mouths wide open ; some
Tell, some hear, some judge of news, some make it,
And he that lies most loud, is most believed."

DRYDEN's discourtesy to the common people is more than atoned for by the truth that he crowds into his four terse lines. Wherever a group of village swains are thus congregated together, he is sure to be most regarded who can talk the loudest and relate the greatest marvels. Vulgar curiosity is always abundant with these retail news-mongers, while, as Shakspeare says—

"He that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist ;
While he that hears, makes fearful action,
With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes."

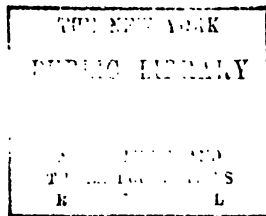
In no country on the face of the globe is the right of free political discussion so universally recognized as in our own. We enjoy in this particular, at least, "the largest liberty." Our public men are public property ; we discuss their merits and demerits as a hungry man does his dinner—with infinite relish. Every citizen being a party to the enactment of his country's laws, feels it to be a solemn duty to promulgate his own peculiar views upon every important occasion ; and often his distinguished delegate in the public council-cham-



The Village Schoolroom.

T. Walker del.

1840



enough to all times and all places. The scene is laid in a strange old Scottish clachan, picturesquely combining parlor and kitchen, with its array of mutchkins, pint-stoup, gridirons, hams, and salted herrings; the walls and rafters are dusky with smoke, and the light streaming into the centre of the room falls upon a most marvellous group, inimitable at once for its variety and its unity of expression. The collected senatorial gravity and amusing consciousness of importance diffused over the whole figure of that old man, the Nestor of the village, as he calmly cherishes his chin, and weighs with judicial impartiality, unmoved by the din, the merits of the respective arguments, his jug, grave and weighty as himself, deposited on the floor the while, contrasts finely with the figure of the ardent young ploughman, intoxicated with the new light of liberalism, and who, with an intensity proof against all interruption, is propounding some strange doctrine, which he himself seems scarcely able to comprehend; to the decision of this calm umpire. Aided by the potent stimulus of a mutchkin of mountain-dew—for the scene was sketched prior to our modern temperance era—he has apparently reached the very climax of his argument, which he is establishing triumphantly, wholly rapt and deaf to the clamorous exceptions of his antagonists, who are unable to edge in a single syllable. One of these, provoked at the utter enormity of the doctrine thus put forth, has sprung to his feet, and with swelling veins, and eyes protruding with all the fury of contradiction, is hurling at the young enthusiast some tremendous, unanswerable objections, to which his gourmand.comrade, his attention a moment diverted from the cheese, with sus-

pendent knife, appears to be directing the attention of their opponent, but in vain—the young enthusiast heeds neither. The sentiment of this central party is greatly heightened by contrast with the vacant apathy of the group of village idlers collected around the fire, and the listless Highland drover, with his wild, hungry dog, which, profiting by the abstraction of all around, seems about to make forcible seizure of the oat-cake of a wee frightened bairn, scarce higher than himself; while another keen-eyed tyke is making the most of the golden opportunity among the flesh-pots in the foreground. Most amusing, too, is the old man, seated near the window, who, remote from the arena of strife, with spectacles on his nose and mouth half open, is absorbed in *puzzling* out the sense of some article in the Gazette; whilst the quiet, sly old dame is emerging from the cellar, well pleased at the thirsty character of the debate, and bringing with her wherewithal to relieve the drought and animate the vigor of the combatants. All these varieties of expression are given with wonderful dramatic force and proper subordination, untinged by a particle of exaggeration: every figure, too, has a striking individuality; the accessories separately studied from nature, have also the closest national and local truth, and, by the management of consummate art, they assist without overcrowding the composition or distracting attention from the main expression of the subject. The arrangement of the groups, and distribution of the light and shade, are not less inimitable than the other merits of the picture.

Fame the painter had thus attained, even to his heart's content; but as far as present results were con-

cerned, it was somewhat dearly purchased. The noble patron, at whose instance the picture, with the merits of which the world rung, had been painted, was, it seems, less moved thereby to any injudicious display of generosity, than wisely tenacious of his right to possess it for the sum named by the painter in the day when he could not have foreseen the value it would ultimately attain. *This sum was fifteen pounds*, at which price the Earl of Mansfield now claimed to be proprietor of the picture. Wilkie was at first inclined to demur, having received more than one offer of a hundred; moreover, it was his impression that the Earl had never distinctly closed, even with this modest stipulation; but, on the Earl's declaring on his honor that he had intended to do so, the point was gracefully conceded by the artist. That it was purely, however, on Wilkie's account that this munificent nobleman had insisted on the fulfilment of the contract—"it being," to use his own words, "his conviction that it would be advantageous to him to have it in his power to say, that, notwithstanding the success of his picture, and the offers which were made to him, he adhered to his original engagement"—he proved to the satisfaction of every one, by generously presenting the painter with *thirty* guineas, instead of the stipulated fifteen!

A GEM FROM A HEAVENLY MINE.

BY T. W. R.

"In such sweet mystery
Heaven and earth are blent in thee,
That, *MARY*, having thine,
I could all other love resign."

Hast *thou* a child, friend—a little one—
(Better a daughter, I'd say, than a son)—
A bright, intelligent, fairy thing,
Who, if the shade of a frown will sting
To tears for a moment, anon looks up
To catch your smile, when a brief eclipse
Has pass'd away from your brow and lips,—
Like a flower that closes its tiny cup
Till the storm is pass'd, and then opens wide
Its petals to drink the sunny tide :—
One that, when feeling as if the chain
Of life might gladly be snapp'd in twain,
Can, with a look none other may give,
Cause you to feel it a joy to live,
If to live were only to suffer, and see
No face but hers turn'd fondly to thee :—
One that has ever a vigilant ear
The sound of your step or voice to hear,
And knows no rapture like that which steals
Through her heart when your fond caress she feels ;
And who will mount to your weary knee,
And archly gaze in your eyes, to see,
If, beaming full and kindly as e'er,
The joyous spirit of love is there !
—Thou mayest, like me, have seen the pall
Of death on thy loved and cherish'd ones fall,
Yet, if a treasure like this be thine,
Thou hast a gem from a heavenly mine,
And dark as to others this life may be,
It ever has roses and smiles for thee.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE.

[SEE FRONTISPICE.]

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

WHAT a world of effort—what mighty deeds—what future glory are involved in that brief expression, AMERICAN ENTERPRISE! It is a power whereof the people of antiquity had no dreams. With a Titan's strength, it has a Woman's gentleness; with its Lion's heart, it has a Lambkin's docility; with all its grasping ambition, it has a benevolent nature unknown to the people of past centuries.

And whence came this CHILD of the present age? What country claims its paternity? Where was it nursed, and who were its sponsors? It is a "child of thirty-six fathers," and yet it is a unit. Like Minerva, springing full-armed from the cleft brain of Jupiter, its birth and manhood were almost coeval.

Away back in the dim mediæval years, when crushed manhood began to writhe beneath the cumbrous weight of feudal bondage and spiritual thrall, like the fabled giants beneath old Etna, its conception began; and when the Reformers of Germany, Switzerland, Bohemia, France, and England opened their mouths and spoke their bold words, its nativity was heralded. Already Columbus, with a prophet's vision and a hero's

will, had traversed the mysterious and stormy Atlantic, and in the forests of the New World had prepared its cradle. The noble "Ladies of the Covenant," of Old Scotland; the daughters of the persecuted Huguenots of France; the Puritan mothers of midland England; and even the high-born dames of cavalier families, came hither as nurses for the young Hercules.

Where was the young giant born? Was it on the bleak coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland? Upon the wooded borders of the St. Lawrence? In the beautiful land of Acadia? On the sandy banks of Cape Cod? By the frosty Rock of Plymouth? On the blooming slopes of Shawmut? On lovely Aquiday by the blue waves of the Narraganset? In the sweet valley of the Connecticut? Among the tall chestnuts of Manhattan, or the crags of the Hudson Highlands? Among the lilies of the Delaware? Beneath the willows of the Chesapeake? Among the osiers of the Potomac? Beneath the draped cypresses of the Powhatan and Nansemond? Within the stately aisles of pine upon the Cape Fear and the Roanoke? By the rushing water of the Neuse, the Yadkin, and the Catawba? By the marshes of the Ashley, the Cooper, and the Santee? In the rice-fields of the Combahee and Port Royal? In the shadows of the palmetto of Savannah? Beneath the stately magnolias of the Ogeeche and Alatamaha? In the sweet orange-groves of St. Augustine and Pensacola? Among the everglades of the land of the Seminole? By the cotton-wood tree of the Alabama? Among the picturesque hills of the brave Cherokees? In the nooks of the Blue Ridge, where the Broad Rivers of Carolina and Tennessee gush out?

In the rich Cumberland valley? In the dark oak-groves of Kentucky? By the murmuring waters of the Ohio? By the sounding shores of the Great Lakes? Among the flowers of the spreading prairies? By the rolling flood of the Mississippi? In the wigwam of the Indian on the Missouri, or in the shadows of the Rocky Mountains? Yes, over all this broad domain, and varying clime, was the birth-place and the nursery of AMERICAN ENTERPRISE!

Seven cities claimed the honor of giving birth to a renowned blind poet of antiquity. Five times seven Republics (*e pluribus unum*) may boast the honor of singing the first lullaby to the infant giant. It is indeed a "child of thirty-six fathers." Its nursery is beneath all the parallels of a great continent. It is of royal lineage. Cunning heraldry can read the story of its ancestry upon every page of human history back to the dawn of creation, when "the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." When "cherubims, and a flaming sword which turned every way," was placed between Paradise and the Royal Exile and his spouse, God dipped the pen of Justice in Divine Displeasure, and wrote upon the escutcheon of his nature the credentials of his future mission upon earth, "Go forth and subdue it"—"In the sweat of thy face shalt thou eat bread." In the enunciation of that curse-blessing, LABOR was inaugurated as a condition of Human Life; and in all ages, and in all lands, it has ever been the conservator of mundane existence—the *primum mobile* of human progress—the salt of earthly happiness.

Who that heard the feeble wail of the royal infant

amid the malaria of Jamestown, the snows of Plymouth, and the swamps of Carolina, conceived the mighty energies then latent in that little brain and tender muscles? But stern, unbending, ever-taxing NECESSITY stood by the cradle in every place, and by its perpetual exactions developed those energies with wonderful rapidity. How soon the tiny infant stood up, a sturdy youth, and swept down the forests as grass before the mower's scythe, and beat back, with ungenerous hand, the dusky masters of the soil who dared to whisper a word of protest! Before his eyes was a brilliant vision of a rich garden to be tilled; a broad field to be opened to the blessed sun and garnished with culture beauty; noble lakes and rivers to be peopled with the votaries of traffic, and glorious tokens of marching civilization to be reared where the scattered tribes neither sowed nor reaped, delved nor piled. Such was his vision, and in its beckonings to action he found an excuse for his injustice.

Wonderful have been the result of AMERICAN ENTERPRISE, and yet its labors are not half accomplished. Look back at its early tasks and progressive labors. See! how the light falls upon yellow harvest-fields, and green meadows, and rich orchards, and glittering spires all along the Atlantic coast, where its arm is plying its sturdy muscles! Its sustenance is drawn from every land. In its veins the blood of every nation courses. See! how its moral strength grows with the development of its physical energies! The meeting-house and the school-house are placed side by side, as twin bulwarks of Society. See! how the free air and the free bird, the free water and the free deer, all teach the growing giant

- noble and truthful lessons concerning sacred rights, the lies of royalty, and the usurpations of an idle, vicious, and life-wasting aristocracy ! The divinity of the king's right to rule and oppress, which shone so sun-like in the
- Old World, appears to him, as he turns his vision back across the ocean, like the dim, phosphorescent light of a fire-fly, and equally evanescent. He looks up to the stars above him, and reads the great poem of harmony. He looks upon creation around him, and reads the great homily of justice, equality, and fraternity ; and then looks within, and learns from conscience and the always truthful ministrations of the spirit the holiness of the great postulate of the free will—"All men are created equal ; all are endowed with certain inalienable rights, among which are *life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.*"

How the teachings of these masters mould his thoughts into schemes for action ! and as his children grow apace, he frames laws for their government, consonant with those teachings. They are no star-chamber proceedings ; but from every hill-top, from the Penobscot to the St. Mary's, and back to the selvage of his realm of labor, at the foot of the Alleghanies, every section of his statutes is proclaimed, even while the ears of a stupid, jealous king are listening to the strange, unnatural voices that come over the sea. And see ! how the king raves in his impotent anger, and shouts *Rebel !* with all his might, and sends hirelings with fire and sword, ball and bayonet, to pull down the ensigns of Freedom fluttering upon the mountains, to lay waste the harvests, consume the cities, and chain the limbs of the young giant of America ! But he is vigilant as

well as strong; he is hopeful as well as brave. Brighter and brighter grows the gorgeous vision of his future, and more hateful appear the leashes, the opinions, and the usurpations of the tools of despotism. Planting his foot upon the rock of Eternal Justice, he calmly places the few pebbles from the brook in his sling, and awaits the approach of the champion of the old and tottering dynasties. See! with what deadly precision the stones are cast, and how prostrate falls the Goliath; or how like Apollyon, smitten by Christian's sword, he speeds, howling, back to the seething purlieus of feudal wrong and kingly corruption!

Yesterday the CHILD was in its cradle; to-day it is a stalwart MAN, acknowledging no master but the High and Holy One that inhabiteth Eternity, asking no favor but freedom of action, and spreading wide his benevolent arms as an asylum for oppressed humanity.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE! Who shall tell its past labors, count the multitude of its present services, or estimate the future achievements of its wonderful energies! More than royal is its bounding career. When its lusty arm broke the chain of servitude to a foreign master, its vigorous mind conceived and formed a code of organic laws wiser, more beneficent, and more enduring, because more wise and beneficent, than the world had ever seen. With the dignity of a monarch, it refused to bend the knee to anointed libertines, whether called priest or king, but stood erect, and sometimes scornful in their presence; talked face to face with them as an equal, and even dictated the terms upon which they should enjoy the friendship and share the commercial favors of the Empire of the West.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE! Soon it wielded the skill of the hammer and the shuttle of old kingdoms; and upon the broad lakes and rivers of America, it harnessed the chained gases to barges more gorgeous than that of Cleopatra upon the Cygnus, and bearing burdens far more precious than the person of the voluptuous Queen. How the Old World wondered! Then it built navies; and the tall masts of the mightiest power on the globe which claimed to "rule the wave," bowed in obeisance to its ships of war, and paid deference to its commercial flotillas. Then, again, how the Old World wondered!

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE! How it sucks riches from the generous bosom of mother Earth, and distributes the wealth among the nations. Its cotton-fields supply the mills of Europe; its wheat-flour fills the mouths of starving communities, and its tobacco pollutes the life of millions. Every thing in Art, Science, Literature, Law, Religion, and Morality which make up the elements of a great nation, are growing luxuriantly under the fostering care of AMERICAN ENTERPRISE. And yet the monarchs sneer, and prophets of evil draw dismal horoscopes, but the people now not only wonder but admire. Their hearts are stirred with holy aspirations, and myriads look towards the setting sun, and chant,

"There's a Star in the West that shall never go down,
Till the records of valor decay;
We must worship its light, though 'tis not our own,
For Liberty bursts in its ray:
Shall the name of a Washington ever be heard
By a freeman, and thrill not his breast?
Is there one out of bondage that hails not the word
As the Bethlehem Star of the West?"

Over the rugged Alleghanies, AMERICAN ENTERPRISE has sent the plough and the pick, the seed and sickle, the hammer and the loom. The valleys have been made to bloom; new arteries of commerce are pouring their gushing floods of life where lately the Indian sat brooding in the deep solitudes; and like the roots of flourishing vines, pioneers are penetrating the vast wildernesses in every direction, in quest of aliment for the great trunk. First hundreds, then thousands of miles away from the teeming seaboard, the smoke of the settler's cabin curled above the forests. Then beauteous villages were planted, and stately cities uprose along the mighty water-courses of the interior, and thriving marts of commerce, with their busy hum, broke the silence of the wilds of mid-continent. The coach, with the fleet horse, became inadequate, and the lusty arm of AMERICAN ENTERPRISE spread a net-work of iron roads over the land. To the starving millions of Europe employment was offered. They came from the mud-cabins of dank misery, dugged our canals, built our railways, fed bountifully, lived comfortably, and bore children, who, perhaps, may be future senators in our National Council.

Soon the domains of AMERICAN ENTERPRISE became too broad, even for the swift coursers of the Rail. Its hand was stretched forth to the clouds; the lightnings were seized in their chambers; the arch-tamer, Morse, curbed the winged steeds, and harnessed them to the car of Thought, to be sent hourly from the centre to the circumference of the Republic, and to territories beyond, on errands of every kind!

A queen and her royal consort reared a great Temple of Concord within the very courts of Mammon. It was

made of strong iron and glittering crystal, and it was dedicated to LABOR, the blessed companion of Adam when he went out of Paradise. It was its first coronation in the sight of the people. There were nations within call with whom valiant Britain had warred for many generations. They were invited to send gifts to the great Temple, and priests of Labor to bear them. They came; and never since the dispersion of the temple-builders in the plain of Shinar, had there been, in one place, such a "confusion of tongues." Yet, like those who were gathered at Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost—"Parthians, and Medes, and Elamites, and the dwellers in Mesopotamia, and in Judea, and Cappadocia, in Pontus, and Asia, Phrygia, Pamphilia, in Egypt, and in the parts of Libya around about Cyrene, and strangers of Rome, Jews and proselytes, Cretes and Arabians," they all spoke one language within the temple—the language of LABOR—the vernacular of every clime.

AMERICAN ENTERPRISE was there with its sculpture, painting, and machinery; its yachts and reapers; its locks, cloths, pottery, and perfumes. And more; it bore away the highest premiums and loudest plaudits, and came home with a resolution to build a Temple of Concord for itself in the heart of its great commercial metropolis. No royal voice nor royal purse was obedient to its wishes. It did not need them. Its own wealth, created by its own mind and muscle, not expressed from the veins of toiling thousands like juice from the grape, was ample. It had no tears nor life-blood upon it. It was not the fruit of legal plunder, but honest earnings "by the sweat of his face."

The American Temple of Concord was reared, grand and beautiful. AMERICAN ENTERPRISE sent its republican cards of invitation to the monarchs of the Old World, to come and see what untrammelled energy can do, when seconded by a virtuous public opinion. The people of the Old World were invited to send hither fruits of their labor as gifts for the altar. They are here. Art has contributed some of its noblest productions, and the hoary Sciences of the Eastern Hemisphere have laid their most erudite contributions at the feet of LABOR, controlled by AMERICAN ENTERPRISE. And from all parts of our land the products of the soil, the quarry, the hammer, the anvil and the loom, the pencil and the chisel, have been brought and piled around the beautiful creations from the Old World.

The Representative of the Sovereignty of the Republic was there, as high-priest at the dedication, officially the noblest type of man upon the earth, because the chosen servant and representative of a free Christian nation. The echoes of the dedication songs have died away, but the glorious worship is progressing.

We will not, we dare not lift the veil of the Future, in which lies the great field of labor of AMERICAN ENTERPRISE. Like the waxen wings of Icarus, those of the Imagination would melt in approaching so near the sun of human glory, and we will not attempt the flight. In the midst of the present fruition of past efforts, let us not forget how broad was the birthplace and nursery of AMERICAN ENTERPRISE, and how earnestly we ought to labor to preserve harmony throughout its borders. Let the grand cosmopolitan idea of Brotherhood, which is now working out the social regeneration of man,

have its full force in concentration here ; and let no sectional interests or opinions disturb the peace or check the progress of our happy republic. Then shall generation after generation, in future centuries, chant with joyful hearts—

“ Great God ! we thank thee for this home—
 This bounteous birth-land of the free ;
 Where wanderers from afar may come,
 And breathe the air of Liberty !
 Still may her flowers untrampled spring,
 Her harvests wave, her cities rise ;
 And yet, till Time shall fold his wing,
 Remain earth's loveliest paradise ! ”

SONNET.

JULY 4TH, 1868—EVENING.

BY T. W. R.

’Tis a sweet night :—the very stars look out
 From their bright places with a joyous sheen,
 As if they heard, well pleased, the jubilant shout
 Of a free land, and smiled upon a scene
 That upward to their azure cope serene
 Sends its rejoicings—loud as hail’d the rout
 Of tyranny, what time, with arms upraised
 To heaven, and their trust placing in its God,
 Our fathers, with unfaltering tongues, and lips
 Of eloquence their sons may ne’er eclipse,
 Each to the other swore, and pledged their life,
 Fortunes, and sacred honor, that the strife
 Of battle they would dare, until they gazed
 Upon their country free, or slept beneath its sod !

RALPH HEATON.

DIARY OF A PILGRIM—FROM THE ORIGINAL.

OXFORD, September 3d.—After y° ringing of y° bell, was notified that y° dean desired my presence in his room. Would fain have changed my gown and shoes, but y° messenger being in haste, I was forced to smother my shame as I best could. Found y° dean in converse with a tall man in laced clothes, and of a bearing that shewed him used to command. Y° dean introduced me, with many commendations, which it becometh me not to remember, and then told me that Sir Arthur Willett (for that was y° gentleman's name) desired a tutor for his sons. Sir Arthur spoke kindly to me, and said I should have an hundred pounds yearly, and be lodged and clothed; whereat I was so astonished and happy that I could have thanked him heartily, but y° memory of my six day's beard, soiled gown, and inked fingers, wofully spoiled my speech. Y° good dean smiled at my confusion, and Sir Arthur desiring me to hold myself in readiness to depart upon y° morrow, took his leave of y° dean, and went out. Afterward went through y° rooms, and bade farewell to many whom y° companionship of three years had much endeared, and rendered to me as brothers. I know not, but it seemeth to me, that never having known brother or sister, my soul yearneth for somewhat to

cling to, and keepeth tender and truly loving unto all men. After prayers, y° dean gave me much good advice for y° ordering of my conduct with my expected pupils, and, on parting, left in my hand a parcel, which I found was a ten-pound note and five pieces of gold. This is y° last night in Oxford, and my eyes are loth to close lest they shut out y° moonbeams that smile upon y° towers as I see them through my window, and so cause me to sleep. Y° little nook in y° wainscot, where I had kept my manuscript, I have again cleared of rubbish, and many of y° papers have destroyed, and packed the rest among my books and clothing. Now I will sit and watch y° moon while she climbs over y° towers and walls of y° dear olde colledge.

Willett Hall, Sept. 7th.—Arrived yesterday, sorely bruised and beaten by y° sauvaige pace of y° horse which Sir Arthur had provided for my riding. Could scarcely walk through pain when we alighted, but durst not complain, for fear of ridicule. It seemeth a matter of wonder that Sir Arthur and his grooms rode so far, and yet arrived cheerful, and now walk nimbly about, while I am constrained to keep my room through y° severity of y° pain in head and limbs. Have sat all y° morning looking out at y° window, and know not which most to admire, y° glorious beauty of y° landscape without, or y° richness and comfort of my room within. Y° walls are covered with tapestry, and y° bed is curtained with flowered stuff, wrought after y° same pattern as y° walls, which is a battelle of St. George and y° dragon, set round with many strange figures of angels' heads growing out of great flowers and bunches of leaves. There is by y° window a carved oaken chair

and stool, which I especially admire, and a table with drawers; and in y^e farther corner a great cabinet of polished wood, which I am told is for my own use. I shall put all my Latin verses in y^e left-hand space, under y^e carved figure of y^e apostle Paul, and all my English compositions at y^e right hand, under y^e head of y^e disciple John. There will be too much room for my few books between these, and beneath I can keep my spare wardrobe.

- Sept. 20th.—Sir Arthur has two sons, comely and pleasant youths, of fifteen and eighteen summers. Arthur, the elder, hath some little knowledge of Latin, and knoweth history well, but Hugh hath never learned aught save what it pleased him best to learn. Now I must strive to make learning pleasant to them, and by kind ways lead them to desire knowledge of themselves. Hugh seemeth to love me very much already, and maketh fair promise of attention to my teaching, but breaketh in upon my explanation to ask me, why I am so thin and pale, and have not a red color of countenance, like himself and Arthur. Again he asketh me if I can play at tennis, or leap a ditch, or swim, to all of which I am obliged to answer, “no;” at which he seems not a little amazed. It seemeth that both of them better love to exercise their bodies than their minds. Arthur has much pleasure in taking me over y^e house, to shew y^e old pictures, and y^e ancient furniture, and armor, which there are in the upper rooms. Y^e lower rooms are shut up, for Sir Arthur hath no wife, and his only daughter liveth with her aunt in y^e city of London. There are many faire walks and pleasant shades in y^e park, and I love to take my book there

and read. Y^e deer come and look at me, and go away again, doubtless wondering to see one keep so still; for with y^e sports and riding of y^e young gentlemen, there is often so much noise that I scarce know what I do. Yet day by day I feel my spirits expand, and a pleasant sense of freedom maketh me love this life.

Sept. 29th.—Master Hugh hath rebelled, and will not learn Latin, unless I learn to fence, to ride, to leap, and play at tennis with him. Arthur urgeth that it will better my health, and that he will gladly teach me himself, if I desire it. Truly it maketh them my superiors, but since they urged me so hard, I have given my consent. Master Hugh was almost mad with y^e thought of teaching, and goeth to his Latin grammar more willingly than ever. I have used much diligence to perfect myself in drawing, that I might teach them that pleasant art. To-day I had them with me in y^e park, while I made a sketch of y^e old tower, which is on y^e hill behind y^e hall. Sir Arthur came to us, and sat on y^e grass, talking all y^e time I worked at my drawings. He is a bold man, loving wealth and titles, and soe ungodly is his speech that I would have shut my ears if I could, and I cannot help wondering why his sons have not learned of him to sweare and speake slightingly of y^e church, and y^e deare saints of God. Sir Arthur gave Hugh leave to take a horse from y^e stable for my use, and to-morrow my pupils begine to teach me those things in which they excel. For this smalle indulgence, they are to use double diligence in learning Latin.

Oct. 1st.—Master Arthur giveth me great praise for my skill already, and insists that I have gained some

color, at which I confess myself pleased, for I do not love the look which I had on leaving Oxford. But for my beard, I might have been taken for a sick woman. I would fain gain a more manly proportion of body, and well-knit, supple limbs. I mean, like Homer's heroes, to train both body and mind to feats of strength and daring. Sir Arthur told me to-day that some gentlemen and lords were coming soone to visit him, and, if I desired it, I should go fox hunting with them. I heartily thanked him, and saide I would prefer to stay at home, which I think pleased him best, for Master Hugh is not suffered to hunt foxes as yet, and I had skill to soothe his chafed spirit under such an affliction as he deems his restraint to be. After school lessons were over, I took a book from y^e library, and went into y^e parke to reade. A few leaves were dropping from y^e trees as I passed under them, and they lay all about me on y^e grass, like fragments of beautifulle pictures. There was a lake on y^e left, and a great oak spread its shadow over y^e knolle where I sat. Y^e stillness was like y^e musick of Heaven; and soe spreading my books upon y^e grass, I reade much pleasant thoughts from y^e works of Plato on the Soul. The red sunlight shone on y^e water and shimmered over brook and foliage with a soft purple, and y^e rustle of y^e leaves as they fell through y^e sweet aire, soe soothed my senses that, I know not how, but I fell asleep. A pleasant dream fluttered like a purple winged bird over my sleep, and soft musick filled my eares with such harmony as seems to dwell in y^e spiritual and imaginary worlds, which I soe often visit in my dreams. But in the midst of my pleasant dreame, a sudden noise made me

awake, and looking up quickly, I beheld what seemed but a continuation of my visions. There, leaning over y° knolle, and regarding me with pleasant gravity, was a beautifulle female face. Y° large brown curls upon her neck were streaked with golden threads, and looking into her eyes turned me dizzy, as it did to look into y° lake on a clear day, with a soft blue sky, for I seemed to behold heaven in them. When she saw me awake, she blushed, and turned away quickly; I knew not whither, for I durst not follow her with my eyes, lest I should break the charm that seemed to surround me. At last I arose, and coming to my roome quietly, shut myself up for to-night. It is unusual that Master Arthur or Hugh do not visit me in y° evening, but to-night they come not, and I know not if I wish them to, since I should lose many romantic thoughts which my adventure in y° parke has introduced to my sillie head.

Oct. 2d.—Early this morning Master Hugh was at my door, and when I let him in, he seemed soe delighted that I was fain to know the reason of his mirth. But I got no answer, save a laugh, and he would have me come to breakfast with him and Arthur. Soe consenting, I went with him down to the breakfast parlor, where I saw breakfast set out for four. Thinking Sir Arthur might breakfast with us, I sat down by y° window and read while Hugh went for Arthur. Presently I heard them on y° stairs, in great mirth, and soe I went to y° door and opened it. I thought I should have fallen through surprise. There was y° same eyes and curls which I saw yesterday, and their beautifulle owner laughing with my two pupils as freely as if they

were lifetime friends. Arthur very modestly introduced me to his sister Mary. Now came upon me all y^e awkwardness of my student life, and y^e Lady Mary's blushes helped to confuse me; for I thought it distressed her to see me after last night, and I knew not how to pretend ignorance, and assume such a face as that I had never met her before. However, I made shift to reply when she asked me if I liked Willett Hall, and said much in praise of y^e old Hall and y^e park, whereat Lady Mary blushed again. I found that she had arrived from London yesterday; and her aunt going to Bath, she would stay over Christmas, at which I was secretly glad, although my conscience smote me for it. Y^e day passed swiftly; after lessons, we rode, and y^e Lady Mary accompanied us.

Oct. 5th.—Y^e fencing goes on bravely, and I think now I might ride to Oxford without harm. Y^e Lady Mary comes sometimes to our schoolroom, and insists that I shall teach her Latin; but I steadily refuse, for I know it would cost me much time that rightfully belongeth to Masters Hugh and Arthur. But her father desires me to teach her drawing, and sometimes I reade to them from bookes in y^e library, of which there are great store. To-day arrived four gentlemen from London—my Lord Atherton, the Marquis of Waltham, Mr. Eaton, and Mr. Johnstone. At dinner, I sat next Mr. Eaton, and he seemeth truly a good man. He is also a kinsman of Sir Arthur's, and y^e Lady Mary had much talk with him privately. Y^e Marquis of Waltham I did not like, he being a bitter enemy to the freedom of speech and opinion which all good men desire to see established.

Oct. 9th.—Y^e gentlemen were very merry over their wine after dinner, soe I stole away to y^e parke with Mr. Eaton, and we sat down by y^e lake, and held much pleasant discourse upon y^e wonderfulle beauty of y^e dear world of God, and the wonderfulle works of God for his people. After a while, y^e Lady Mary and Master Arthur joined us, and were well pleased to listen to Mr. Eaton; for he was a learned man, and movingly discoursed upon themes suited to their comprehension. Y^e Lady Mary desired to hear him speak of y^e persecuted people whom y^e world called Puritans; for she said, “I so dearly love them for their courage and endurance for the truth’s sake that I marvel not at their increase, but much rather wonder all the world is not turned unto them.” Upon this, Mr. Eaton laughed, and said, “It is y^e nature of wōman, sweet cousin, to be tender and pitiful unto that which suffereth evil, and therefore you love and admire that which hath no better claim upon your sympathy. I would, if I desired you to love me, cause myself to be bitterly persecuted, and straightway I should become the hero of all your dreams; for your generous nature would rather share shame and reproach, than that one should suffer it alone.” Lady Mary would not grant that she loved through pity, but rather through admiration and respect; and she spake of the many eminent and pious men who had embraced y^e truth, for y^e sake of which they had sought a home in y^e wilderness of y^e New World. Mr. Eaton looked thoughtfully in her face, and said, with much tenderness, “Mary, if thou wert called upon to choose, wouldst thou go to America, rather than relinquish y^e truth which thou professest

to hold in such esteem?" Then Lady Mary said, "If I were called of God, I could." But I thought her voice trembled somewhat, and she seemed afterward much cast down. Arthur and Mr. Eaton went to looke at y^e new oak-plantation, and Lady Mary walked with me to y^e house. There was a great uproar in y^e dining-hall, singing and laughing, and y^e servants going in and out with bottles, which seemed enough to drown Bacchus himself. After I came to my roome, was sorely troubled in my mind, and could not reste for y^e thoughts that came upon me. Finally, trusting all to God, I am content to deny myself even y^e thoughts which seemed to me most pleasant.

Oct. 11th.—Y^e gentlemen went early to hunt, and y^e baying of y^e cruel hounds came often to y^e roome where I sat. Having only Master Hugh with me, I was soone through with his lessons; and he desiring to ride, y^e groome brought out horses, and we rode in y^e parke. After a while, we heard y^e hounds again; and Hugh desiring to see them pass, we made haste to y^e open field. Y^e fox came over y^e hill, and stretched away for y^e crags of limestone on y^e right, while Hugh whooped and swung his cap, as if it were y^e gayest sight in y^e world to see y^e panting hounds follow one poor tired fox. As y^e gentlemen came over y^e hill, I wondered that y^e marquis came not; and soe going to y^e hill-top, I looked everywhere for him, but he was nowhere in sight. I knew there was a broad ditch not far off, and riding quickly there, I was shocked to see y^e marquis sitting in y^e ditch by y^e side of y^e horse, which was dead. I got off from my horse, and helping him up from y^e ditch, found only his ankle sprained, which

seemed to grieve him more than y° death of y° noble horse which he rode. With some ado, I got him upon my horse, and walked home by his side. Y° noble marquis bore y° pain but poorly, and at y° least wrench, it was as if I had stirred up a hungry lionne. I was righte glad to be rid of him at y° Hall, and his servant seemed to be well aware of y° task in hand.

Oct. 14th.—Y° marquis is carried to y° dining-hall, and drinking and singing as before y° accident. Y° Lady Mary keepeth, when I see her, a sorrowful gravity of countenance, which moveth my heart for her. Lord Atherton and y° marquis seem to vie with each other in their attentions to her; and Sir Arthur payeth court to y° marquis, and speaketh of him soe reverently, that I am forced to believe he desireth him for a son-in-law. Arthur and Hugh have sometimes y° favor of a lesson from Mr. Eaton, who teacheth them in a fashion that maketh learning seem but a pastime. There was much laughing in y° court to-day, to see Master Hugh fencing with y° tutor, and as I purposely suffered him to cast y° foile from my hand, he was not a little lifted up with pride. Now I come to y° recording that which troubleth me beyond all I have known before. Y° Lady Mary rode with us to-daye, and y° gentlemen going before, I was left to be her escort; and we fell in converse upon y° beautie of y° pastoral life, and y° Lady Mary spake soe humbly, and withal soe affectingly of y° desire she had for a life of piety and contente, that y° difference in our stations was far from my mind, and as if we had been children, I talked in all simplicity of y° worlde that I am fain to believe all lovers dream of,—a grande worlde for beauty and

sunshine, and where riches and titles are things unknown. Y^e Lady Mary blushed much at my words, and afterward I was much grieved that I had beene soe foolish ; and desiring to mend my sillie speeches, I said, with much confusion, "Sweet ladye, y^e sillie presumption of my speech thou must pardon, inasmuch as y^e subject was soe knit with y^e secrets of my heart, that my words, somewhat against my will, have betrayed y^e love which I can in no wise conceal. Therefore, do not think hardly of me for it ; but suffer me to think of thee sometimes, in all purity and reverence, as one whom it were not forbid me to look upon with love." Y^e Ladye Mary held forth her hand, and when I would have kissed it, she said softly to me, "Nay, Master Heaton, I am neither sorry or angry that thou lovest me, but take it as an especial gift of God, that one soe learned and gentle as thou shouldst esteem me worthy of regarde." Then my heart was full of joy, and y^e worlde seemed more like that of which I dreamed than before ; and I felt myself able to reach forth my hands, full of y^e blessings of a happy heart, to all y^e earthe. Much more discourse had we, and y^e Lady Mary would have me reveale y^e matter to Mr. Eaton. When we returned to y^e Hall, y^e marquis and Sir Arthur were in y^e library ; and going to my room shortly after, I met y^e Lady Mary in y^e gallery, crying bitterly, and when she saw me, she said, "Oh, Master Heaton ! Master Heaton !" and made haste away without explanation ; whereat I was stricken with great fear and anguish, for y^e pitifulle sound of her voice I am not able to forget even now.

Oct. 16th.—Y^e Lady Mary is ill, and keepeth her

room yet. Master Arthur told me that y^e marquis would stay at y^e Hall for some weeks, for y^e inflammation of his ankle was much increased, and y^e surgeon had forbidden him to drink more wine; at which Hugh remarked, y^e marquis swore many wicked oaths. Mr. Eaton came to my room this morning, and with much ado I told him y^e whole of y^e matter between y^e Lady Mary and myself; and I expressed y^e concern I felt on account of y^e tears and y^e illness of y^e Lady Mary. Mr. Eaton thanked God it was no worse, and said, "If thou truly lovest, God will prosper thy love; therefore, do all things in love and truth. But thou must not expect y^e blessing of God upon this matter, if thou turn aside from y^e right. I know Sir Arthur hath promised his daughter to y^e marquis; but she hath declared her unwillingness to y^e match, and it was doubtless that which caused her to weep. If thou art able to keep a wife, thou shalt demand y^e Lady Mary of Sir Arthur; and if thou art disposed to take orders, I will endeavor to procure thee a living." "God forbid," I cried, "that I should bind myself to worship God in y^e form, which being y^e work of man, hath not y^e spirit suited to all men. Nay, if by that I might gain y^e Lady Mary, I would not, though I have not an hundred pounds in y^e world." "Truly," said Mr. Eaton, "this love maketh a man blind, soe that he becometh hopeful of impossibilities. Now, if thou have not a living, how wilt thou keep a wife?" Then I was troubled; for in y^e sunshine of y^e beautifull world of Love, I had not seen the thorns and nettles which want and necessity plant therein. But suddenly I cried, "I will go to America, and if God prospereth me, I will return for

y^e Lady Mary." Mr. Eaton counted it small ground for hope, but doubted not God would lead me in y^e right way. Then, as he was to depart on the morrow, he gave me his address, that I might write to him in London. It had been better for me to tarry in Oxford, since then I had not seen y^e Lady Mary, or known aught of love, save in my Latin verses.

Oct. 20th.—I have seen the Lady Mary, and declaring to her my poverty, have been again charmed by y^e wonderfuller humility of her spirit. She pledgeth me her love, and if I will go to America, she will follow me there, God helping her. The suit of y^e marquis doth soe afflict her, she would willingly hide anywhere. But how this matter shall be brought about, I know not, since I am too poor to go to America, and could I get there, have nothing wherewith to procure a home. Y^e Lady Mary hath a small fortune from her mother, which her father holdeth, she not being of age. Alas! for me I have only my trust in God.

Nov. 3d.—I write this in y^e dark, low chamber of a cottage, where I have taken lodgings. It seemeth a long time since I left Oxford, and a still longer time since I was driven from y^e Hall, with many bitter words and curses. Y^e matter was this: y^e marquis desiring y^e company of y^e Lady Mary in y^e library, where he has a couch laid for him since he cannot walk, sent to Sir Arthur a message, desiring her presence, saying she refused to come at his request. Sir Arthur being greatly moved with anger, dragged y^e Lady Mary down y^e stairs by y^e shoulder, and soe to y^e door; but I hearing her voice in entreaty, went down and begged him to desist, whereat he fell in such a rage as made

him shake like a leaf in y^e wind, and thrusting me back with many curses, he strove to open y^e door, but I would not suffer him. Then he made effort to reason with me, and soe I told him plainly that I loved y^e Lady Mary, and I would not see her forced to keep y^e company of a man she liked not. Then he cried out, "Art thou mad to aspire soe high? Go, beggar, lest I stain my hands in your vile blood." But I steadily replied, "Sir Arthur, my blood has flown in y^e veins of a nobler race than yours, and needeth only the vain shew of wealth, to make you esteem it." "Ah," said he, sneering, "what was, my lord, your father's name?" but not suffering me to answer, he called y^e servants to put me out; and Lord Atherton coming, took y^e Lady Mary to her roome, for she was near fainting. Then I was content to go out of myself, and though Sir Arthur commanded them to set on y^e dogs, yet they refused, and I came out without hurt. Soe I came hither, and y^e cotter brought my clothes from y^e Hall. Where now shall I go, for y^e way seems blotted from before me, and I am like a frighted bird? Oh thou Heavenly Father, help me, lest in my extremity I flee into y^e very jaws of destruction!

Nov. 10th.—Master Arthur came to see me to-day. He seemed much grieved at y^e severity of my usage, and would have me take of him some money, which, my wages being yet due, I accepted; and he gave me news also of y^e Lady Mary which pleased me, for y^e marquis hath not seen her since I left y^e Hall. He begged me to write to Mr. Eaton, which I promised; and, on going away, he said when y^e Lady Mary was somewhat recovered, he would take her to walk in y^e parke

sometimes, and I should meet her there if I desired it. Though cast-down and ill both in body and mind, yet I have much comfort in y^e assurance that y^e Lady Mary loveth me. Her love seemeth a bright star, whose light, if it do serve better to shew the dearness of my way, yet also sheweth me how I must struggle if I would walk in y^e beautifulle worlde of which I still dream. There is despair in utter darkness, and but for her love I might not hope as I do.

Nov. 15th.—Wonderfulle are y^e works of God, and the kindness he hath for those that trust in him! While I lay in my chamber this morning, there was a loud knock upon y^e door; and when the cotter opened it, I heard my own name called, and soe dressing in haste, I went down. There was an old groom at y^e door with a led horse, and he gave me a letter which not only surprised, but greatly disappointed me, since in coming down y^e stairs, my wilfulle heart would have it that I should hear from y^e Lady Mary. Now, this was not only a man's hand, but y^e seal of such a stamp as my father had used, save that it bore y^e oak-leaves and acorns borne by y^e heir of y^e family. When I had bidden them to care for y^e olde groom, I went to my chamber and opened y^e letter, which ran in this wise:

Heaton Forest.

NEPHEW RALPH:—If thou art minded to come to y^e Forest, thou canst return with Old Rob. Never fear but I'll make thee as welcome as if thou wert not my brother's son, for I hear that of thee which doeth thee honor. Now, prithee, do not take it amiss that I never asked thee before, but come to me in good humor or not at all; for thou must know I am lately married, and soe will not suffer y^e sulkes to enter my house at all, lest once there, they never leave me.

Thy uncle,

THOMAS KENT HEATON.

As soon as I had read y^e letter, I went to y^e old groom, and asked him when his master bade him return. And he said upon y^e morrow if I come with him, and if not, to set off y^e same day. Then I resolved to go to my uncle, although I have little cause to love him, yet, partly out of my necessities, and partly moved by y^e willfulle kindness of his letter, I am willing to forget y^e past. I have written to Mr. Eaton, also to y^e Lady Mary and Master Arthur, which letters I leave with y^e honest man of y^e cottage. Y^e new prospect opened before me causeth me much anxiety: God forbid I should cover y^e truth in trying to please my uncle; rather let suffer me shame for y^e love of God.

Nov. 20th.—Thank God, y^e battelle is fought, and y^e victory is mine. This old home of my fathers, which hath been to me soe long a goblin castle, saw me enter its walls in peace and with a peaceful welcome. My uncle, spite of a gouty foot, met me at y^e Hall door, and would not suffer me to enter at once, lest, as he said, I were not y^e man; since he expected me to be pale and stooping, and with a woefulle air. Then, with many delighted smiles, and expressions of gladness, he had me into y^e chamber where was his wife, y^e Lady Heaton. Y^e Lady Heaton seemed glad that her lord liked me soe well, and said much that sounded strangely in my ears, of y^e kindness and excellence of my good uncle's heart. Now, his marriage must have made him somewhat better, or he is not y^e same man who drove his brother from y^e house, and sent him to die of a broken heart, leaving his wife and child to y^e tender mercies of y^e worlde. But I mean not to remember this, for he seemeth resolved to make me forget it. He

told me I should lodge in y^e room where my father used to sleep, and all y^e furniture was y^e same as when he occupied it. They have left me a pleasant fire and much wood, otherwise y^e gloom would be insupportable. ¶Y^e bed seemeth like a hearse, with its dustie plumes, and y^e curtains dropping down even to y^e floor. Over y^e fireplace are y^e pictures of my father and y^e present lord. Every look of y^e place is gloomy ; even y^e bold willfulle smile of my uncle's picture seemeth a wicked mockery of my father's pensive face. I shall not sleep without dreams to-night surely, for it seemeth very like a dream to find myself in y^e home of my father's childhood.

Nov. 26th.—My uncle is exceedingly proud of my straight, strong build ; and when I told him I could fence, and ride straight upon a ditch or wall, I thought he laughed more than he need, since these are things soe easily learned, and of little worth to such as me. But he saith he liketh me better than if I had been soe straight-laced and rigid, as y^e most of scholars be. Y^e Lady Heaton is a woman of gentle manners, and her behavior to her rough lord is full of sweet dignity, that maketh me love her exceedingly. . To-day, when I would fain know how long my uncle desired me to stay at y^e Forest, he told me that he meant to keep me over Christmas, which I had no reason to refuse, seeing that I had no home or occupation in y^e worlde. My uncle liketh chess much, and I have diligently set myself to learn it ; also he will have me plan a fête for y^e holidays at Christmas. Y^e old wood is an especial favorite with me, and I go often in among y^e evergreens when y^e wind bloweth fresh, and y^e murmuring of y^e

breeze among their troubled branches is sweeter to me than ever was music. I think much of y^e Lady Mary still, and y^e beautifulle worlde cometh often to me in y^e pleasant dreams, which care and poverty cannot chase away.

Dec. 8th.—Yestereve came a most welcome letter from Mr. Eaton. He grieveth at my quarrell with Sir Arthur, and recommends me to go to America. In February sails y^e good ship Albion, and sometime after y^e Belfast. Mr. Davenport and his congregation sail in y^e Albion, and Mr. Eaton and divers others in y^e Belfast. He maketh fair offers to me, and as regards y^e Lady Mary, doubts not if my uncle were to ask her for me of Sir Arthur, that my suit would be prospered. It seems that God has willed that I should go to America, and yet I am not content to leave England without y^e Lady Mary. I will ask my uncle, and God may move his heart to speak for me, though I scarce dare to hope it.

Dec. 12th.—When I told my uncle that I designed to go to America, he looked at me as if he thought me mad; and not making any answer, I went on to tell him of my love for y^e daughter of Sir Arthur Willet. Then he seemed delighted, and taking me by y^e hand, cried out that he had heard nothing soe welcome in a long time. "Thou art a noble fellow, Ralph," said he; "and thou doest well to eschew the folly of thy father, in marrying the daughter of a poor parson. Nay, but thou must not get angry with me, for thy mother, poor child, did no wrong, and I purpose to do thee a good deed now. Come, I will write to Sir Arthur, and thou shalt bear the letter thyself; for I doubt not thou

wouldst like to be a postman, provided all thy letters went to Willet Hall." Then I brought him pen and ink, and he made me write after him this letter :

Heaton Forest.

SIR ARTHUR:—My nephew, Ralph Heaton, loveth thy daughter Mary, and desireth to marry her. If thou wilt give her unto him, I will endow her with two thousand pounds, upon the day of her marriage, and make over to Master Ralph y^e five thousand pounds which I also hold for him until y^e day of his marriage. And as I cannot deny that y^e younge man is somewhat of a Puritan, it may be well to say that he designeth to go to America, where he will be welcome to think as he pleases, none hindering. As I make him y^e bearer of this letter, thou canst treat with him in person ; and thou wilt confer with him as freely as myself, since, in case of my leaving no heirs, he will become my successor.

With due regard, I am, sir,

Your ob'dt serv't,

THOMAS KENT, EARLE OF HEATON.

Now, I was not pleased with y^e tone of my uncle's letter ; but he had shown himself so generous toward me that I could hardly find words to thank him enow, and y^e only word he returned my grateful prayers was, "No doubt, thou thoughtest me an old churl, and most ungodly uncle ; but I have not suffered thee to grow to this age, Ralph, without much care to discover thy mind and abilities, though unknown to thee. That which thy father spent upon y^e family of y^e olde parson Beddelle, have I restored from my own estate, so that in keeping him from y^e follies he was prone to, I have saved thee a fortune. But mind, Ralph ; thou hast fairly earned a right to it, and should your aunt bring me no heirs, I have a nephew whom I shall be proud to make y^e Earle of Heaton. Now thou mayest go tell

thy aunt of thy love affairs, for y^e women like the hearing of such tales." Twenty-three is not too old to discover that y^e seemingly wicked have much good in their hearts, and y^e unloveable exterior hath within much that desireth and deserveth to be loved. I can, with a clear conscience, say now, "My good uncle," for I well understand y^e prejudices of a man like my uncle against y^e unthrifty management and wanton waste of my grandfather Bedelle. But, alas, there is much in y^e case that deserved pity rather than reproach. Y^e melancholy enthusiasm of my poor father might have been checked with kindness, and my beautiful mother (for she was of a surpassing beauty) suffered in losing my father that which might atone for all vanities she had been guilty of. It seemeth too that his conscience rested uneasily in this matter, and he hath made restitution. May y^e good God have him in his care, and grant his seed may carry y^e honors of y^e house through long ages yet to come.

Dec. 13th.—To-morrow I leave y^e forest for y^e Willet Hall. My uncle and aunt, desiring to please me, suffer the impatience of youth to overrule their own plans, and all our festival is postponed till my return. Truly what a change hath my coming hither wrought. I had barely ten pounds in my pocket, and I rejoiced that I was sent for hither, in y^e hope that I might chance upon employ. Now I have an abundant fortune, and, above all, a renewed trust in God, who suffereth not a hair of our heads to fall to y^e ground but he taketh knowledge of it. Now too I give y^e loose reins to hope, and have already my foot upon y^e threshold of y^e gate which leadeth to y^e beautifulle

world. Y° worlde of sunshine and flowers. Y° worlde that hath alone a resemblance to y° garden of Eden. Now is my soul glad, and the wind when I went among y° pines to day seemed to soar into y° heaven of music, the heighth of choral harmony, a song of triumphant gladness. The weather was foul without, through a misty rain and wind, but now it is cold, and y° stars glitter in y° sky like shivered diamonds, while y° wind tosseth y° shrubbery about as if it were feathers. Within y° fire casteth a pleasant glow over y° tapestried walls, and maketh y° folds of crimson curtains on y° bed look like tongues of flames crossed over with pale gold, wherever the silken embroidery sheweth. To-night I have read over y° pages of this imperfect record of y° events which have befallen me since I left Oxford. God hath dealt kindly with me, and all y° ways hath he led me by y° hand.

Dec. 15th, y° Holwell Parke Inn.—Finding neither book or company in y° house, I must needs write, for y° impatience of my spirit suffereth me not to rest. Y° people of y° house look on me with great respect, for my uncle, against my will, sent me off with two grooms in his own livery, and also forced me to wear y° laced coat and cloak which he had ordered without my knowledge; for, said he, "Thou must make thy handsome figure seem less noticeable to Sir Arthur than thy handsome clothes. As for the daughter, if she already love thee, she will love thee none the less for looking like a gentleman. And if the father refuse, and thou canst get y° daughter's consent, thou mayest steal her from y° Hall, like a true knight of old, and I will make a merry wedding for you in y° forest." To-morrow I

shall know y^e worst. Would that it were well past, for y^e proud and changeful humor of Sir Arthur maketh me fear, where otherwise all seemeth hopeful.

Dec. 17th.—At y^e cotters again. Y^e good people marvel at my return on foot, and in such gay clothes; but I must see y^e Lady Mary again; therefore I sent y^e grooms to Holwell Parke, and came hither. When I came to y^e Hall yesterday, there was a great stir in y^e court, and y^e two saucy grooms, seeming to understand somewhat of y^e matter, made shew of great respect to me, calling me “my lord,” and whispering to y^e porter that their young lord was romantic, and often went in disguise, all of which I heard without seeming to understand. When I was come into y^e Hall, I gave y^e letter to a footman, to carry to Sir Arthur, and then sat at y^e window to wait for his answer. I was greatly moved, and soe thirsty that I thought I could not have spoken aloud for y^e worlde, and y^e dizziness seemed to leave my head, and act upon my limbs, soe that when I thought to have taken a chair, I thrust my hand against y^e wall, like a drunken man. Presently there came running in Master Arthur, and afterward Hugh, whereat I was somewhat relieved, for they took me by y^e hand, and seemed righte glad to see me. Arthur said, “I know thou hast come to ask for sister Mary, and thou shalt have her. Y^e Marquis will be Duke Clarence, and is rich, but he is wicked, and cruel as death, and Mary doth not love him. Soe thou shalt be my brother, Ralph.” Hugh said nothing, save that y^e Marquis might stay at y^e Hall till midsummer, if he liked, but he should not get Mary. In y^e midst of our talk, a servant brought me an open letter from Sir

Arthur, which I read. It was in answer to my uncle, but also intended for my reading, and ran thus :

MY LORD :—I have promised my daughter to y^e Marquis of Waltham, and were your nephew already Earle of Heaton, I would not break my word when once pledged to an honorable man, for any consideration whatever.

Your humble serv't,

ARTHUR WILLET, BART.

A cold shudder passed over me, for I was greatly shocked, on reading this letter ; and crushing it in my hand, I went to y^e door in haste, but Arthur stopped me, to say, "Come to y^e parke, by y^e lake, on Saturday." Then I went to y^e court, and mounting in haste, could not help looking up to y^e windows above. Sir Arthur was at y^e open window, and I took off my hat, and bowed to him, which he returned slightly, looking all y^e time very red and confused. After we gained y^e little village, I made as if I would set off that day for Holwell Parke, and sending y^e grooms forward, left my horse, and came hither. To-morrow, God willing, I shall see y^e Lady Mary, for I doubt not Arthur will bring her to y^e parke.

Dec. 19th.—Yesterday I went to y^e lake, and Arthur came with y^e Lady Mary, and we sat a long time upon y^e knolle, and conversed upon matters which concern our happiness. Y^e Lady Mary is much changed in appearance, and though her features have lost color and roundness, yet she is still exceeding fair. She said she would go with me anywhere, aye, to y^e world's end. After y^e sun came down to y^e edge of y^e sky, Arthur and Lady Mary returned to y^e hall, and I to my cottage. In y^e morning, I went to y^e parke again, and presently

y^e Lady Mary came alone, for Arthur purposely lingered in y^e plantation. When we met, Lady Mary laid her hand upon my arm, and stooping down, I kissed her upon y^e forehead, while y^e tears stood in y^e beautifulle eyes, which she durst not raise to mine. "Ralph," she said, "thou must go alone to America. After Christmas, I go up to London, to prepare for this marriage with y^e Marquis, which my father seems resolved I shall not escape. Then, Ralph, if possible, I will follow thee." I liked not this plan, for I would have her to sail with me to America; and I urged her to fly with me now, which she steadily refused, saying we should surely fail, and that Mr. Eaton would be her protector. While we talked, I heard voices upon the bank of the lake, and in a moment after, Sir Arthur and a groom came to us. Sir Arthur seemed greatly vexed, for I stoode up and faced him boldly, soe that he could not make a shew of anger to frighten me, and seeing y^e Lady Mary droop as if she would fall, I put my arm about her waiste, to support her. Sir Arthur would have taken her from me, but I turned him aside, and whispering to her, said, "Mary, wilt thou follow me to America," and she replied, "Yea, to the world's end." Then I gave her to Sir Arthur, who said, sternly, "Sir, I had supposed thou wert a gentleman. Hereafter thou wilt not have occasion to repeat such insults, for I will take care that my daughter sees not y^e outside of y^e house till her marriage." Then he left me, half leading, half carrying y^e Lady Mary, who durst not turn her eyes to me, though I watched her all y^e way, till she went out of sight among y^e shrubbery at y^e parke gate. Oh, how my soul yearned toward her—

how much more precious seemed the gift of her love than before! Now, with a sad heart, must I return to my uncle, and then to y^e city of London, to see Mr. Eaton.

Christmas Eve.—There is a merry feast in y^e hall, and y^e noise of y^e music and dancing reacheth me even here. All y^e tenants of my uncle are assembled, and he maketh merry with them. Y^e young men and maidens are dancing under y^e miseltoe, which we had great ado to find yesterday. My uncle would have me join them, for soe y^e heir of y^e Heaton's had been used to do. Soe, not through a merry heart, but to please my uncle, I danced with a faire, modest lass, y^e daughter of a farmer. She was betrothed, and her lover stode regarding us with a pleasant countenance, and when we came beneath y^e misletoe, my uncle called out to y^e pipers to stop, and all in y^e room came and kissed us, which was a sore trial to my gravity, for I thought of y^e sober student, who left Oxford scarcely four months since. Afterward, I stole away hither, for I am not fond of soe much noise, especially in y^e present state of my affairs. When I returned, on the day before yesterday, my uncle was angry enough with Sir Arthur, and I believe with me too, because I did not carry off y^e Lady Mary, like another Sir Rupert, or Sir Hugh, of y^e olden time. But now he consenteth to my leaving England, and will send me away to London next week, not to return again. Y^e two grooms liked my service soe well, that they have asked leave to go to America, which pleased my uncle, for he said he was glad to be rid of them, since none but olde servants could please him, and these two were soe wild and saucy

that, in spite of their good-will and respectful behavior, he liked them not.

Dec. 29th.—My uncle took me with him to-day into y^e olde armory, as he said, to find a suit of mail fit to turn aside y^e arrows of y^e heathen. He shewed me y^e armor of y^e first knight of y^e family, who fought under y^e banner of Richard y^e lionne hearted, and which seemed sufficient to crush both man and steed. Then I was shewn y^e armor of y^e first earle, which was of a handsome blue, and all y^e rivets covered with gold, and a golden device wrought upon y^e breastplate. The multitude of old, musty, tattered banners were wonderfull to see, while of swords and lances, there seemed enough to arm a host. Afterward he brought out a handsome sword, which, because it had been my father's, I consented to take; and he also gave me a ring, which was my father's, and his own spurs, which there seemed little chance of my using, but he would have me take. Y^e Lady Heaton hath been busy packing up clothes and books for me, which she hath purchased of y^e best quality, lest, as she says, I come to need them when I cannot procure them. Yesterdays I went to y^e old church, where my father worshiped. Y^e burden of my prayers was not soe much for myself, as for my uncle and aunt, that all their kindness to me might return to them in abundant blessings. This is y^e last of my journal in England, for in London I have much to do, and many letters to write. Y^e abundant store of verses, which I had on leaving Oxford, hath not increased, for soe much of y^e real and earnest matters of life have I experienced, that y^e imaginary and poetical hath almost vanished from my mind. How-

ever, I shall have much leisure during y^e weariness of y^e voyage.

London, Jan. 28th.—Four weeks have I been in London. During my long stay here, I must needs write more in this little book, which hath been soe pleasant a companion to me, since whatever grief or joy I have committed to its keeping remaineth without change. Y^e joy to remind me of y^e gratitude due to God, who giveth all, and y^e grief a most eloquent teacher of y^e instability of all human affairs which are planned in folly, and executed in weakness. Y^e insufficiency of y^e worlde to satisfy y^e immortal soul maketh this weariness of pleasure, and this impatience of sorrow, which doth soe grieve us. It would seem also as if God had given us two lives, y^e mortal and y^e immortal, to which the period before y^e body was born into y^e present worlde was but a type of y^e soul's probation ere it entered y^e worlde of spirits. Y^e one acquireth all faculties and gifts which adorn y^e human body, which at its entrance into y^e worlde, receiveth y^e soul. Y^e soul also groweth into y^e possession of powers and gifts which are not necessary for this world alone, but are destined for a higher life. As some come into y^e worlde maimed and blind, with foolish minds, and distorted limbs, soe many leave this worlde with y^e glorious spark of immortality half quenched in sin, without eyes to behold y^e excellency of their own proportions, or distorted into y^e rebellious fiends who inhabit hell. Now I like much y^e companionship of y^e pen and paper. Their silence charmeth me; and there never yet was listner half soe willing as y^e smooth, white sheet, which receives all our folly or wisdom without com-

ment or complaint. As much of philosophy as I have ventured upon above, had I been soe incautious as to breathe it to man, would have brought about debate and contest enough to frighten one. So much also hath debating and foolish controversy grown into fashion, that I durst not go out to dine alone, lest my host overwhelm me with y^e multitude of his propositions, for one alone will not satisfy, but there must be a dozen. I shall truly rejoyce when y^e Albion sails, for y^e longer I tarry in England, y^e greater is my anxiety, and, as I have news from y^e Hall, I find y^e Lady Mary is still a captive, which seemeth grievous indeed. Mr. Eaton, during my stay in London, hath been exceeding kind, introducing me to many of y^e learned men of y^e day. Mr. Davenport I especially esteem. He seemeth zealous for the truth alone, finding his greatest pleasure in doing ye will of God.

On board y^e good ship Albion, Feb. 18.—Ten days at sea; sick, and in bed y^e most of y^e time; much tossed about by waves and the distressing labour of y^e ship, which is heavy laden, and plunges forward in a gale, as if she would go down headforemost. Y^e weather is such, that y^e mariners look exceeding dolefulle and cast down, being on duty y^e most of y^e time. To-day y^e weather hath been, so far, faire, with pleasant winds. Mr. Davenport preached yesterday, and he hath engaged me to assist him in writing copies of y^e covenant, and y^e address to y^e churches which are in New England. Y^e passengers in y^e after-cabin spend much time in singing hymns and reading y^e holy book aloud to each other.

Feb. 20th.—Y^e weather is still foul, and our poor

seamen look cast down as before. I much fear y^e season was not proper for our setting sail. Nevertheless, we trust all in God, and rely upon his mercy to bring us safe to land. I have not yet heard one of y^e people express sorrow at leaving England, and I fear that I alone have the strongest yearning for home, for soe I now unwittingly say. Mr. Davenport reminds me that we have here no home, or abiding-place, save where liberty of conscience is allowed, and that y^e love of God ought to make us content in all places where we can worship him aright.

March 14th.—The time wears heavily away, and our respite from y^e constant gloom is now and then a day of sunshine and fair wind. But these last not above a day, and are surely followed by fierce winds and rains, that blind us with their fury. Y^e pumps have been rigged, and ye passengers take turns at them, while y^e tired seamen rest. Mr. Davenport is a man of cheerful mind, and he constantly exhorteth us to take courage, and by his confident trust in God, he leadeth others also to trust in him. Y^e women and children seem to suffer ye most, for not being able to assist us, and soe occupy their minds, they continually dwell upon the terrors of our situation, which is indeed distressing.

April 3d.—Our ship is sorely broken and strained, by y^e severity of y^e gales. Many of our best sails are gone, and one mast must fall, if the storm continue long. Y^e labor at pumps is necessarily continued, and oftimes y^e wife relieves y^e husband, while brother and sister take turns. During last week y^e spray froze some, and gave us great uneasiness lest y^e ropes off y^e

rigging became unmanageable. But y° wind is now more from y° south, and our captain reports us an hundred miles out of our course to y° southward, which will enable us to bear y° wind better. But very little of our time is spent in reading or writing, owing to y° severity of y° storm. We have been twice very near losing one of our number from y° ship. Once y° waves broke over y° deck, carrying off y° man at y° wheel, but y° ropes hanging over y° ship's side saved him, and he crawled on deck again, looking very pitifulle. Again y° breaking of a rope, on which two men stood, was near proving y° death of both, one falling on deck, and y° other into y° sea. But by God's mercy neither of them were lost. Our Sabbath hath been kept as reverently as when on land, Mr. Davenport preaching twice, and reading y° Scriptures, and singing. Y° lofty confidence in y° goodness of God, expressed by many of our hymns, seemeth to please y° sailors much.

April 20th.—Our seamen tell us that y° land cannot be far off, for we have had two days' heavy fogs. God be praised, y° condition of our ship is somewhat mended, and y° gales not so heavy as at first. Also y° air is warm and balmy, which maketh us speak often of spring. One child, which is an especial favorite of all, asketh me much about this new world, to which we are going. She would know if there are violets in y° hedgerows, and if y° robin will build in y° churchyard, and whether y° cowslips and daisies grow there. And when I tell her all things are different from England, she wondereth, but seems not displeased, for children love change, and take it not so hard as their elders.

May 11th.—Y° land is in sight. Our whole compa-

ny have united in giving thanks to God for our preservation, and now they stand on deck, feasting their eyes with y° sight of y° long slopes of rolling forest which we see upon y° left. Y° ship moves but slowly, and our vain wishes outstrip y° wind. "Would that tomorrow were come," is constantly heard on deck from y° lips of old and young. Y° old men especially seem greatly moved by y° prospect before them, and already their affections seem to anchor upon y° land which promises them freedom, and a home. Y° rooting up of all ties to country and kindred, hath nerved them to y° task of making for themselves a country. Y° young people think of little save y° pleasure of treading once more y° firm earth, looking upon y° beauty of y° trees and flowers. Y° sun is low, and y° land nears us visibly. Over y° hill-tops floats a rose-colored mass of clouds, and y° slant sunbeams tint y° woodlands of a soft purple. We can distinguish y° lofty crags that face y° beach, and y° roll of y° surf, but y° misty twilight will soon cover all. Now, while all y° rest look to y° future, I am sad, and think much of England.

Boston, May 13th.—What a change shall a day bring forth! Yesterday morning we rose early, but y° mist obscured all prospect, and we lay without motion until sunrise, when a land-breeze struck our sails, rolling y° mist outward as one would fold a great curtain. As y° vapor parted, we caught a view of y° land quite near, and upon a rising ground was visible many houses, and a lofty staff, bearing y° armes of England upon a handsome flag. Y° sailors welcomed y° sight with cheers, while tears of joy ran down y° cheeks of many whom all y° troubles of our voyage had not

moved. After breakfast, y° boats were got out, and we prepared to land. To y° right of us, in y° harbor, lay another ship from which boats diligently went and came, while many people came down to y° shore from y° town. Mr. Davenport and myself, with several others, went in y° first boat. While we pulled to y° shore, I could not but admire y° glorious beauty of y° scene. A succession of softly sloping hills on y° right formed y° background, while on y° left side of y° river was y° town, commanding a view of y° harbor, and a narrow strip of land, curving outward from y° mainland. But over all thoughts of y° land rose y° prospect of rest and peace, which we wave-tossed wanderers of y° deep could appreciate. As we neared y° shore, I observed that many people, both men and women, came down and joined y° crowd upon y° beach. Mr. Davenport took me by y° hand, and as we stepped on y° shore, said to me, "Thank God, my brother, for he hath dealt kindly with thee." I heard a woman sobbing in y° crowd, and in a moment after y° Lady Mary lay in my arms, and I heard her murmur softly, "God be praised, I have found thee, Ralph." I know not y° rest, for every thing swam before my eyes, and I only felt that we two were together, and in y° presence of God. Y° melodious hymn which y° people sung, and y° clear voice of Mr. Davenport, as he returned thanks, seemed but y° natural music of that glorious world in which my soul now dwelt. After I somewhat recovered from y° bewildering joy of that moment, I found Mr. Eaton, and others, waiting to congratulate me. Y° Lady Mary is now my wife. We were married by Mr. Davenport on y° afternoon of y°

same day, and y^e two congregations were witnesses of y^e ceremony. Mr. Eaton, who hath been like a father to us, told me all y^e history of Lady Mary's escape. It seems that the moment Sir Arthur discovered that I had left England, he released his daughter, and suffered her to go up to London, to her aunt. Arthur, who hath been also my fast friend, accompanied her. Mr. Eaton gave them notice of y^e day y^e ship sailed, and Arthur, taking his sister in a coach, made as if he would take her to Richmond, but driving straight to y^e wharf, put her on y^e ship, where he left her, with many tears and sorrowful adieus. He had already secured great store of clothes, and much money, which he entrusted to Mr. Eaton. Y^e Belfast is a new ship, and being a good sailor, she arrived two days before us, although she sailed two weeks later.

May 28th.—Y^e good people of Boston have persuaded us to tarry with them over y^e winter, then we shall go to y^e rich lands of y^e Connecticut, which we hear much of. This seemeth a glorious country, full of grande forests and faire fields, which need only y^e labour of man to be rendered fruitful as a garden. But above all, we shall find here liberty and peace. Y^e wind singeth of it, and y^e olde woods seem made for y^e temples of freedom. Lady Mary loveth y^e land much, and y^e curious people who come to y^e town greatly interest her. They seem less savage than we deemed them, from report, and are like other people in their love of y^e glittering baubles of dress. Y^e men of y^e congregations still practise warlike arts, and many have great skill in y^e use of arms. Y^e elders are preparing y^e framework of y^e government of our society,

and y^e laws are such as we find in y^e worde of God alone, for by such we desire to be governed. All our officers are to be chosen by election, and y^e men capable of voting are those who subscribe to y^e laws, and obey them. One who refuseth to obey, or who breaketh a law, loseth his vote. Me have they chosen their first magistrate, and Messrs. Davenport and Eaton y^e elders of y^e church have chosen to be our teachers in y^e word of God. Now must I close this record for y^e present, ascribing all honour to Him who, as he led y^e Israelites in y^e wilderness, hath soe led us. May he lead us to y^e Canaan of our hopes, a land flowing in milk and honey, whose rivers shall be y^e waters of truth, and y^e air be y^e breath of freedom.

MORAL.

THERE'S scarce a folly or sin
 With which the fall has cursed mankind,
 For which, *without* ourselves or *in*,
 Excuse, though small, we may not find :
 Our passions or our needs conspire
 To tempt some breach of wholesome law—
Those show the strength of inborn fire,
These in the social plan a flaw.

T. W. R.

THE CANARY-BIRD.

BY JAMES NAOK.

THINE is a lovely song, my bird,
Though by thy mates 'tis never heard;
And it may seem to those around
An idle, though a pleasant sound;
For not to them is given to know
The feelings whence thy carols flow.

Bird! thou art sever'd from thy kind,
And in a narrow cage confined,
Whose bars obscure the fields of light
Which once alone could bound thy flight,
Of which the glimpses serve at most
To mock the freedom thou hast lost!
Yet, bird! thy heart is brave and strong,
Companion'd only by thy song,
Which, careless if 'tis heard or not,
Sheds light and beauty on thy lot:
The gift of God thou dost employ,
And in its use dost find thy joy.

Like thine how oft the poet's fate!
How lone it seems—how desolate!
No kindred spirit near to share
The feelings which he wastes on air;
No heart in which he can awake
Responsive chords to thrill or break!
Life's fettering cares around him cling,
And bind to earth his heavenly wing;
And from his vision half efface
The skies, which are his native place:
His proudest lay is heard by few,
Nor meets from those the honor due;
But to the kindest seems to be
A beauty—but a mystery.
Yet, though it may not win him fame,
Or love, his more exalted aim,
His godlike thoughts, will have their voice,
And in that glorious sound rejoice;
As, mounting heaven, it peals along
To God as a thanksgiving song!

THE DIAMOND AND THE CINDER.

AN APOLOGUE.

THE full-orbed moon shed her soft refulgence over a scene that rivalled, by the mingled beauties of Nature and Art, the loveliness of Eden. A gay throng of revellers had, but a few moments before, departed from its fairy arbors and grottoes, lighted up by the radiance of a thousand variegated lamps, whose splendor had obscured the silvery lustre of the Night's fair queen. They were now extinguished, and the moonbeams tinged the scene with a fairy-like beauty, harmonizing sweetly with the silence that succeeded the gay laugh, the murmured words of love, and the rush of "many twinkling feet."

Alone, I paced those deserted walks, and communed with my own thoughts ; and so absorbed did I become in the quiet but matchless beauty of the night, that I was awakened from my reverie by the sound of the clock in a distant belfry, proclaiming, with its iron tongue, the hour of three. I turned to leave the garden, but as I was hastening forward, with my eyes directed to the ground, I was startled by an intense flash of light ; and while I paused in surprise, I heard a sweet but excited voice, as if in anger, utter distinctly the following words :

"Hideous and misshapen creature! how canst thou dare to remain unmoved in my presence—taking advantage of the misfortune which has doomed me to such vile companionship? Knowest thou not that I am the queen of all the gems that glitter throughout the dominions of man; that I adorn the crowns of the proudest kings and rulers of the earth; that I lie upon the bosoms of the fairest daughters of the land; that I encircle their snowy necks, and clasp their delicate arms: in short, that I am more priceless than the sunny-hued gold of the mine; and that for me treasures, kingdoms—nay, life itself—have been sacrificed? I have such beauty that I create light in darkness, and my owner is accounted great and happy among men. But thou, what art thou, oh, base and low-born being? Thy swarthy face and coarse habiliments attest thy worthlessness. Thou art spurned by the foot of man, as of no esteem. Nay, even thy little original value has been destroyed by an element to which I acknowledge no submission. Fire cannot pale my lustre, nor alter my form, while it reduces thee to a shapeless mass of deformity. Why art thou permitted to remain in being at all, so that by untoward circumstances a high-born, brilliant, and priceless gem like myself, whose loss Beauty will deeply deplore, should be thrown into degrading contact with such as thou art?"

As the Diamond ceased to speak, it flashed so bright a gleam of anger and scorn upon the poor Cinder by its side, that I thought I detected in the swarthy face of the latter an answering gleam of indignation; but it was probably only the reflection of the lustre of the gem. Be that as it may, I listened for the response of the Cinder,

which came at length, in a voice as sweet as that of the Diamond ; and, to me, far more touching, from the mingled humility and sadness of its tones.

"Resplendent and beautiful creature," said the voice, "I acknowledge all that thou hast said of thy beauty and value to be true—at least, in the estimation of the world—but be not so proud of thy splendor and thy costliness, and despise not the humble object which now lies at thy side ; for know, O bright jewel, that we are sisters by birth—the daughters of one mother—sharers in a common essence and a common destiny !"

At this harangue, the Diamond emitted more frequent and intense gleams of anger ; but they did not intimidate her self-styled sister, who continued :

"Dost thou doubt the truth of what I tell you, my beautiful sister ? Listen, I pray thee, to my brief history, and doubt no longer."

The Diamond, with much show of pride, consented to hear ; and the Cinder proceeded :

"I was once a magnificent gem like unto thyself. Thou wast, indeed, my twin-sister ; we were born in a grotto of the famed Golconda, whence we were taken, together with many others, to Munich, and there subjected to the skill of the lapidary and the taste of the goldsmith, who fitted us for royal honors. I will not weary thee with the record of my adventures for many years, until I became the property of a magician, who controls at his will the elements of Nature. One day, soon after I came into his possession, and while I was lying, as if of little value, on a table in a low, strange room, amid all sorts of singular and uncouth-looking instruments, my master, with several other grave-

looking men, entered the apartment. I was immediately taken up and examined, and my value variously estimated; while one expressed his regrets that such a sacrifice was to be made upon the altar of science. At these ominous words, I suddenly grew pale with terror; but the next moment, my face flushed with hope that my value would yet screen me from danger. Presently, however, my owner took me, and after admiring, with fixed gaze, the exceeding purity and beauty of my form, he laid me upon a black, unsightly fragment of some rough substance that I heard them call coal. He then fastened me securely in a sort of vise, with iron fangs, and the next moment touched me with a slender metallic rod. Oh, the agony of that contact! A thousand terrible pains shot through my frame, and I felt as if I was being consumed by a stream of molten lava! The anguish was brief, however; for instantaneously I was conscious of a wonderful change, and I needed not to hear the delighted exclamation of the magician to his friends—"See! it is a mass of mere carbon!"

Proceeding to examine me with a microscope, I caught a glimpse of myself in the revolving mirror of the instrument, and I saw that my brilliance had been changed into dimness, my beauty into unsightliness, my purity into coarseness, my value into worthlessness. I was, however, laid carefully away by the enchanter; but the next day his servant discovered me in a drawer, and with an exclamation of surprise and vexation, tossed me out of the window, and by subsequent unimportant removals, I was brought to the spot where I lay when you accidentally fell from the bosom of the beautiful lady, who valued you less for your exceeding bril-

liance than for the sake of him who gave you to her. I knew you at once ; for remember, charming sister, that while my form is altered, my nature is not changed, and if you will only confess it, we are kindred still."

The Cinder ceased, and a tear glittered in the eye of the Diamond, imparting a softer and rarer loveliness to its features, as it replied :

"I cannot, I dare not doubt, my poor sister, that what you tell me is true ; and I shudder lest I, too, should fall into the hands of the terrible magician who has transformed you, by some evil spell, into your present repulsive form. I embrace you, my sister, and will love you still ; and, for your sake, will never more boast of my brilliance or my beauty, or look disdainfully on any humble object, lest I should, haply, again despise and scorn one of my own kindred."

With mingled emotions of pity and astonishment at what I had heard, I took the brilliant and the cinder into my hand, and they lay together in a loving embrace, while I pondered deeply on the wonderful nature of the agency by which the magician had succeeded in transforming a pure gem into an unsightly cinder. From this train of reflection, I was led to consider the beautiful and impressive lesson which the incident conveyed—that it is wrong to despise the humblest and least attractive of our fellow-beings ; since they may differ from us only in those circumstances over which we or they have no control.

When, upon the ensuing day, I ascertained who was the lovely owner of the lost gem, I hastened to restore to her the treasure ; and at the same time, I related to her the conversation which I had overheard the pre-

vious night. The lady was deeply interested by the narrative, and begged of me the ruined gem, promising to preserve it in the same casket in which its twin sister was usually enshrined. But aside she said :

“ My friend, stop a few minutes. You have deeply impressed my mind. Whether your visit was accidental, or by the kind finger of Providence, I know not. One thing I am sure of, you have fastened a nail in a sure place ; and more—riveted it. I was the gay individual who wore that elegant gem, and however brilliant it might have shone, my own poor heart was sinking within me. Permit me, sir,—and from the look of your countenance, I think I may call you ‘ friend,’—Where shall the poor human creature go when thus overwhelmed ; when it sees its own insignificance ? Oh ! sir, is there no real hope beyond the grave ? ”

“ Yes, dear lady, there is ; but I fear it will not suit you.”

“ Oh, why not ? so poor as I feel myself, yet surrounded with all that the world calls rich and great.”

“ Then, my friend, permit me to recommend the Lord Jesus Christ to thy poverty. He alone is the true riches ; and when a poor sinner has *nothing* to pay, he frankly forgives them all. Then you find the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him ; and he will show them his covenant, for he hath given him (Jesus Christ) as a covenant to the people. So that all our hope and security of eternal felicity and happiness is in God’s covenant. Adieu, madam. God bless you with a knowledge of himself, as well as of yourself.”

VERITAS.

THE OCEAN GRAVE.

I DREAM'D I stood upon the deep,
The dark, the glorious sea;
And while the waves beneath my feet
Roll'd beautiful and free,
They rose and fell in lighter play
Where'er I took my trackless way.

I dream'd the walls would come and bow
Their plummy, spray-crown'd heads;
And, folded in their briny arms,
Were ocean's countless dead:
Their gleaming eyes I seem'd to see,
And still they came to gaze at me.

Their thin blue lips were shuddering cold,
Yet murmuring hoarse and low;
Their yellow hair, like threads of gold,
Display'd in careless flow;
And robes of seaweed floated round,
With circling zones of azure bound.

Their fleshless fingers, long and white,
Seem'd beckoning me away;
And o'er their brows, like meteor light,
I saw the lightnings play;
While brighter glow'd their earnest eyes
With the murk red of stormy skies.

The wailing winds took up their sighs,
And bore them o'er the wave;
And soft methought I heard them sing,
"Come to our ocean grave;

Come, view the shining coral bed,
Where the tired seaman lays his head.

"Not where corruption makes her home,
And the foul worm her guest ;
And darkness, like a vulture, sits
Upon the pulseless breast :
Where horror reigns with fearful gloom,
And men go shuddering to the tomb.

"Come, where the golden sunshine plays
O'er beds of precious stones ;
And flowers, unknown to mortal eyes,
Spring up from dead men's bones :
And nothing fades, or wastes, or dies,
But from the dust some glories rise.

"Come, but a moment we shall pass
The waste of waves between,
And then our willing feet shall rove
O'er fields of emerald green :
Nothing that earth can boast as fair,
But blooms in brighter beauty there."

So soft, so sweet, I heard them tell
The wonders of the world below ;
While veiling shadows round me fell—
The waves were all aglow—
And deep from ocean's bosom came
A thrilling voice that call'd my name.

Then, tremblingly, methought I paused,
And raised my burning eyes ;
And, lo ! a shining angel form
Was leaning from the skies :
The spell was broke, and ocean's dead
Back to their misty shadows fled.

THE HAUNTED LEDGE.

BY MISS AMY BISHOP.

"SHALL we go to the Falls this afternoon?" said my friend Kathleen, as we stood together in the garden of her pleasant country home.

"Oh, yes, to the Falls," I replied. "It is rather late, but the ride home by moonlight will be delightful."

We were soon on horseback, and on our way to the Falls. Kathleen's home was in a beautiful valley, through which a river wound like a thread of silver, and on either side were the grand old hills of the Adirondacs. Sometimes we were bounding over the rich intervals, sometimes winding slowly around a picturesque bend in the river, or along a narrow path beneath an overhanging precipice. The Falls were at the head of this valley, and I could just see the summits of the hills that hid them from us, when a short turn in the road gave us the first view of the Falls. Two thickly-wooded hills seemed to rise up before us, and in the notch between them was a narrow sheet of silvery water, which the setting sun was turning to gold. The golden sunlight fell too on the green foliage around, softening its brightness, and deepening the shadows. The mountains seemed to melt away into the sky; and so heaven and earth were joined in this lovely valley. It was but for a moment that we lingered to gaze on

this scene, but rode around the foot of the hill, through the deep forest, where all was so shady and still that we roused the echoes, and mocking voices answered back our words from the dark dell beneath us. We could hear the murmuring of a rivulet down there, and sometimes the clear mournful tones of the lonely bird that always haunts such dark old forest-trees.

We toiled up the steep and rocky ascent; but when we reached the height we were well repaid, for below us lay a landscape of the most exquisite beauty. There were the Falls as they should be seen. The water came down swiftly through a narrow channel, for a short distance; then it wound around the craggy stones in narrow bands; and then uniting at the base of a large rock, it spread out into a small basin, guarded on either side by a steep ledge. From there it fell down over the rocks in a broad sheet of foam, tossing the spray on the white birches and willows that grew among the rocks and bent down admiringly over it. The ledge, at one side, was level on the top, and only a few birches grew there. From where we stood, it looked as though it was covered with moss or short velvety grass: the edges were fringed with long fern-leaves, and wild vines trailed down over the damp gray rocks.

"That is a fairy dancing-ground," said I gayly.

"There is something very sad about that place," said Kathleen. "If you will go up to that log-cabin yonder, you may hear about it."

I knew, by the earnest look in her face, that there was something of more than common interest connected with it.

We rode along silently until we reached the cabin.

There was no one there but an old woman—very old she looked. Her form, which had once been tall and commanding, was bent with years and sorrow. Her hair was white, and her eyes, though they wore a mild, subdued look, when she was speaking glittered with a strange light, as though the passions of her soul were not subdued but smouldering, and at times flashed up with a fitful glare. Kathleen told her that we had come to see the Falls, and as I was a stranger there, I would like to hear about the Haunted Ledge. The light in her eyes softened, and she began, with a trembling voice :

“I am old now, and stricken with years and sorrow, but I was once young and happy like yourselves. I was what some called a strong-minded woman, but they did not know me when they said that. I married a man whom I loved better than all the world beside. Did I say love? It was not love, but idolatry : it blinded me to all his faults ; for he was so manly, so handsome and generous, I could not think ill of him. We came to live here—not in this house—but one that is long since gone. Here I was happy ; and even when my husband came home with a tottering step, flushed face, and breath tainted with the poisonous fumes of alcohol, I would not believe it of him—I would not trust the evidence of my own senses, but still worshipped my idol with the same blind zeal. It was my fault : my friends warned me, but I laughed at what I called their silly croaking—held the cup to my husband’s lips, and, with a smile, bade him drink. We had one child. I cannot tell you, for you would not understand, how he filled our cabin with light and

music, and made every thing bright and beautiful by his presence. I *loved* that boy. I was too happy then, for I had my husband and child always with me, and my sister lived near. This was my little world, and beyond it I did not care to go. As years rolled on, a change came. My husband would be gone days and nights, leaving me alone with my child; and when he did return, he would be in a state of beastly intoxication. And when he had slept off the effects of his debauch, his tottering step, trembling hand, and bleared eye were very unlike the manly husband that I promised to "love, honor, and obey." How could I honor him?—he had dishonored himself and me! Our child was afraid of him, and clung to me whenever he was near; but still I was happy in my child, and we used to wander around these Falls, hand in hand, like two children. That ledge was a favorite haunt of ours, and one day, in my husband's absence, we were there. I was sitting back among the trees, while my darling was playing near the edge. I heard footsteps, and soon my husband pushed away the green boughs and staggered towards me. The child sprang forward, and he thrust him aside with a muttered curse. I heard his shriek—his golden hair fluttered for a moment above the fern-leaves—another shriek,—it rings in my ears even now,—a splash in the water—and all was still. With a wild cry, I sprang forward, and would have thrown myself over, had not a stout arm held me back. Madness gave me strength, and I struggled hard to release myself; but my arms were held as if in a vise. It was my sister's husband. I bit his hands until my teeth met in the flesh, and the blood ran; but his iron hold

did not relax. I fastened my hands in his hair, and gnashed my teeth with the fury of a wild beast, calling on my lost darling—my little Alick—and then cursing, with all the bitterness of despair, the fiend who could thus drag a mother from her child. He dragged me down from the ledge, and then leaving me weak and exhausted on the ground, he sprang around the corner of the rock.”

The old woman paused for a moment, and never in my life saw I such a change as came over her face. Her eyes glared wildly, and with both her skinny, wrinkled hands she clutched the white kerchief that a few moments before was folded so calmly across her bosom. Hate, despair, and sorrow seemed pictured in her face. At length, with a calmer voice, she continued—

“When he came back his clothes and hair were dripping, and in his arms he bore my boy—my Alick. His head was thrown back on Edwin’s arm, and his upturned face was of marble whiteness. From his temple the blood was slowly oozing, and dripping down from his long wet hair. Edwin was trying to feel the beating of his heart, but when he saw me he shook his head mournfully. I caught my child in my arms—I would not believe him—he was mocking me. I kissed its cold, damp cheek, and talked to it as though I would waken it from sleep—but no, it was dead. ‘Dead, dead,’ I muttered, as I laid down the child, and with a firm step walked up the steep path to the ledge. Edwin did not follow me, but bent over the child, rubbing its cold white hands in his, and trying to restore it when he knew it was dead. When I reached the ledge, there lay my husband in the very spot where my child

had played—asleep—in a drunken sleep. My first thought was to push him off over the steep; but a second thought came. God be thanked for that second thought!—it would be a sacrilege for him, the bloated, drunken wretch, to die as my Alick had died—and I was about to leave him, when I saw blood on my hand—Alick's blood. Then I placed my bloody hand on his right hand—that hand that had once been so strong to do battle for the weak and oppressed—so strong in every good work. It left a stain of blood there; and I knelt down there, wretch that I was, and prayed that that stain might never be washed away, but would burn and corrode there as long as he lived. Then I pushed back his matted hair, and looked at his face. Disfigured and distorted as it was, I could still trace some resemblance to my husband, and I stooped down and kissed his burning cheek. It was the last kiss. Though I thought he had killed my child, I felt some of my old tenderness returning; but he stirred uneasily, clenched his hands, and muttered a curse on our child. That was enough—I left him.

“I did not weep, I did not rave, as I carried the little dead Alick in my arms to the house. I laid him down in his own little bed, washed the blood from his white face, smoothed his silken hair, and was calm. People wondered, and talked of my indifference, for I shed not a tear when they lowered the darling of my heart into the cold earth, and I dropped the last rosebud on his coffin-lid; but they knew not of the heart I buried in that grave, the heart that was cold and dead even then.

“I remembered nothing more; but they tell me I

walked mechanically back to the house. I was very pale, and did not notice them when they spoke to me. That night I was a raving maniac. For weary days and months they watched by me, and when reason first returned, I asked for my husband. They had but little to tell me. The next morning after Alick's death, he came to the house, and asked to see Edwin. He was very pale and haggard, and only said, 'Dead, Alick dead?' in a hoarse, inquiring voice.

" 'Yes, he is dead,' said Edwin.

" He pressed his forehead with his hand—his right hand—and seemed to be bewildered. Then he saw the stain of blood on his hand, and he staggered back; but recovering himself, he walked feebly away, muttering to himself 'Dead, dead,' and staring at his hand. He was an old man; he had lived an age in that night. If the stain on his hand burnt more fiercely than the words of that prayer did in my soul, I pity him. It seemed to wither me like a poisonous blast. I had cursed my husband, and had made him a wanderer on the earth, when it was not he who killed my child, but the demon that possessed him. Perhaps 'tis best that it should be thus—that we should never meet in this world—but may we all meet in another and better: and how can I with that prayer burning into my soul?"

She stopped suddenly, and left the room. The moon was shining brightly when we emerged from the cabin and mounted our horses.

" Why did you call that the Haunted Ledge?" I asked.

" Because," said Kathleen, "some people, who live near, say they have seen the form of a child, with long yellow hair and white garments, hovering around the

ledge, and that it disappeared with a wild shriek. Mrs. Grey believes it, and night after night she visits the ledge, watching and waiting for her child, until the moon is down, or hidden by the clouds. Then she returns home, for she says, 'Alick loved the light.' She is as hopeful now as when she first went there, firmly believing each night that she shall meet her lost darling. That is her madness, poor woman!"

While she had been speaking, we had reached the hill from which we had seen the Falls. The carpet of moss, the fern-leaves and trees on the ledge, were bathed in a flood of silvery light, while the gray, damp rock, with its trailing, snake-like vines, and the deep, still basin below it, were in a dark, impenetrable shadow. It seemed a sacred spot to me, and I felt a thrill of awe and a mysterious fascination, as I gazed on it—a kind of dreamy wish, and yet a fear, that I might see its angel visitant. I had involuntarily checked my horse, for the Falls had now a new interest to me. A cloud, for a moment, passed over the moon, and overshadowed the ledge like some dark-winged bird. It was gone, and there, among the birches, was a white form, indistinct and shadowy in the distance, but to my excited imagination it was so real, that I could see the long golden hair, wet and dabbled in blood, and the unearthly stare of its blue eyes.

"Oh, Kathleen, Kathleen!" I whispered.

"Poor Mrs. Grey," said Kathleen, pityingly, "she is earlier than usual to-night."

Her words broke the spell that seemed to bind me there, and I rode away, turning to take one farewell look at the Falls ere the winding road hid them from

view. She was there still, that lonely sorrowing woman, watching, with an undimmed faith, for the coming of the child-angel she had once called her own.

Years rolled by ere I again visited the valley, and with my old friend Kathleen went to the Falls. A blackened forge and clattering mills disfigured the river, but the ledge was unchanged. The flowers and trees were as bright and beautiful as ever, but the being who had tended and loved them for the child's sake, was gone. Kathleen told me all as we stood on the hill,—how she had been found, one bright spring morning, lying cold and dead, in the place she had so loved in life. The fern-leaves and flowers were her winding-sheet, and the murmuring, rushing river sung her requiem. There was a smile on her faded lip, and a look of gladness in her face, as though through her closed lids she could see the angels. Beside her lay an old man: care-worn and wearied he seemed with a long journey, but his face wore the same bright glad look and the same happy smile. Changed as he was, they could still recognize her husband; for, in his old age, he had come back to die with her. The cold night-dews were on their wrinkled faces, and on their gray hair, and the white birches tossed their lithe boughs above them; but they heeded it not—they had gone together to their long home, to the home of their child. Two unhappy mortals, so long divided in this life, they had been thus united; and together had they gone “through the dark valley and the shadow of death,” fearing no evil, for the light of a Father's love was around them, and an angel, like their Alick, but holier and more gloriously beautiful, did lead them.

THOUGHTS OF HEAVEN.

BY REV. BRO. C. HARTLEY.

THIS is a world of sin. We meet its form,
 And own its power, at every step in life :
 It aims to blast, to wither, and destroy
 The fairest fruits of peace.

How often doth it pour
 Into the sweetest cup of earthly bliss
 The drops of bitterness ; marring the joy
 That otherwise were full ! In heaven
 Sin dwells not ; nor grief, nor care,
 That cast their darkling shadows round us here,
 Can ever enter there. O happy place !
 Methinks, by faith, I catch a glimpse
 Of its eternal pleasures !—Its tree of life,
 Beneath whose fragrant shade recline
 The white-robed spirits of the saved and blest,
 While rapture trembles o'er their sunny wings !

Its gardens, fill'd
 With flowers that frosts of time can never touch ;
 Resplendent in the varied tints and hues
 Of life and immortality !—while odorous airs
 Waft the rich perfume o'er the realms of joy !

Its river, too,
 Rolling in all the glory of its endless flow ;
 While on its verdant margin, met
 In blissful intercourse, sit friends,
 Who often on the earth sweet counsel took,
 Then mourn'd the fate that sever'd them

Far from each other's smile! But now,
Forever met, in all the radiant beauty of the blest,
How sweetly roll the ages of their heavenly life!

Methinks I see

The host of heaven convened, rank above rank,
A bright, unnumber'd choir. Hark!
How the anthems of eternal music roll, and wake
The endless echo of unbounded joy!
And Alleluiah! Alleluiah! thrills
The vast assembly round the eternal throne!

* * * * *

How oft my heart,
Sick of life's weary cares, doth long
To hail my kindred in that happy clime!
And, blest with them, to bow with awe
Before the circling splendors of the thrones—
To gaze, with unveil'd sight, on Him
Who died on Calvary for me—to wear the crown
Gemm'd with the lustrous jewelry of heaven,
Token of victory o'er death and hell—and sing
The endless numbers of redemption's song!

Be still, my heart,
Nor murmur nor repine: ere long,
The Master, in his own good time, will say,
"It is enough, come, come up higher!"

THE BIRD LET LOOSE.

BY JAMES LUMBAED.

ONE morn, a child some dainty offer'd
A sky-lark in a gilded cage:
The bird refused the morsel proffer'd,
As food could not its wants assuage.

It beat against the bars its pinions,
To win a more exalted state;
It long'd to soar from earth's dominions,
And sing its song at "heaven's gate."

The child then saw its favorite's yearning
For other food and liberty;
And so, Compassion's lesson learning,
He set the trembling prisoner free.

And soon the lark was fondly winging
Its course through boundless fields of light:
The little gazer heard its singing,
Till hidden by a cloud from sight.

Soon after, Death, like an Evangel,
Released the spirit of the child,
And from his earthly prison, an angel
Bore it to regions undefiled.

The Lord saw that the clayey mansion,
Though lovely, could not long confine
A soul impatient for expansion,
And pining for a realm divine.

To Him, who said, while here abiding,
"Let little children come to me,"
The ransom'd, with cherubic guiding,
Flew to the dwelling of the free!

THE RETURN.

BY KATE HARRINGTON.

OH, what is the matter with Clara to-night?
That anxious expression shows all is not right;
She tries to conceal it, but plainly I see
That something's the matter—Pray, what can it be?

Come, Clara, come tell me the cause of your grief;
An open confession will give you relief;
For how poignant soever Adversity's dart,
Sure Sympathy's balm can some comfort impart.

Then Clara drew near me, and forced a sad smile:
The cloud on her brow seem'd to deepen the while;
And so soft and so low were her whispers of love,
They fell on my ear like the coo of a dove.

Her story was simple, and touchingly told—
Young Harry had gone to the region of gold
To seek for the wealth that at home was denied—
And when found, to return and make Clara his bride.

A twelvemonth had pass'd since he hasten'd from home,
And sorrowful news to the maiden had come:
"The hand of affliction is on him," she said;
"Or, perchance, at this moment, my Harry is dead!"

"Or if he yet lives, who will nurse him?" she cried;
Who will smooth down his pillow, and stand by his side,
To watch his last struggle, and catch his last breath,
When he sinks in the arms of the angel of death?"

She ceased,—words of comfort my heart wish'd to say ;
But closed were my lips—they refused to obey :
And, wrapp'd in the silence of sorrow profound,
We sat till the night-breeze re-echo'd a sound.

Clara started, arose, and turn'd pale, as there came
A voice from without, softly breathing her name :
“ 'Tis Harry !” she cried, in a rapturous tone,
As he fondly caress'd her, and murmur'd, “ My own !”

When the greeting was over, the fond welcome spoke ;
When the wondering girl from her transports awoke ;
When she blushing ask'd him what friend had been given,
To watch by his bedside, and point him to Heaven ?

'Twas then that his eloquent accents were heard ;
'Twas then that the fountain of feeling was stirr'd ;
And he answer'd, while gratitude's tear dimm'd his eye,
“ Dear Clara, a circle of brothers was nigh !

“ Their hands were outstretch'd to afford me relief ;
Their words roused my spirits and solaced my grief ;
They supplied all my wants—they assisted me through,
And restored me, my Clara, to love and to you.”

Those blue orbs, cast down, she then ventured to raise,
And they quickly encounter'd her lover's fond gaze :
A prayer of thanksgiving ascended above,
And a prayer for the cause of TRUTH, FRIENDSHIP, and LOVE !

DYING FANCIES.

BY LOUIS L. H. DE LOSS CRANE.

THEY tell me I am dying, and I know it must be so ;
For over all this dreary world there hangs a sense of woe :
A heavy, heavy curtain, like a solemn velvet pall,
That veils the form and faces, and the spirits of them all :
A hazy, shadowy vapor, hanging o'er my fading sight,
That darkens into twilight, and blackens into night.
The bright sun wakes at morning, and glitters all the day,
But through this heavy curtain pierces not a single ray ;
The moon shines out at even, with all the silver stars,
But not a single twinkle within my window-bars :
I hear faint footfalls near me, pale faces glide along,
And whispers float around me, like the wild bee's drowsy song.
Is it a dream ? I feebly ask—but nothing gives reply,
Save wintry winds, that seem to stop to answer with a sigh.
I see two soft, dark hazel eyes bent lovingly on mine ;
I feel love's gentlest fingers in my death-damp hair entwine ;
I hear her whisper words to me of holiness and truth ;
I smell the balmy fragrance of loveliness and youth :
But oh, that veil intangible, that curtain dim and drear,
That deadens every soft caress and every word I hear—
That chills her kindest glances, and makes them ever seem
Like half-forgotten visions in some half-remember'd dream :
That seems to bear the world away with every failing breath,
And leave me floating lonely o'er the silent sea of death.
I am dying ! I am dying !—o'er my white and clammy brow
The grim prescience of my doom is floating even now !
I see them ! ah, I see them ! coming through the open door,
And stepping softly, slowly o'er the carpet-cover'd floor.
They come !—they gather round me now !—the spirits of the past—
Who shared with me, in other days, the joy too bright to last :

They come!—they gaze with clouded eyes of sorrow or of care;
Their wan thin fingers beckon, and they vanish into air.
I shall follow that procession when the last one has come in,
And, like them, vanish from this life of wretchedness and sin.
They will lay this weary body, ere another week shall pass,
Beneath the dark and heavy mould, the crisp and wither'd grass:
The wintry winds will sigh above the coffin where I sleep,
And wintry storms will howl anear, and wintry skies will weep;
The old dark hemlocks o'er my head will wave their mighty arms,
And solemn, sable cedars creak their chorus of alarms;
The cold rain, chill and pitiless, will fall there dark and drear,
And oh, how few will add to it a single, single tear!
Who but the winds will sigh for me? what mourner but the cloud?
What wail of agonizing grief, but from the tempest loud?
No lone one will be kneeling near, and praying for my soul,
But over all my sad, short life Oblivion's wave will roll!
And e'en my heart's best loved one, my beautiful Lucette,
Will she too dry her burning tears? oh, can she too forget?
Alas! ere spring winds woo the flowers from over where I lay;
Ere silver-throated nightingales shall welcome merry May;
Ere birch-tree blossoms spread their balm throughout the mellow air;
Ere over verdant mountain sides the setting sun shall glare—
The last faint trace of Memory, the last dim thought of me,
Will grow more faint, and disappear like footprints by the sea!
For such is life, and such is love, such ever is man's doom—
The birth, the bridal, and anon, the death-bed and the tomb!
Lo! of that ghastly company the last one now has come,
With shadowy eyes that look on me, with lips all pale and dumb.
O God! it is my mother!—and she takes me by the hand,
And bears me forth along with her to that fair spirit-land!
But as I pass away with her, I give one glance behind,
One parting look at those I loved—the beautiful, the kind!
I see a fair form kneeling on the sad and lonely shore
Of this dark, quiet, awful sea that I am floating o'er:
The tears are streaming from her eyes, and falling on the sands;
In speechless, hopeless agony she wrings her snowy hands!
I shout with all my strength to her, "We'll meet each other yet,
In that bright world—" The curtain falls between me and Lucette!

TO MY INFANT DAUGHTER—SLEEPING.

BY MISS E. RICHMOND.

DEAR child! upon thy slumbering eye,
What happy visions now descend!
Joys of a long futurity,
In shapes of parent, lover, friend.

They come, with each a gift of bliss—
Some fancied treasure, dear to youth—
And teach thee, e'en through happiness,
The lessons, ever best, of truth.

Visions that lull thee as they rise,
And woo thee on, as streams that glide
Through blooming woods, 'neath sunny skies,
With birds and flowers on every side.

Sweet fancies, through their fairy lore,
Beguile thy dreaming thought with gleams
That woo thee gladly to explore
A realm, unblest without its dreams.

Ah! dear to childhood all the sights
That rise to fancy, now, and thought!
Whose eyes, but conscious of delights,
Can only by delights be taught.

Ah! could the teacher linger still,
When by Experience moved to tears,
The heart shall feel a sadder thrill
Than now its happy dreams or fears!

Ah! Fate deny not to the growth
What's grateful to the blossom now :
Let age still feel the peace of youth—
The growing heart with childhood grow.

Let the impending hours that glide
With rapid, noiseless step, be kind ;
Nor come with voices pleased to chide,
But bring the peace that now they find.

Give her the sweet reality
Of all that's dear to childhood's breast ;
Nor clip the wing, now glad to fly
From flower to flower, nor ask for rest.

Give her the peace, so long denied ;
The soul that precious holds her life ;
But oh! deny that wayward pride,
That taught him woe, and wrought her strife!

Let her not wake, with many a bliss,
To young and dreaming rapture nigh,
Yet find her every hope like his
Who learn'd, with every smile, to sigh.

Give her the hope that might have warm'd
Her father's breast; but, oh! forbear,
When Hope hath fled the heart it charm'd,
To leave its bitter memory there!

To angel dreams and fancies wrought
Be all the visions now she knows ;
By angel loves and virtues taught,
By angel mercies kept from foes.

THE FOOTPRINTS OF TIME.

BY MISS M. E. WILSON.

No change is on the fair blue sky ;
A few light clouds are on the ether deep ;
And like a Doric targe the moon sails by,
Where silent, glistening stars their vigils keep !
A solemn stillness now is softly laid
Upon the air, the earth, and waveless sea ;
And scenes where Beauty's throne was brightly made,
Re-echo now no more with mirth and glee.

No sign of storm comes o'er to dim the scene,
Or mask its beauty, light, or lovely glow ;
But like a poet's fair and holy dream,
With music's deeper tones of sweetness flow !
Ah, no ! no darken'd cloudlet now is hung
Upon the moonlit verge of yonder sky :
The mask of darkness now aside is flung,
And naught will shroud the hours about to die.

Pale moon, bright stars, why weep ye not to-night ?
Dost mock at dying hopes and gushing tears
Nay look upon the earth—thou'lt see a blight,
Where stricken hearts have died of sudden fears !
But ah, pale moon, bright stars, I ask of thee
A boon thou canst not, wilt not give to earth :
Within thy air-halls, ever light and free,
A tear, a sigh, would dim thy heavenly birth.

Then I will ask no more a tear or sigh
From such as ye ! I would not see thy light
Before an earthly shrine grow pale and die,
Or cast the pall of dark, o'ershadowing blight
Upon thy home of beauty, mirth, and glee ;
Where angels loiter with bright, shining wings,
And o'er the sapphire, deep, and waveless sea
A magic spell of glory softly flings.

Oh, I would turn my back to earth again,
Amid its wasting passions, wild and deep,
Its loves, its hates, with dark and bitter stain,
That leaves its victim to rejoice or weep :
Perchance, I may find tear for gushing tear,
And o'er the wrecks that ruthless Time hath made
Sweet Hope may come, with many smiles, to cheer
And brighten where a dimming shadow laid.

'Tis meet to find a tear for Sorrow's tear ;
For earth, alas ! hath need of many now :
The blight of grief, and melancholy sear,
Hath left its signet full upon the brow !
And many a heart hath mark'd its own slow wasting,
As its sweet dreams of joy and beauty died—
The waters sweet of Hope's bright fountain tasting,
Till each fair drop had shrunk away and dried.

Oh, thus the circling wheels of Time have made
A deep rut in the human heart and mind ;
And Hope and Love, like meteor gleams did fade
When stricken Sorrow came with tears unkind !
And oh, the gush of bitterness hath swept
Its lava-tides upon the heart's first love ;
And o'er its desolation darkly wept,
Like clouds that hang upon the blue above.

And yet, sweet Nature wears a lovely bloom,
A beauteous smile of glorious light ;
Whose winds, and waves, and flowers, and stars illumine
The earth with holy gleams of beauty bright !
And if the shade of grief should come a while,
To dull the music of the spirit's tone—
Oh, we can turn to her sweet blessed smile,
And feel the throbbing heart no more alone !

For she doth turn aside from bitterness,
And bids the soul a brighter lesson learn,
Where gleams the sparkling cup of sunny bliss
In Eden-land where holy spirits burn !
And when at last the spirit wings its flight,
With light and bounding step away, away—
She upward points to where sweet angels bright,
And pure, and beautiful forever stray.

ANGEL OF FAITH.

BY E. JESSUP EAMES.

I.

ANCIENT of Days! with God wert co-existent,
When Earth was made, and Heaven was hung on high;
When light sprung through the void, and darkness distant,
And starry worlds were cluster'd in the sky:
Yea! thou wert there, when God in glory stood
Amidst his wondrous works, and call'd them very good!

II.

When in the earth-cloud of the new creation
He set his bow, thy Promise too was there:
With *Israfil's* sweet hymn of adoration,
Thine own rung out on the soft answering air!—
Angel of Faith! while yet the world was young,
The Eternal on thy Truth each glorious purpose hung.

III.

Thou wert in Eden, when its amaranth flowers
Bloom'd in bright beauty for the primal pair:
Paused in thy wanderings through those odorous bowers,
And left the glory of thy footprints there!
Walk'd with the Lord God in the cool of day,
And with the exiled pair driven from its gates away!

IV.

Primeval Faith! thou wert with righteous Abel,
When first the stars their morning anthem sung;
And thy sublimest presence did enable
The holy Enoch to ascend among
The Godhead's glories, and to leave behind
Death's awful mysteries, unknown and undefined.

V.

Thou wert with Noah, when the Great Eternal
Sent forth the fearful fiat of man's doom;
And when the dove brought back the leaflet vernal,
Thou didst the morning in his soul illumine!
But Godlike was thy power—thy strength divine—
When the tried Patriarch laid his son on Death's dark shrine!

VI.

And when the mournful Hebrew mother carried
Her cradled babe down to the river-side;
And far off, watching it, the sister tarried,
Till in the flags Pharaoh's meek daughter spied
The floating ark—*thou* gavest that mother's soul
A courage calm and grand, her child's fate to control!

VII.

When he became the High Priest of his nation,
Thou wert beside him a continual guest:
He thrill'd the earth with words of inspiration,
And saw through *thee* the Promised Land of Rest!
By thee upheld, Mount Sinai's top he trod,
And, face to face, beheld the majesty of God!

VIII.

With widow'd Ruth—the softly beautiful—
Gleaning the corn after the harvest band—
So tenderly and meekly beautiful,
Sure thy bright presence did beside her stand,
And woke high courage in her timid heart
To toil for her, from whom no fortune hence could part!

IX.

Thou wert with her—the Jewish orphan Esther—
Whose soft, sad eyes sought out the monarch's face:
The mournful secret of her kin oppress her,
And she was fain to ask the royal grace.
The golden sceptre's reach'd!—the boon is craved!—
The lovely suppliant hath her people saved!





